



Olive Lohr

L. D. M.

HARPER'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES

HARPER'S
FOURTH READER

IN TWO PARTS

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E-P 43

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

IN entering upon the publication of a new series of School Readers the publishers desire to call attention to some of the features which distinguish these books from others of their kind, and which they believe will commend them to all progressive educators:

1st. They have been prepared with special reference to the practical work of the schoolroom. The pages are not encumbered with useless matter. Whatever would be likely to divert the attention of the child from the chief object in view—that of learning to read—has been omitted, or relegated to its proper place.

2d. These books contain a larger amount of reading matter than the corresponding numbers of any other series in general use; in the variety and interest of their lessons they are unsurpassed; their gradation is perfect; they form a complete, unbroken series; the necessity of “supplementary” Readers is avoided, and desirable uniformity as regards both matter and method is secured.

3d. The reading lessons have been prepared with a view towards cultivating a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression. While adapting these lessons to the understanding of children, care has been taken to avoid the opposite extreme—that of overmuch simplifying. It is desirable rather to improve the child’s intellectual capacity by giving him lessons a little in advance of his present attainments, than to stultify his understanding and insult his intelligence by a strained effort to make every exercise appear childlike and easy.

4th. While the paramount object of the books is to teach reading, other important and desirable features are by no means absent or overlooked. Lessons inculcating moral truths are of frequent occurrence. These lessons are such as will appeal at once to the child’s better nature and strengthen his love for right-doing. Lessons intended to cultivate an appreciation of the wonderful and

the beautiful in nature, and to introduce the pupil to a knowledge of the achievements of science and art, are given due prominence. In the higher numbers of the series large space is given to subjects relating to the history and resources of our country and the achievements of the American people—thus aiding to cultivate a spirit of patriotism and love for American institutions.

5th. These Readers are supplemented by a series of brief but comprehensive suggestions for *Oral Lessons in Language*. That such suggestions may in no respect detract from the value of the lessons simply as reading exercises, they are made to occupy a place by themselves at the end of each book.

6th. Pieces to be memorized, including some of the finest gems of poetry in our language, are appended to each Reader.

7th. Only a very few new words are introduced with each lesson. Every new word is studied in connection with the lesson in which it first occurs.

8th. By means of the short word-lists appended to each lesson, and the complete list near the end of the book (wherein the pronunciation of every word is indicated by diacritical marks), pupils learn in a natural and practical manner how to use the dictionary. Each Reader is thus supplemented by a spelling book and a dictionary, complete so far as the vocabulary of that Reader extends.

9th. The illustrations, which, like the reading lessons, are graded to suit the class of pupils for whom they are intended, are of a high order of merit. They are the work of the best artists of this country, and have been prepared with special reference to their educational value distinct from their use as mere pictures.

10th. These Readers are not the result of haphazard methods or of untried theories, but are the outgrowth of the experience of practical teachers thoroughly acquainted with the most approved methods of instruction and understanding the present demands and needs of the schools.

The publishers especially desire to acknowledge their obligations to James Baldwin, Ph.D., by whom the series has been edited and prepared for the press. They also wish to express their indebtedness to Supt. O. T. Bright, of Englewood, Illinois, and Samuel Mecutchen, A.M., of Philadelphia, for valuable aid and suggestions; and to the numerous teachers who have assisted in various ways in the final revision of the series.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

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THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH.

(See page 35.)

FOURTH READER.

PART FIRST.

LESSON I.

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK.

1. My friend Henry went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied. He intended to send it to a sick child whose appetite was gone, and who could not be coaxed to eat common food. Henry thought that such a pretty cake might tempt even the sick.

2. While he was waiting for his change, a little boy, six or eight years old, clad in poor but clean clothes, came into the baker's shop. "My mother sent me for a loaf of bread," said he to the baker's wife. The woman took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one that she could find, and put it into the little boy's arms.

3. My friend Henry then first noticed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow.

"Have you any money?" asked the baker's wife.

4. The boy's eyes grew sad. "No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin jacket. "But mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow.

5. "Run along," answered the good woman, kindly; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

6. My friend now came forward for his money. He had put his cake into his pocket and was about to go, when he saw the child, with the big loaf in his arms, still standing in the doorway. He was surprised, for he had supposed that the lad was halfway home.

"What are you doing there?" asked the baker's wife, who, too, had thought him fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

7. "Oh, yes, ma'am," answered the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you stay any longer she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

8. The child did not seem to hear. The baker's wife then went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I was wondering what it is that I hear singing," he answered.

9. "There is nothing singing," she said.

"Yes, indeed, there is!" cried the little fellow. "Can you not hear it? It goes queak, queak, queak, queak!"

10. My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets—frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the child; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples often do."

11. "No, indeed," said the baker's wife, "those are crickets which you hear. They sing because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" cried the child. "Are they really crickets?" Then he added, blushing at his bold request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

12. "Give you a cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling. "What in the world would you do with a cricket? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them; they run about so."

13. "O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please," said the lad, clasping his thin hands under the big loaf. "I have heard that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother would not have so much trouble, and would not cry any more."

14. "Why does your mother cry?" asked my friend, who could no longer avoid joining in the conversation.

"Because there are so many bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

15. My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile, the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She persuaded her husband to catch four of the insects and put them into a box with holes in the cover through which they might breathe. She then gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

16. The baker's wife and my friend stood for a moment silently watching him as he trudged down the lane. "Poor little fellow," said they both together. Then the woman took down her account book, and, finding the page on which the mother's account was kept, she made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, PAID.

17. Meanwhile my friend had put up in a paper all the money he had in his pockets, and now he begged the good woman to send it at once to the mother of the little

cricket boy. She took the money and inclosed it with her bill, receipted, and a note saying that her son would one day be a joy and a pride to her. All these things they gave to the baker's boy, and told him to make haste.

18. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, and when he reached home he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her work laid aside, and a smile of happiness on her face. He really believed that it was his four black crickets which had worked the miracle, and I do not know but that he was right.

NEW WORDS.

TO BE SPELLED, DEFINED, AND USED IN SENTENCES.

rid	ma'am	appetite	bakehouse
loaf	coaxed	blushing	receipted
oven	request	inclosed	perfectly
queak	trudged	scolding	meanwhile
baker	frequent	hugging	conversation

LESSON II.

LITTLE BELL.

1. Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
 "Pretty maiden, wandering this way,
 What's your name?" quoth he.
 "What's your name? It surely must be told,
 Pretty maid with clustering curls of gold."
 "Little Bell," said she.●

2. Little Bell sat down beside the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.
 "Bonnie bird," quoth she,
 "Sing me your best song before I go."
 "Here's the very finest song I know,
 Little Bell," said he.
3. And the blackbird piped : you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird ;
 Full of trills and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
 Dimpled o'er with smiles.
4. And while that bonnie bird did pour,
His full heart out thus freely o'er and o'er,
 Beneath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow, and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the brown, bright eyes.
5. Down the dell she tripped and through the glade :
Then peeped the squirrel from the shade,
 And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked without fear,
While still the blackbird piped, that all might hear,
 "Little Bell !" piped he.
6. Little Bell sat down beside a fern :
"Squirrel, squirrel ! to your task return ;
 Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up and away the merry squirrel hies,
Golden sunbeams gleaming in his eyes,
 And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one—
Hark! how the blackbird pipes to see the fun!
“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

7. Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
“Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade.
Bonnie blackbird, if you’re not afraid,
Come and share with me!”
Down came the squirrel eager for his fare.
Down came the bonnie blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

8. And while those woodland playmates twain,
Piped and raced from bough to bough again,
Beneath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow, and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

9. By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, her small hands clasped, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the childish voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven an angel face serene
Paused awhile to hear.

10. “What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?”

Low and soft, oh ! very low and soft,
 Piped the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 "Bell, dear Bell," piped he.

11. Then whispered soft that angel fair,
 "The child that loves God's living things, shall share
 With them the watchful angels' care.
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Kept ever safe from harm ; love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

NEW WORDS.

fare	croft	wiles	serene	dimpled
hies	quoth	twain	overflow	gleaming
dell	trills	bonnie	watchful	beechwood

LESSON III.

EYES, EARS, AND COMMON SENSE.

1. MY DEAR READERS: When I was your age, there were no such children's books as there are now. Those which we had were few and dull, and the pictures in them were ugly and mean ; but you have your choice of books without number, clear, amusing, and pretty ; and from them you may learn a great deal about subjects which were only talked of fifty years ago by a few learned men, and very little understood even by them. So if mere reading of books would make wise men, you ought to grow up to be much wiser than we old folks are.

2. But mere reading of wise books will not make you wise. You must use for yourselves the tools with which books are made wise. But I hear some one ask, "What are those tools? I did not know there were any such tools?"

3. Let me tell you what they are: They are eyes wide open to all that is going on about you; ears which can hear and understand; and common sense which teaches you to judge wisely. Eyes, ears, and common sense—those are the tools that you must use for yourselves.

4. Now, that is what I learned from one of those stupid, old-fashioned books; and therefore I am more grateful to it than if it had been as full of wonderful pictures as all the storybooks you ever saw. Its name was "Evenings at Home;" and in it was a story called "Eyes and No Eyes"—a real old-fashioned, prim, goody-goody story. And it began thus:

5. "Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

6. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull. He hardly saw a single person. He would much rather he had gone by the turnpike road.

7. In a little while Master William, the other pupil, comes in. He is dressed, I suppose, just as the boys of forty years ago were dressed—in a frill collar and short jacket, and tight trousers hardly coming down to his ankles, and low shoes which always came off in the mud. And Master William is terribly dirty and wet, too; but he says that he never had such a pleasant walk in his life; and he has brought home his handkerchief (for in

those days boys had no pockets much bigger than key-holes) full of curiosities.

8. He has brought a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is; and he has seen a woodpecker, and a wheatear, and gathered flowers in the meadow; and he followed a strange bird because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, where he got very wet. But he did not mind that, because he there met with an old man burning charcoal, who told him all about charcoal-burning, and gave him a little dead snake.

9. And then he went to the top of a high hill and saw all the country spread out beneath him like a map. And then, because the hill was called Camp Mount, he looked for the ruins of the old camp, and found them; and then he went down to the river, and to twenty other places; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

10. Then Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and the two discover—if you will believe it—that Master William has been over the same ground as Master Robert, who had seen nothing at all.

11. And then Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his good, old-fashioned way:

“So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you of nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses and the price of the liquor that was sold there. While many a silly, thoughtless youth is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter for improvement and de-

light in every ramble. You, then, William, continue to use your eyes. And you, Robert, learn that eyes were given to you for use."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NEW WORDS.

mere	ankles	sensible	curiosities
prim	idea	tippling	goody-goody
heath	pupils	keyholes	improvement
judge	holiday	mistletoe	handkerchief
liquor	subjects	inquiring	woodpecker

LESSON IV.

THE WHITE MORNING-GLORY VINE.

1. Some morning-glory vines were climbing up the outside of a beautiful bay window in a large, old-fashioned country house. It was early in the morning, and the sun had just coaxed the lovely buds to unfold and turn into flowers so graceful and pure that one seeing them could but think, "How good is the great God to let us have these beautiful things on earth instead of keeping them all in heaven!"

2. The vines climbed up the strings which the gardener had placed for them, until they could look in at the window. Then said the snow-white blossoms of one to the pink and purple blossoms of the other, "Oh, what a pleasant room! Let us creep in through the crevices of the window, and twine ourselves around the curtains, and crown the marble brow of the little white angel which stands on the shelf against the wall."

3. "Oh, no!" said the pink flowers, "we would rather stay outdoors, where we can look at the blue sky, the green grass, and the waving trees. By and by, we shall climb to the roof of the house, and peep into the sparrow's nest and see the young birds which are there."

4. Just then a nursemaid came to the window with a sweet baby in her arms. He was like a morning-glory himself, he was so fair and pure. His eyes were as blue and bright as a summer cloud made radiant with sunbeams. And he smiled a tender, winning smile, and stretched out his fat, dimpled hands to the morning-glories.

5. "I am going in," said the white morning-glory vine. Then it began to creep through a crack in the window-frame, and in a week's time it hung in a lovely festoon from the curtain, and had thrown its slender stems around the marble statue of the little angel. And every day the nursemaid brought the baby to see the flowers; and he laughed, and clapped his hands, and said many pretty things to them in the sweet language of babyhood.

6. "Are you not sorry that you went in there?" said the purple flowers. "We have so many beautiful things out here. The bees and the butterflies come to see us, and the wind swings us merrily to and fro, and the sun smiles upon us every day."

"Oh, no!" answered the white flowers. "We are not at all sorry, for we too are very, very happy."

7. "But morning-glory vines should always live in a garden," said the pink blossoms.

"We do not think so," was the answer. "Beauty and grace are welcome everywhere. You have given your sweetness and freshness to the bees, the butterflies, the wind, the sun. We have given ours to a little child."

To such as enter this room, we seem a song of praise, a hymn of thanks—and we shall die content.”

NEW WORDS.

unfold	marble	bay window	babyhood
bracket	crack	sparrow	nursemaid
crown	festoon	radiant	imprisoned

LESSON V.

THE BLUEBELL.

1. There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word—
A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree-tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;
And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.
2. Day after day with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.
And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.
Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came—but not to mar;

3. For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;
And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.
And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.
4. Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:
The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

NEW WORDS.

rift	strand	ravine	floweret
mar	petals	favorite	towering
writ	swayed	blueness	music

LESSON VI.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

1. If you were asked, "What is the difference between a plant and an animal?" what answer do you think you would give? Your first thought might be that a plant has leaves and roots and flowers, which an animal has not. Yet that would not be correct; for there are many

plants which have neither roots nor leaves nor flowers, while there are some animals which seem to have all three.

2. Look up into the sky, and then down at the earth beneath your feet. It is easy enough, you think, to tell which is earth and which is sky ; but if you live in the wide, open country, or near the sea, you will often find when you look far away to the place where sky and earth seem to meet, that this is a matter of some difficulty. You see only the thin blue haze, like smoke, which is the dividing line between the heavens and the earth. But just where the one ends and the other begins, you cannot tell.

3. Just so it is throughout all the world of Nature. You may look at a group of cows standing under the trees, or watch the merry crickets skipping about among the weeds, or catch a bee at his early drink in a morning-glory bell, and you would laugh if any one should ask you whether you can tell an animal from a plant.

4. But suppose you turn aside from these familiar, everyday things, and study objects which you have to look at through a magnifying glass, and you will find many things that will puzzle you. You will find plants without roots, leaves, flowers, or seeds ; and you will find animals without heads, legs, eyes, mouths, or stomachs.

5. Students of Nature are not satisfied with guessing, but they observe, day after day, the changes which take place in an object ; and they see many things which most people would fail to see. And thus they have found that the real difference between plants and animals lies in what they do, and not in what they seem to be.

6. We now know that about one fourth of all the kinds of seaweed are animals, A few years ago all of them

were classed as plants ; so, also, were the sponge and the coral. It was long supposed that the main difference between animals and plants was that the former could move about while the latter could not. But this distinction will not hold good.

7. How then are we to know whether a living object is a plant or an animal? Plants can live on inorganic matter; they have the power of changing earth and air and water into substances which enter into and become a part of themselves. Animals can live only on what plants have already turned from inorganic to vegetable matter. Animals, although they need some inorganic food, cannot live on it alone.

8. All the food that keeps our bodies strong, or makes them grow, was once in the vegetable form. No bird nor fish nor other animal could ever have lived on this earth, if the plants had not come first and fitted it for the dwelling place of a higher order of beings.

9. Plants are the true fairies that are forever working wonders around us. Their roots, like the elves, dig down into the earth and gather its treasures. Their leaves spread their broad surfaces to the air and take in its riches; and out of what they have thus gathered they produce the beautiful flowers, the delicious fruits, and the golden grain.

10. Let us study more closely the way in which a plant grows. The root, with a little helmet on its head to keep it from being hurt, pushes itself down into the earth. If it finds no water or damp earth, it soon dies. If it finds water, it begins to suck it up and change it into sap. Besides the water, it takes up such parts of the soil as are dissolved in the water.

11. You know, if you ever did any gardening, that a cutting of geranium may be stuck into pure sand which has no plant food in it; and that if it be well watered it will strike out roots and bear leaves. But after a while the baby-plant will need stronger food. Then you must put it into rich earth—still giving it plenty of water—and it will grow nicely. The watery food which it had at first did very well for the small, weak plant; but as it grows larger it must have nourishment from the rich soil. Here, then, you see wherein the food of the plant is different from that of animals.

SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

NEW WORDS.

haze	sponge	students	dividing
elves	object	inorganic	dissolved
coral	helmet	delicious	magnifying
group	former	geranium	nourishment
latter	correct	familiar	distinction

LESSON VII.

CHASING A RAINBOW.

1. One summer afternoon, when I was about eight years old, I was standing at a window, looking at a beautiful rainbow which, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood, about a quarter of a mile distant. It happened that there was no one in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who had been sick and was now just able to sit propped up with pillows in an easy-chair.

2. "See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we sometimes go to gather winter-greens!"

"Do you know, Grace," said my brother, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

3. "Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," he answered.

4. Now I was a simple-hearted child, who believed everything that was told me, although I had been again and again deceived. So, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth towards the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he could, but I did not heed him.

5. I cared nothing for the wet grass which was soiling my clean dress; on and on I ran, sure that I would soon reach the end of the rainbow. I remember how glad and proud I felt, and what fine presents I expected to give to all my friends.

6. So thinking, and laying delightful plans, I soon reached the cedar grove; but the end of the rainbow was not there! I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther away; and so I struggled on, pushing my way through thick bushes and climbing over logs, until I came within sound of a stream which ran through the woods. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

7. Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver! How should I ever find them there, and how should I get them out? I reached the bank of

the stream, but the rainbow was not there. I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the brook on a fallen tree, and then ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way and my side ached from weariness.

8. The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people have found, that in a journey after riches there is much hard traveling. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine, who made himself still larger when he saw me, just as a cross cat raises its back at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet could carry me.

9. In my fright I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow; and when at last I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it had indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my journey but muddy feet and a wet and torn dress. I turned about and set out for home.

10. But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way; I was lost! I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

11. All at once I heard voices shouting; and I was frightened, because I feared that Indians were after me. I crept under some bushes, close to a big log, and lay quite still. I was wet, cold, and miserable; yet when the voices came nearer I did not show myself.

12. At last I heard my own name called; but I had been told that Indians were very cunning, and thinking that they might have found it out in some way,

I did not answer. Then there came a voice near me which sounded like that of my eldest brother, who had been away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months. But I could not believe that it was his voice.

13. Soon some one sprang upon the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face; I could only see the tips of his toes, and I saw that he wore a pair of nice boots. Yet I knew that some Indians dress like white folks; and I still kept quiet, until I heard shouted over me a pet name which this brother had given me.

14. I knew that no Indian had ever heard of that name, for it was a little family secret; so I sprang up and caught my brother about the ankles. No Indian could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and after kissing me until he had kissed away all my tears, he lifted me upon his shoulder, called my brothers, who were hunting in other directions, and we all started for home.

15. I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a long way from home. My brother Joseph's coming and asking for me had first set them to looking for me. When I went into the room where Rufus sat, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know that I was only quizzing you."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

NEW WORDS.

yell	cedar	directions	weariness
quills	eldest	delightful	wintergreens
ached	quizzing	miserable	simple-hearted
purses	deceived	porcupine	wild-goose

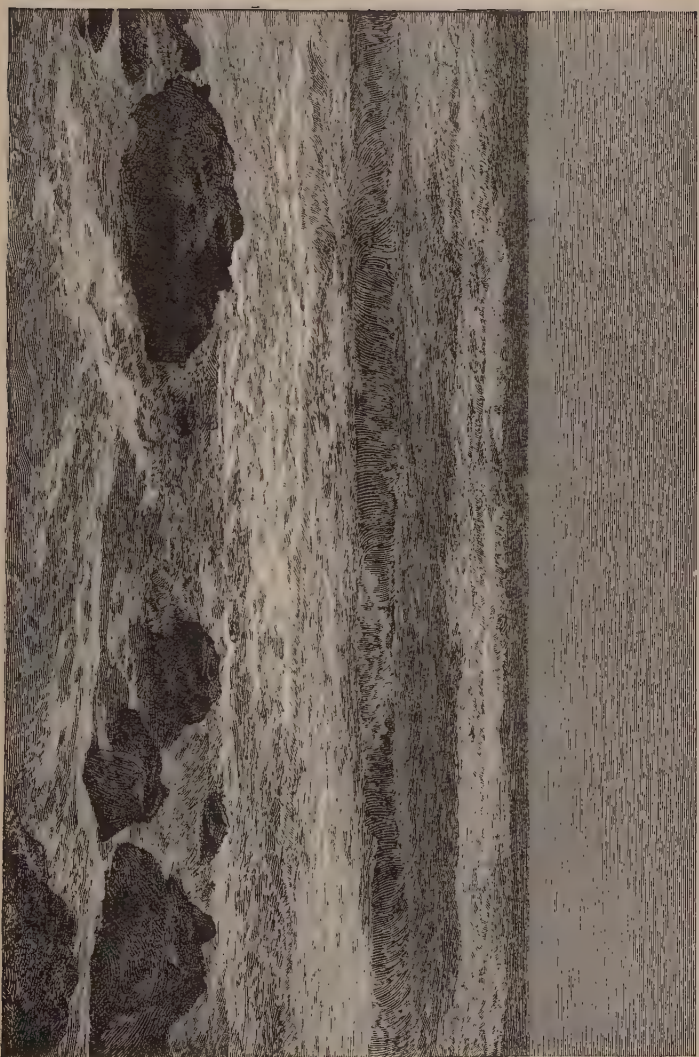
LESSON VIII.

THE SEA.

1. Here is a picture of the sea. In front is a splendid wave just ready to put on its cap of white foam, and to fall over with a grand roar upon the shore. How the spray will fly as the water rushes up the beach with a soft hissing sound, or dashes over those brown rocks! Behind is what seems to be a level floor of water, and far away the sky and water meet at that beautiful line which we call the horizon.

2. Did you ever see the ocean? Have you been to that most wonderful place in the world, the seashore? If your home is far inland and you have never seen salt water, resolve that some day you will travel east or west, and look at least once in your lifetime upon the great and boundless sea.

3. If you live close by the sea, take this book in your hand and go down to the water's edge; and, as you watch the waves climbing up the beach, try to learn something about the beauty and the mystery of the mighty deep. If you live far away from the sea, look at the picture, and at any other pictures like it that you can find, and try to remember what you read; and some day when you see the real ocean, you will be able to understand it better, and will learn to love it as do all those who see it every day. Your eyes can view only a very small part of the sea at once. As you stand by the shore, the circle of water which you behold seems to be very great, and yet it is only a very little space on the wide sea. It is this



THE SEA.

(From an Instantaneous Photograph.)

which disappoints people when they visit salt water for the first time. They expect too much.

4. Look at the big wave just ready to break. Where did it come from? How long have these waves been pounding upon the shore? How old is the sea? If you wait here a little while, you will notice that the waves are slowly coming nearer and nearer, or are moving off, leaving the beach bare. Taste the water. It is bitter and salty, like brine. These are strange things, and perhaps if you sit here by the water for a while, you may learn something of what they mean.

5. The world is like a great picture book, full of stories more wonderful than any fairy tale. The boy or girl who has eyes to see, can read this book as he walks over its pages. The sea is one of the best pictures in that book; and its history and work make the strangest story that you have ever heard.

6. The water which you see from the eastern shore of the United States is a part of the Atlantic Ocean. If an ocean steamship should sail straight toward the horizon at a speed of three hundred miles a day, she would be ten days in crossing to Europe. Yet this ocean is only a long gulf between the continents. Outside of this gulf is the real ocean, covering almost three fourths of the entire earth, or, as it is measured, about 146,000,000 square miles of water.

7. How old is the sea? Thousands of millions would fail to tell the number of years that the sea has covered the earth. Before there was any dry land as we see it to-day, there was water everywhere. The land sprang from the sea. These waves helped to build up the hills and rocks. The tides helped to carve out the continents.

Nearly all the surface of the dry land was once dissolved in the sea, just as to-day we find salt dissolved in the sea-water.

NEW WORDS.

bitter	speed	resolve	mystery
level	brine	view	boundless
gulf	horizon	mighty	continents
carve	behold	eastern	disappoints

LESSON IX.

A SAILOR'S SONG OF THE SEA.

1. The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runs the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.
3. I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And back I flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest;
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,
 For I was born on the deep blue sea!
5. And I have lived, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild and boundless sea.

BARRY CORNWALL.

NEW WORDS.

seeks	mocks	sought	billowy
blasts	regions	range	tempest

LESSON X.

RIDING A CAMEL.

1. How many of you who read this book have ever had a ride on the back of a camel? Not many, I am sure. You have not missed much in the way of comfort; for it is a very disagreeable experience to any one who is not used to such a motion.

2. In the first place, the driver orders the camel to kneel, for his back is so high when standing that you could not get into the saddle without a ladder. When the animal is on the ground, the driver stands by his head to keep him quiet while you climb into the saddle.

This saddle is not like the saddle of a horse, but is a sort of dish in which you sit with your feet hanging over the side.

3. When you are well placed, and ready to hold on with all your might, the driver tells the beast to get up. He makes three distinct motions before he regains his feet: first a backward plunge, then a forward one, and then another one backward. If you look at a camel when he is getting up, you will find that he rises first on the knees of his fore-legs, then on his hind-feet, and lastly on his fore-feet.

4. When he is up and starts off, you begin to understand that riding a camel is not the best fun in the world. The motion throws the rider backward and forward at every step, and in a little while he begins to feel as if he were being shaken to pieces. When the camel trots or runs the motion is far worse than a walking gait.

5. After the first day's traveling on the back of a camel, one feels as though he had been pretty thoroughly beaten, and he will not lose this feeling for a week. But by the end of a fortnight he thinks no more of mounting a camel than of getting on the back of a horse.

6. Suppose we are mounted and off on a ride across the desert. If we have a driver, he walks ahead, leading the animal by a rope; but if we manage alone, we hold the rope in our own hands. Our steed is usually obedient and patient, but he sometimes becomes vicious, and he may run away. It takes a long time to become really acquainted with a camel, and to feel that you can fully trust him.

7. Looking out on the desert, there is not a blade of grass to be seen. Everything is bare. The ground be-

neath us is yellow with sand ; the level space farther away is of a deeper yellow ; and the hills and mountains are of the same color, with here and there a patch of dull red. All day long the view is the same. There is no shade, no life, anywhere ; nothing but yellow sand.

8. We are told that we must travel four or five days before reaching water ; and that when we find it, it will be in only a few pools and springs, and scarcely fit for drinking. Later in the day, as we look ahead, we see a beautiful lake. Its banks are lined with trees, and on the shore, perhaps, is a village wherein we may find shelter and rest.

9. We point to the lake, and our driver smiles. He has seen the same thing before, and he knows what it is. It is not a lake at all, but a mirage. As we ride towards it the waters vanish, the trees melt away, and the village is no longer seen. In a little while we are riding over the spot where the lake seemed to be.

10. You will find that a camel is never deceived by a mirage. He will scent water a long distance and go straight towards it ; but he never takes any notice of a mirage. The stomach of the camel is so formed that he can drink at one time enough water to last him a week. It is this that makes him of so great value to travelers and others who journey across the deserts.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

NEW WORDS.

<i>gait</i>	<i>vicious</i>	<i>beaten</i>	<i>acquainted</i>
<i>saddle</i>	<i>distinct</i>	<i>obedient</i>	<i>experience</i>
<i>mirage</i>	<i>steed</i>	<i>fortnight</i>	<i>thoroughly</i>
<i>ladder</i>	<i>regains</i>	<i>value</i>	<i>disagreeable</i>

LESSON XI.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1. Who discovered America? If your teacher should ask you this question, those of you who have studied history would at once answer that Christopher Columbus discovered America in the year 1492. This answer would not be very far from right, and yet Columbus was by no means the first white man who visited this country. Bold seamen from the north of Europe had crossed the wild waves of the Atlantic and sailed along the eastern coast of this great continent, long before the discoveries of Columbus opened the way for its conquest and settlement.

2. Nine hundred years ago, people from Iceland and Norway had formed settlements on the shores of Greenland. For that land was then a country green with vegetation, and not a barren waste of snow and ice as it is at the present time. It had been discovered about the year 982 by a Norwegian chief, called Eric the Red. "It is a pleasant land," said he, "and if I but give it a pleasant name many people will gladly leave the colder shores of Iceland and find new homes here." And so he called it Greenland.

3. Among the first families that went from Iceland to Eric's new settlement in Greenland was that of an old viking called Herjulf. The eldest son of Herjulf, a brave sea captain named Biarni, was at that time sailing in distant seas—whether for honest purposes of trade or for pillage, no one knows. When he returned to Iceland late in the summer he found, to his surprise, that his family had

left the island, intending to settle in the green and pleasant land so lately discovered in the west. He at once made up his mind to follow them across the sea and pass the winter, as he had been used to do, at his father's fireside.

4. But Biarni had never been to Greenland, and neither he nor his most experienced seamen knew which way to sail in order to reach that new country. They had scarcely left Iceland when great storms arose and drove the little vessel far to the southward, where the fogs were so thick and dark that they could do nothing for many days but drift before the winds. When the weather cleared up they found themselves close to a strange land whose low shores were overgrown with trees and shrubs.

5. But Biarni knew that this could not be Greenland. That country, he had been told, could be distinguished at a distance by its snow-capped mountains; but this land was level, with scarcely a hill to be seen in any direction. "The storm has driven us too far to the south," he said. And so, turning his vessel about, he again stood out to sea. Nine days, with fresh gales and favoring winds, he sailed northward, seeing land now and then, but not stopping; and on the tenth day he reached the new settlement in Greenland, where he was welcomed by his father and by bold Eric the Red.

6. After this there was much talk in Greenland about the strange shores which Biarni had discovered in the south; and as the bold vikings, on long winter evenings, sat by the fire and told over and over again their wonderful tales of adventure, many were the guesses as to what kind of a country it was that lay beyond the great sea.

7. Two or three years later, Leif, the son of Eric, bought Biarni's vessel, fitted it with everything needed for a long

voyage, and persuaded his father to undertake with him the exploration of those unknown shores. But as old Eric was riding to the place where the ship lay moored in readiness for the voyage, his horse slipped and fell. "It is a bad omen," said he; "ill-fortune would be mine should I dare venture now upon the sea." And he at once returned to his house. Young Leif went on board the vessel, and, with a crew of thirty-five men, sailed away without him.

8. The first land that they saw was a barren, rugged plain, covered with broad, flat rocks, where there was neither tree nor plant of any kind. Leif called this country Helluland, or the land of flat stones. He then sailed onward for many days until he came to a low, level coast thickly covered with woods. This latter country, which he named Markland, or the land of woods, was, it is thought, the peninsula now called Nova Scotia.

9. Sailing onward, two days longer, towards the southwest, they came to an island, and entered a channel between it and the mainland. Here was a little river in whose waters were great numbers of fish; wild fruits grew in the thickets, and the meadows near the shore were covered with a wonderful growth of tall green grass.

10. Leif and his men were so highly pleased with this place that they pulled their vessel high up on the beach, built themselves some log cabins not far from the shore, and resolved to stay there during the winter. They found in the woods a great abundance of delicious wild grapes, and for this reason they named the country Vinland. After spending many months in this delightful place, they loaded their little vessel with grapes and with

some of the strange kinds of wood which they found there, and sailed back to Greenland.

Such is the story of the discovery of America by Leif Ericsson in the year 1000.

11. At different times after this, other hardy seamen and settlers from the far north visited Markland and Vinland, and many places along the shore of the newly found country. Some of them came with their wives and children, and steps were taken to form a settlement. But troubles arose, they could not agree among themselves, and at last all returned to Greenland. In the course of time men ceased to talk of the great unknown country to the south; even the settlements in Greenland were abandoned, and for many years forgotten. And thus the first discovery of America came to naught.

12. Should you ever visit Boston, you may see a beautiful statue which stands there in honor of Leif Ericsson. And near Newport, in Rhode Island, there is an old stone tower, the history of which has been lost, but which is believed by some persons to have been built by those first discoverers from the north.

Look now at the frontispiece to this book, and you will see what kind of men these viking seamen were, how they were dressed, and in what kind of ships they sailed.

NEW WORDS.

omen	pillage	conquest	vegetation
gales	viking	favoring	exploration
grapes	moored	peninsula	distinguished
cabins	naught	discoveries	abundance
barren	purposes	settlement	frontispiece

LESSON XII.

THE MAGIC MILL. A FAIRY TALE.

1. At Apolda, I have been told, there is a magic mill. In appearance it is very much like a huge coffee mill, but it is turned from beneath instead of from above. Two large beams form the handles, by which two stout serving men keep the mill in motion.

2. And what kind of grain is ground in the mill? I will tell you the story as it was told to me, but I will not vouch for its truth. Old women are thrown in at the top, wrinkled and bent, without hair and without teeth, and when they come out below they are quite young and pretty, with cheeks as rosy as an apple.

3. One turn of the great mill does it all. Crick-crack, it goes, and the whole magical change is made. And when those who have become young again are asked if it is not a painful process, they answer, "Painful? Oh, no! On the other hand, it is quite delightful! It is just like waking in the morning after a good night's rest, to see the sun shining in your room, and to hear the trees rustling and the birds twittering in the branches."

4. A long way from Apolda, as the story runs, there once lived an old woman who had often heard of the magic mill. She had been very happy in her youth, and she wished above all things to be young again. So, at length, she made up her mind to try what the mill would do for her. The journey to Apolda was a long and hard one, for the road led up and down many steep hills and through boggy meadows and over a stony desert where there was no cooling shade.

5. But by and by the woman stood before the mill.

"I want to become young again," she said to one of the serving men, who was quietly sitting on a bench puffing rings of smoke into the still blue air.

6. "And, pray, what is your name?" asked the man.

"The children call me Mother Redcap," was the answer.

7. "Sit down, then, on this bench, Mother Redcap;" and the man went into the mill, and, opening a thick book, returned with a long strip of paper.

"Is that the bill?" asked the old woman.

8. "Oh, no!" answered the other. "We charge nothing here; only you must sign your name to this paper."

"And why should I do that?" asked the woman.

9. The man smiled, and answered: "This paper is only a list of all the follies you have ever committed. It is complete, even to the present hour. Before you can become young again you must pledge yourself to commit them all over again in the very same order as before. To be sure, there is quite a long list. From the time you were sixteen until you were thirty, there was at least one folly every day, and on Sunday there were two; then you improved a little until you were forty; but after that the follies have been plentiful enough, I assure you!"

10. The old woman sighed, and said: "I know that what you say is all true. And I hardly think it will repay one to become young again at such a price."

"Neither do I think so," answered the man. "Very few, indeed, could it ever repay; and so we have an easy time of it—seven days of rest every week! The mill is always still, at least of late years."

11. "Now, couldn't we strike out just a few things?" pleaded the old woman, with a tap on the man's shoulder.

"Suppose we leave off about a dozen things that I remember with sorrow. I wouldn't mind doing all the rest."

"No, no!" answered the man. "We are not allowed to leave off anything. The rule is, all or none!"

12. "Very well, then, I shall have nothing to do with your old mill," said she, turning away.

When she reached her home again, the good folk who came to look at her exclaimed: "Why, Mother Redcap, you come back older than you went! We never thought there was any truth in the story about that mill!"

She coughed a little dry cough, and answered: "What does it matter about being young again? If one will only try to make it so, old age may be as beautiful as youth!"

NEW WORDS.

magic	repay	process	handles
vouch	strip	commit	plentiful
folly	assure	wrinkled	exclaimed
pledge	painful	magical	serving men

LESSON XIII.

THE NEW LIFE.

1. It is May—nearly the end of May—and the spring wild-flowers have almost finished their blooming for the year. Down at the edge of the pond the tall water-grasses and rushes are tossing their heads a little in the wind, and swinging back and forth, lightly and lazily, with the motion of the water.

2. If we come close to the edge where the rushes are growing, and look down through the clear water, we shall

see some ugly and clumsy black bugs crawling upon the bottom of the pond. They have six legs, and are covered with hard, horny scales, laid plate upon plate, like the armor of some old knight of the Middle Ages. This insect is dull and heavy in appearance and movement; and he might be called very stupid were it not for the manner in which he catches and eats every little fly and mosquito that comes within his reach.

3. I am afraid you will think he is not very interesting, and will not care to make his acquaintance; but, let me tell you, something very wonderful is about to happen to him. If you will stay, and patiently watch him, you will see what I saw once upon a time, and you will never forget it.

4. On this fine May morning the water spiders are dancing and skipping upon the water as if it were a floor of glass; here and there a blue dragon fly is skimming joyfully through the air upon his fine, firm, gauzy wings; but our dull, black, mail-coated bug is lazily crawling in the mud at the bottom of the pond. He sees all these bright insects sporting in the sun above him. For the first time in his life he feels discontented with his place in the mud. A longing comes upon him, quite different from his desire for mosquitoes and flies.

5. "I will creep up the stem of this rush," he says to himself, "and perhaps when I reach the surface of the water I can skip about like the water spiders, or, what is better, dart through the air like the blue-winged dragon fly."

6. But as he crawls slowly and with great toil up the slippery stem he is disheartened by the thought that he has no wings; his legs are heavy and clumsy, not light and nimble like the water spider's. What can he do in a sphere so much above that in which he has always lived?



THE NEW LIFE.

7. At last, however, he has reached the surface; he creeps out of the water, and, clinging to the green stem, feels the spring air and sunshine all about him. Why does he not enjoy himself? Why does he appear so ill at ease, now that he has freed himself from the dark mud and can look down upon his old home at the foot of the rushes?

8. A very strange feeling comes over him. He is not used to the sunshine and the warmth. His coat of mail has become dry in the warm air; it shrinks, it cracks, it is going to fall off!

9. "What folly in me to crawl up here," says the poor insect. "The mud and water were good enough for my brothers, and good enough for me too had I but known it! If I were safe at the bottom again I should never look up at the sunshine, however bright it might be."

10. He is very uneasy; he feels about him, as if ready to plunge again into the water. His helmet has broken off at the top, and is falling down over his face; he cannot see. A minute later it drops beneath his chin, and what is his surprise to find that as his old face breaks away, a new one comes in its place; and this face is larger and more beautiful than the first, with two of the most wonderful eyes. Two, did I say? They look like two, but each of them is made up of hundreds of little eyes.

11. These eyes stand out like globes on each side of his head. The world which they look upon is altogether different from anything that the dull, black bug at the bottom of the pond had ever imagined. The sky is bluer, the sunshine is brighter, the nodding reeds and the wild flowers on the bank are a thousand times gayer and more graceful. Now he lifts his new head to see more of the

great world ; and, behold ! as he moves he is drawing himself out of the old suit of armor. From two neat little cases at his side come two pairs of wings, folded up like fans until the right time for using them shall come ; they are still half folded, and must be carefully spread open and smoothed before they are ready for flight.

12. And while he trembles with surprise, see how, with every movement, he is escaping from the old armor, and drawing from their sheaths fine legs, longer and more slender and more beautifully colored than the old. And now his body—a long, slim body—which has been packed away like a spyglass, is drawn slowly out, one part after another. At last the dark coat of mail hangs empty from the rushes, and above it sits a dragon fly, with great wondering eyes, a slender, green body, and two pairs of bright, gauzy wings.

13. Need I tell you that, months ago, the mother dragon-fly dropped into the water her tiny eggs, which lay in the mud until, by and by, dark, crawling bugs were hatched from them, so unlike the mother that she does not know them as her children ? She flies over the pond, and, looking down through the water where they crawl among the rushes, she has not a word to say to them. But, after a time, they will find their way up into the air, where they will pass into the new life, and be gay-winged dragon flies like herself.

JANE ANDREWS, (Adapted).

NEW WORDS.

chin	sphere	slim	spyglass
skip	patiently	shrinks	movement
mail	horny	warmth	skimming
armor	longing	uneasy	disheartened
knight	sheaths	dragon fly	acquaintance

LESSON XIV.

FREAKS OF THE FROST.

1. The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight!
So, through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow and the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."
2. So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.
3. He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers—and these
All pictured in silvery sheen.

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 “Now just to set them athinking,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH F. GOULD.

NEW WORDS.

rear	spear	beviae	towers
pane	tchick	swarms	temples
hail	bustle	margin	cupboard
sheen	freaks	prepare	blustering

LESSON XV.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED THAT THE EARTH IS ROUND.

I.

1. Four hundred years ago there lived a sailor who believed that by sailing west he could reach the east. He believed the earth to be round, although nearly everyone else at that time was very sure that it was flat. This sailor was born in Genoa, in Italy, where, when he was a boy, he helped his father comb wool. He went to school at Pavia, and studied Latin, geometry, astronomy, and navigation. When he was only fourteen years old he went to sea with his uncle, and was in a sea fight with some ships belonging to Venice.

2. After this, for several years, he made voyages along the coast, sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and even went as far south as Cape Verde, in Africa. In those

days sailors did not dare to go very far out into the ocean. Once, off the coast of Portugal, he had a terrible fight with a Venetian ship. He was captain then. Both of the ships were set on fire, and he saved himself by swimming two miles to the shore. It was a lucky escape, however, for an old sea captain, who had a beautiful daughter, made his acquaintance and was kind to him ; and the sea captain's daughter soon afterwards became his wife. Need I say that the name of this fortunate sailor was Christopher Columbus ?

3. The old captain had made many voyages to the Canary Islands, and he had some strange ideas about what might be found beyond them if any one had only the courage to go and see. He did not believe the stories told about the unknown sea far away to the west—that it was boiling hot, or that the great island of Atlantis which Plato had written about had sunk beneath the waves. It was from talking with his wife's father that Columbus had come to believe that by sailing west he could reach the east—that is, the countries of China and India.

4. He had read that St. Brandon, a priest of Scotland, eight hundred years before, had been swept by a storm far away to the west, and had landed in a strange country. He had been told that Martin Vincent, a sailor of Lisbon, when he was four hundred miles from land, on a voyage to the Canary Islands, once picked up a piece of wood with strange marks upon it, which the winds had drifted from the west. Reeds very much like those which grew in India had floated to the shores of Portugal, and the bodies of two men, unlike any other human beings, had been seen floating in the water far from land. From whence did all these come ?

5. His mind full of these thoughts, Columbus went to the king, John of Portugal, and made it so plain that the earth was round and that India might be reached by sailing westward that the king almost believed it. But would there not be great glory and honor to the man who should make the discovery? Certainly; and so the king resolved that if there were any truth in the theory no one should gain anything by it but himself. Hence he sent out a ship secretly, to sail as far west as possible and make sure whether there was any land in that direction. But after a few days the ship returned. "You cannot reach the east by sailing west," said the sailors; and King John believed them.

6. Those were dark days for Columbus, and full of discouragement. The king had played him false. His wife had died. There was no one now in Portugal who cared to hear of his projects. So he took his little boy, Diego, and went home to his native city (Genoa), for he thought perhaps his townsmen would help him; but they laughed at him instead.

"You say you can reach the Indies by sailing west?"

"Yes."

"You are crazy!"

7. As he could get no help from those who knew him best, Columbus resolved to visit Spain, where a brother of his was living. With his little son, Diego, he landed at Palos, intending to go across the country to the little town in which his brother resided. But he was too poor to hire a mule, and the two were obliged to make the journey on foot. On the way they came to the convent of La Rabiada. Diego was very tired and hungry, and they stopped at the gate to beg for a piece of bread and

a drink of water. Old Father Perez, the prior of the convent, not only gave them what they asked for, but invited them to come in and rest. He listened with great interest to the story which Columbus told him.

8. "And so you think you can reach the Indies by sailing west?" asked the good prior.

"Certainly."

"That is an idea worth discussing. You must spend the night with me. I have a learned friend, Dr. Fernandez, whom I will invite to come and listen to your story."

NEW WORDS.

hire	priest	projects	astronomy
false	theory	interest	navigation
prior	secretly	resided	fortunate
glory	captain	convent	townsmen
Latin	discussing	geometry	discouragement

LESSON XVI.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED THAT THE EARTH IS ROUND.

II.

1. Columbus and little Diego had a good supper, while the two priests listened to his theory of the earth and were greatly pleased. In the morning Father Perez gave Columbus a letter to carry to a friend of his who was at the queen's court. Through this letter he might be allowed to state his project to the king and queen, who were then at Cordova.

2. Leaving Diego at the convent, where he would be well cared for by good Father Perez, Columbus hastened

to Cordova. But the king was just then at the head of an army which was marching to drive the Moors out of Spain, and neither he nor any of his officers had time to notice the poor sailor whose mind was full of a foolish plan to reach the east by sailing west.

3. Yet in the hour of the greatest discouragement Columbus found a new friend—Cardinal Mendoza, a man of great influence with the king.

“Your project is certainly worth listening to,” said he. “I will ask the king to call the wise men of Spain together to look into the matter.”

4. And so a number of bishops and archbishops and learned doctors met at Salamanca to listen to what the sailor had to say.

“Do you mean to say that you can reach the east by sailing west?”

“Yes.”

“It is the most foolish idea ever heard of!”

5. “But,” said Columbus, “many learned men have at different times believed that the earth is round; and if it is round, is it not possible for one to reach India and China by sailing westward?”

“But it is not round,” answered an archbishop. “To say that it is so is to contradict the Bible, which in one place speaks of the heavens being stretched out like a tent. Of course it must be flat.”

6. “The sun and the moon are round, as we see; why is not the earth round also?” answered the sailor.

“If the earth is a ball, what holds it up?” asked a wise cardinal.

“We might ask what holds the sun and moon up,” was the answer.

7. "The idea that the earth is round is absurd," said a learned doctor. "How can men walk with their heads hanging down and their feet upward, like flies on a ceiling?"

"How can trees grow with their roots in the air?" asked another.

"The water would all run out of the ponds, and we should all fall off," said another.

8. "Suppose that the earth is round," said a good bishop, "and suppose that you could sail to the other side, how could you get back again? It is impossible for a ship to sail uphill."

It was in this way that the learned men of Spain disposed of the theory upon which Columbus had built all his hopes. He was disheartened, but he did not despair.

9. For seven years Columbus followed the king's court from one city to another, having now and then a talk with the king and queen, but being given no hope. At last, broken in health and in deep despair, he made up his mind to quit Spain forever.

10. "Have you seen a man on a mule—a thoughtful, graybearded man—pass out of this gate?" This was the question which a horseman asked of a soldier who was guarding a gate of the old Moorish city of Granada.

"Yes; there he is, well-nigh across the plain," said the soldier, pointing to what seemed a little speck far down the roadway.

11. The horseman spurred his horse and flew like the wind across the plain. It was but a little while until he had overtaken the slow-plodding mule.

"The queen has sent me to ask you to return," said he to the graybearded rider.

Christopher Columbus turned once more to the city, and with him turned the fortunes of the world.

12. It was Luis St. Angel, one of Columbus's friends, who, seeing him ride away so downhearted, had hastened to the queen to persuade her to call him back.

"Think how great the gain may be if what the sailor believes should really be true," said he.

13. "It shall be done," answered Queen Isabella. "I will undertake it. I will pledge my jewels to raise the money. Call him back."

And thus it was that the man who believed the earth to be round, and that by sailing west one could reach the east, was at last given the opportunity and the means to prove the truth of his theory.

C. C. COFFIN.

NEW WORDS.

speck	despair	influence	archbishop
court	spurred	possible	downhearted
prove	absurd	contradict	graybearded
bishop	cardinal	horseman	well-nigh
forever	disposed	opportunity	slow-plodding

LESSON XVII.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

1. "So you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people?" said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his armchair by the fire. "Well, I have seen a great many of them in my time, but the bravest man I ever knew was a young ensign in our regi-

ment whom we used to call Gentleman George—and right well he deserved the name.

2. "The business of a soldier is a different thing now from what it was in my young days, and men have learned—what they ought to have learned sooner—that an officer is all the better for being a gentleman and a Christian. But in the rough days of fifty years ago things were quite different. Then the harder an English officer drank, and the louder he swore, and the more he abused his men, the better his comrades liked him. They had a strange notion that such an officer was a 'good fellow,' although they knew that these things did not indicate courage when put to the test.

3. "So you may imagine what we thought when a man like Gentleman George came among us, who was always quiet and sober and orderly. Instead of quarreling and wasting his time like the rest of us, he spent all his spare hours in studying dry, scientific books that we knew nothing about; and every morning and evening he read a chapter of the Bible. How we did laugh at him, and make sport of him! But that which vexed us most was that he never seemed to mind it in the least. He was so good-natured, and so ready to do any one a good turn when he could, that it certainly ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves.

4. "It was not long, indeed, until something did make us ashamed of ourselves. Our colonel was in a great hurry one day to find out the whereabouts of a village whose location was not marked on his map. There was not one of us who could help him; but Gentleman George stepped forward at once with a neat little map of his own drawing in which the place was indicated, just as it ought to

be. The colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said, 'It is not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is also the smartest. Let this be a lesson to you!'

5. "About a month after this, one of our men, who used to have fits of madness now and then—caused by an old wound in the head—came flying along with a big knife in his hand, cutting right and left at everything within reach. Some cried out, 'Shoot him!' But George said, quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that: let me try what I can do.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knife-hand, and tripped him so quickly that none of us knew how it was done. It was easy enough, then, for our men to run up, lay hold of him, and lead him away to the guardhouse.

6. "Of course we could say nothing about George's courage after that; but all this was a trifle to what was coming. A few days later we were fighting in one of the greatest battles of the war. My regiment was at last so hard pressed that we could do nothing but fall back. We formed again under some trees, on the side of a hill, but even then we had great difficulty in holding our ground; for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were firing right among us.

7. "Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of our wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our lieutenants who had been harder than any one else upon Gentleman George. His chance was a poor one, indeed, for it seemed certain death to try to reach him in such a storm of shot; and if a bullet did not soon put him to death, he was sure to perish in the scorching sun.

8. "All at once a man was seen stepping out from be-

hind the trees. It was Gentleman George. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but ran straight to the spot where the lieutenant was lying helpless, and tried to raise him up. At first the enemy fired at him, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out, 'Don't fire, boys!' Some of them even raised their caps to him in salute. George, with great difficulty, lifted the wounded man gently in his arms; then, shielding him with his own body from any chance shot of the enemy, he brought him back into our lines. Such a shout as went up then, I never heard before or since."

9. "And did the lieutenant die, uncle?" asked Mabel.

"Luckily not," answered the colonel, "for I am ashamed to say that the lieutenant was no other than myself."

"Oh, uncle! were you ever so naughty as that?" lisped the tiny voice of another little niece.

10. "But what became of Gentleman George?" asked an impatient boy.

"Gentleman George has long been my much-loved brother-in-law, and he is your father," answered the colonel, glancing slyly at a fine-looking man on the other side of the room, who had been listening to the story with a quiet smile. "And now that you have heard all that I have to tell, go and say good-night to the bravest man in the regiment."

DAVID KER.

NEW WORDS.

trifle	bullet	colonel	Christian
salute	feebly	chapter	scientific
ensign	lisped	regiment	indicated
test	nieces	location	lieutenant
perish	nephews	shielding	scorching

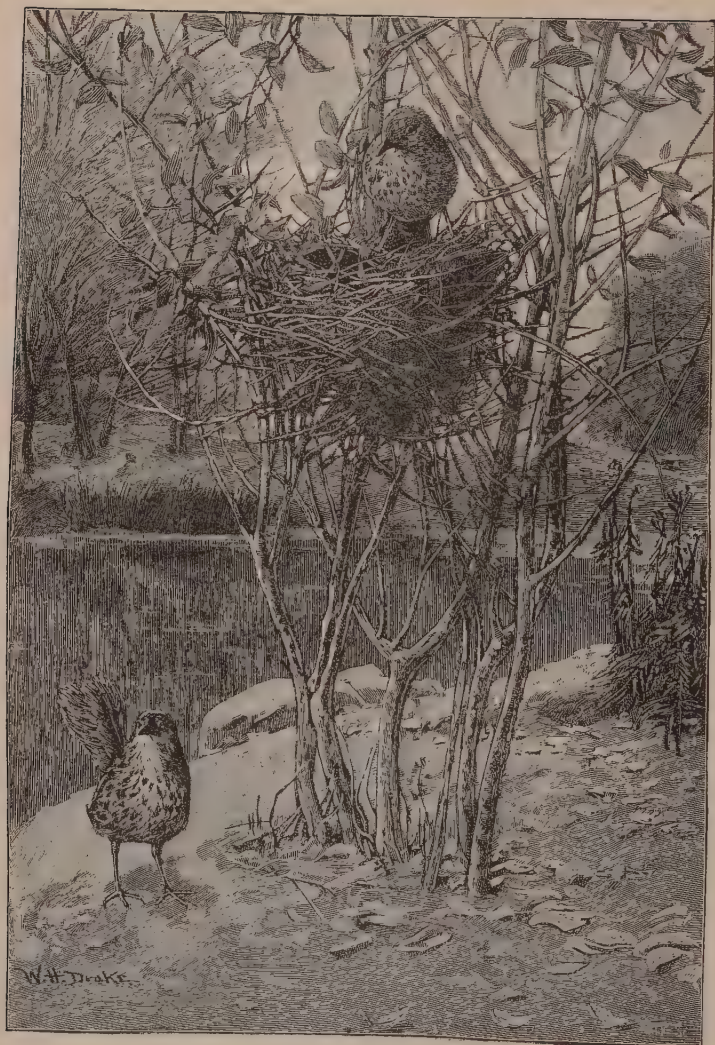
LESSON XVIII.

THE NESTS OF BIRDS.

1. It is very interesting to study the ingenious ways in which different birds make their nests. All birds of the same kind build in the same way, and it is not often that they make any changes in their plans. They not only use the same building material, but choose the same kind of a place, so that one who understands the habits of birds knows quite well where to look for any nest that he may wish to find.

2. Some birds almost always choose to build in the high tree-tops, others in the low bushes, others among the tall grass in the meadows, and still others in the dry trunks of old trees. The thrush builds its nest among the lower branches of a small tree, usually in some half-hidden spot where it is least likely to be disturbed. It makes the framework of twigs carefully laid together, and lines it with hay, feathers, and soft leaves and moss. Sometimes the spaces between the twigs are partly filled with mud. The bird seems to be quite proud of its nest, and well it may be, for, when finished, it is a very cosy affair.

3. The robin often builds its nest on a fence, or in the fork of a tree not far from the ground. It seems to like best a place where there is more or less noise. One has been known to build on a railroad bridge over which trains were passing every few minutes. The nest of the robin is made of moss, leaves, and grasses, and it is lined with hair and feathers, and strengthened on the outside with mud.



THE NEST OF THE THRUSH.

(Drawn by W. H. Drake, from photographs.)

4. The barn swallows are real masons. They make their nests of mud or damp earth mixed with grasses, and fasten them to the beams or rafters of barns and other out-build-



NESTS OF CLIFF SWALLOWS.

ings. Cliff swallows build under the eaves of houses, under overhanging ledges of rock, and in other sheltered places. Their nests, which are made of clay and sand, are shaped like an earthen retort with the neck broken off, and are lined with straw and grass. The sand swallow hollows out a passage, sometimes more than three feet long, in a sand-bank, and at the end of the passage builds its nest. The chimney swallow builds in chimneys and high towers. Its nest is a bare and comfortless shelf, made only of dead twigs which the bird snaps off while flying. These twigs are fastened together by a kind of glue which is secreted in the bird's mouth, and the nest is fastened to the side of the chimney by the same means.

5. The eagle is a platform builder. On some high cliff or

at the top of a rock to which no one can climb, he builds a great platform of sticks and other materials, which is sometimes a perfect cube four or five feet across. The nest is on the top of the platform, and is often so flat that there is nothing to hinder the eggs rolling off except the watchful care of the birds. Pigeons, turtledoves, and storks are platform builders on a smaller scale.

6. There are many birds which always build their nests on the ground. The best known among these are the common wading-birds, such as ducks, geese, swans, and gulls. The night hawks and the whip-poor-wills make no nests, but lay their eggs on the bare ground or among dry leaves, always choosing a spot in which the color is very much like the color of the eggs.

7. The wren, like the robin, dislikes the stillness of the woods and thickets, and therefore builds its nest near houses or in boxes which have been made ready for it; indeed, it has been known to choose some very odd places, as in unused carriages, old shoes, or



NEST OF THE SWAMP SPARROW.

(Drawn by L. Joutel, from a photograph.)

the sleeve of a coat forgotten in a wagon shed or wood-house. The swamp sparrow makes its nest of moss and fine hay, lining it with soft plants, and placing it in a thick tuft of tall grass or weeds growing in boggy ground. The nest is so well hidden that often only the sharpest eyes can find it among the leaves and long stalks of grass. And yet the tiny eggs are not always safe from the snakes, field mice, and other creatures which frequent such places.

8. There are many other birds, not found in our country, which are noted for the strange ways in which they build their nests. The crested flycatcher has a fancy for the cast-off skins of snakes, and always hunts up one or two of these skins to weave into its nest. The tailor bird also makes an odd nest by sewing together the leaves of trees, and in doing so she uses her sharp bill and slender claws in the place of a needle.

9. The weaver bird twines together in the most ingenious way grass, hair, threads of flax, and many other things, and thus forms one of the finest nests imaginable. The nest of the weaver bird is usually fastened to slender twigs in such a way as to dangle about in the breeze, and be out of reach of snakes and small animals and other robbers of the woods.

NEW WORDS.

cube	rafters	material	flycatcher
snaps	swans	secreted	imaginable
sleeve	gulls	comfortless	turtledoves
retort	tuft	platform	whip-poor-wills
storks	ledges	ingenious	strengthened
dangle	pigeons	disturbed	unused

LESSON XIX.

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

1. Beneath the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.
2. Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.
3. "Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.
4. 'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry
From matron bold and maiden sweet.
5. 'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.
6. But what in size he chanced to lack
That Jerry made up in being strong:

I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

7. Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest—

8. "When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be tolled."

9. How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the sad news came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

10. And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The doctor had come and Jerry was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

12. For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

13. Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

JOHN G. SAXE.

NEW WORDS.

bin	lack	calked	shunned
wag	grist	parson	notable
rye	fame	deadly	mournfully
jest	tolled	matron	crumbling

LESSON XX.

AN ARAB SCHOOLBOY.

1. Selim was an Arab-Koord—that is, his father was an Arab and his mother was a Koord. What sort of a man or boy might we suppose an Arab-Koord to be? Not much of a gentleman—not very wise, you may think. He is certainly not much like an American.

2. Selim had a very strange home. His father's house was nothing but a tent. The family never sat down to the table together at their meals, but the mother and sisters waited until the father and sons had eaten and left the room. The mother was not allowed to eat, or even drink water, in the presence of her husband.

3. The Koords, like the Arabs, live a wandering life. They pitch their tents in whatever place they choose to live; and when they are tired of staying in one spot, they move with all their goods and flocks into another. They care but very little for learning; yet a few who are willing to undergo many hardships have a school which they can attend. In each tribe one man is chosen

for a teacher, and he is looked upon as the great man of the tribe; he is known from all the rest by the snow-white turban which he wears upon his head.

4. Only boys and young men attend school; for it is thought to be a shame for a girl or a young woman to learn to read. Very early in the morning the smallest boys meet together at the teacher's tent, and he instructs them in the simplest forms of knowledge, often writing their lessons on a board. Later in the morning the big boys come and learn their lessons from books.

5. After the boys have been dismissed, the young men come for their instruction. These young men are students in the best sense of the word. In order to give their whole time to study and be free from everything that might call away their attention, they leave their own tribe and attend the school of another. They spend no time in finding a boarding place, but sleep on the ground, and rise early in the morning to say their prayers and begin the lessons of the day. They obtain food by asking for it from door to door; and they content themselves with what is given them, although it may be nothing but a little bread and soured milk. As to clothing, a single long gown is all that they have.

6. Selim never knew what it was to love either his father or his mother. When other men were killed in the wars, he often wondered when it would be his father's turn to be killed. When he was twelve years old he went to study in a strange tribe. His only gown was white at first, but before it was worn out it became a dark brown and was as stiff as leather. Often he was too hungry to learn well, but he was fond of study and was never homesick.

7. After he had finished his course of study under a teacher, he joined a few other young men as eager as himself to become wise, and with them formed a settlement of scholars far away from all their kindred tribes. They still lived by begging in the villages for their food. Sometimes they could get no more than a small dish of soured milk for the whole company. This would hardly be as much as a mouthful for all, and so they added water and salt, stirring it a long time before they drank it. When they had a larger quantity they used but one spoon, passing it around from one to another, lest some might take more than their share.

8. After a few years Selim joined the company of learned men who meet at Constantinople to study the languages in which the wisdom of the world is written. Among these there are Englishmen and Americans, and men of other nations who have made lifelong studies of Arabic, Persian Hebrew, and Greek. It is said that Selim surprised them all by his quickness and the correctness of his knowledge. When there was any difference of opinion, it was commonly found that what Selim said was correct.

How many boys who read this book would be willing to undergo the discomforts which Selim underwent in order to become wise?

NEW WORDS.

gown	leather	discomfort	homesick
stiff	instruct	hardships	kindred
attend	correctness	learning	opinion
pitch	boarding place	tribes	quantity
turban	lifelong	attention	quickness

LESSON XXI.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

1. On the 3d of August, 1492, three little ships were about to sail from the little town of Palos in Spain. They were not much larger than fishing boats, and only the largest had a deck in the center. There was a great crowd on shore, and everybody seemed deeply interested in the voyage which these ships were soon to undertake. For they were about to sail away where no one had ever yet dared to sail, over unknown seas—over that sea where many believed the waves to be boiling hot. The sailors were not at all pleased with what was before them, and they would not have undertaken such a voyage had they not been forced to do so by order of the king. Their friends on shore were weeping and crying aloud, for they scarcely hoped to see them again.

2. The admiral of the little fleet was Christopher Columbus, that strange man who believed that the earth is round; and this voyage was to be made in order to prove whether he was right or wrong. The vessels were the *Santa Maria*, which had the admiral's flag floating above it; the *Pinta*, commanded by Alonzo Pinzon; and the *Nina*, commanded by Yanez Pinzon. On the deck of the *Santa Maria* stood Father Perez, praying that the voyagers might be blessed with fair winds and a smooth sea, and that the brave man who had undertaken this project might be successful, as he hoped, in reaching the east by sailing west. Then the last good-byes were spoken, the sails were spread, and the

vessels put out to sea, shaping their way towards the Canaries.

3. On the 6th of September the three ships left the Canary Islands and turned their course westward, entering that part of the great ocean which no one had yet dared navigate. As the land faded from sight, the sailors began to give way to their fears. The thought that they might meet with dangers which no man had yet heard of or known caused them great distress. But the admiral calmed them by telling wonderful stories of India, a land rich in gold and precious stones, and all beautiful things—a land which they would surely reach, if they bravely continued their voyage.

4. Onward, day after day, they sailed. By and by birds came from the west, and hovered about the ship. The water was full of seaweed. By the first of October they had sailed twenty-three hundred miles. The wind blew steadily from the east, and the sailors began to fear that they should never be able to return against it. They were almost ready to rebel; but Columbus with words of kindness quieted them, and offered a reward to the man who should first discover land.

5. "Land!"

It was a sailor who shouted the word, but he was mistaken. There was no land in sight, and the men began again to murmur.

"We are not far from land," said Columbus. "We shall soon discover it."

They picked up a shrub floating in the sea. There were berries on it. The air was warmer. Everything seemed to indicate that land was near.

6. It was two o'clock on the morning of October 12th

when the man who was on the lookout at the masthead of the *Pinta*, cried: "Land! land! land!"

There was a great stir on board.

"Where is the land?"

"There—there! Don't you see it?"

The little, old-fashioned cannon was brought out and fired. No such sound had ever before been heard in those seas.

7. When the day dawned a green and sunny island was seen before them. It seemed indeed an earthly paradise—trees laden with flowers and fruit, thousands of birds singing among the leaves, groups of men, women, and children, gazing in wonder upon the ships. The sailors, lately so faint-hearted, were filled now with hope and delight. The anchors were dropped, the boats were lowered, and Columbus, in a scarlet robe, wearing his sword, went on shore.

8. As soon as he stepped from the boat Columbus knelt upon the beach and gave thanks to God; then, in the name of the king and queen of Spain, he took possession of the land, which he called San Salvador. The natives, filled with wonder at what they saw, gathered around. Some threw themselves into the water and swam out to the ships. Others brought bananas and yams and oranges, and strange birds, and gave them to the sailors. "Surely," thought they, "these wonderful beings who seem to have sprung from the sea are more than mere men like ourselves."

9. After this Columbus and his sailors visited many other islands, and were more and more delighted with what they saw. On every hand there were bright flowers, climbing vines, and groves of palm and banana trees. The sea

broke on pebbled beaches, the skies were blue, the air was sweet with the breath of blossoms; they imagined that they had found paradise.

10. They came at length to a very large island, where rivers of sweet water flowed into the sea. In their boats they rowed for some distance inland, up one of these smooth-flowing streams. Everywhere there were new beauties and new pleasures.

"Surely this is a part of the Indies," said Columbus. And the sailors declared that they could live there always.

11. The natives, whom Columbus now called Indians, brought them some roots which they had roasted in hot ashes, and which they said were good for food. They called them "batatoes;" and these were the first potatoes ever eaten by white men.

At another place the Indians had a very strange custom. They rolled up the dry leaf of a certain plant, lighted one end of the roll, and drew the smoke into their mouths at the other end.

"What is that?" asked the sailors.

"Tobacco!"

12. From Cuba the vessels sailed to another large island which the Indians called Haiti, but which Columbus named Hispaniola. The natives there were simple-hearted, kind, and honest. "They love their neighbors as themselves," said Columbus. One of the chiefs made a great feast of fish, fruits, and potatoes for the white strangers; and after the feast the natives had a dance. Columbus in turn ordered his sailors to go through the movements of a military parade. The Indians gazed in wonder upon the bright swords gleaming in the sunshine, and fell to the ground in fright when the little cannon was fired.

13. Columbus built a small fort on the island of Haiti, and, leaving a few men there to hold it until his return, he set sail for Spain. After passing the Azores Islands the ships were separated in a storm, and it was feared that all would be lost. But on the 15th of March, 1493, Columbus sailed into the harbor of Palos. There was a great stir in the old town as the news was carried quickly from house to house, "Christopher Columbus has returned!" The bells were rung, cannons were fired, bonfires blazed.

14. "A new world has been discovered!" cried every one. And there was no doubt of it, for Columbus had brought many things with him from the strange lands beyond the sea—six Indians, many curious birds, rolls of Indian cloth, bananas, potatoes, gold! Everybody was glad because of his success.

C. C. COFFIN.

NEW WORDS.

fort	inland	tobacco	/deeply
rebel	parade	precious	paradise
yams	admiral	navigate	pebbled
mistaken	verdure	command	possession
anchor	bonfires	bananas	separated

LESSON XXII.

THE MISER. A RUSSIAN FABLE.

1. "Is it worth while being rich if one is never to enjoy his riches, but only to spend his life in heaping up money? And of what use is great wealth, after all? We die and then leave it behind. No; if riches had fallen to my share,

I would not have hoarded my gains, as some men do, but I would have lived in true enjoyment of my wealth; my feasts should have been talked about far and near; and, besides, I would have done good to others, and given money to the poor."

2. So thought a poor man to himself, lying on his hard bed in a wretched hovel. Just at that moment a wizard came and stood before him. "You wish to be rich," said the wizard; "for I have heard you say so. I am always glad to help a friend, and so here is a purse for you. There is a ducat in it—no more; but as soon as you have taken one coin out of it you will find another in it all ready for you.

3. So now, my friend, your growing rich depends entirely upon your own wishes. Take the purse, and freely supply yourself from it until your craving is satisfied. Only bear this in mind—that, until you shall have flung the purse into the river, you are forbidden to spend a single ducat."

4. He spoke, and left the purse with the poor man. The man was almost beside himself with joy. But, as soon as he regained his senses, he began to handle the purse; and with what result? Scarcely could he believe it was not a dream. He had hardly taken one ducat out before another was already stirring in the purse.

5. Our poor friend now said to himself, "I will shake out a thousand ducats. Then, to-morrow, I shall be rich. and I will begin to live like a nobleman."

6. But the next morning he had changed his mind.

"It is true," he said, "I am rich now. But who isn't glad to get hold of a good thing? and why shouldn't I become twice as rich? It surely wouldn't be wrong for

me to spend another day over the prize. Here I have money for a country house; but if I might buy estates too, wouldn't it be stupid in me to lose such an opportunity? Yes, I will keep the wonderful purse. So be it. I will fast one day more; and after that I will have plenty of time for luxurious living."

7. But what happens? A day goes by, and then a week, a month, a year. Our poor man has long ago lost all count of the ducats. Meanwhile he eats scantily and lives sparingly. Scarcely has the day begun to break before he is back at his old work. Sometimes he makes up his mind to throw away the purse. But then his heart grows faint within him. He reaches the bank of the river, and—then turns back again. He has not yet quite as much gold as he would like to have. He will wait till to-morrow.

"How can I possibly part with the purse," he says, "while it yields so rich a stream of gold?"

8. In the course of time our poor man has grown gray and thin and as yellow as his own gold. He does not even think of luxury now. He has become faint and feeble; health and rest are unknown to him. But still, with trembling hand, he goes on taking ducats out of the purse. He takes, and takes; and how does it all end? On the bench on which he used to sit gloating over his wealth—on that very bench he dies, in the act of counting the last coins of his ninth million.

KRILOF.

NEW WORDS.

ducat
wizard
hovel
supply

hoarded
craving
scantily
gloating

luxurious
nobleman
sparingly
opportunity

LESSON XXIII.

WHY THE WATER OF THE SEA IS SALTY.

1. Very many years ago there lived in Europe a wise man who was all the time trying in his own way to make new discoveries in nature. He had noticed, as perhaps many of you have done, that in old teakettles which have been used for a long time there is often a crust of stone about the sides and bottoms.

"It is certainly stone," said he. "Now there has been nothing but water put into this kettle, and whence has this stone come?"

2. He studied the matter carefully and for a long time, and then he came to the conclusion that the water had by boiling been changed into stone. To prove that this was true, he took clear, fresh water from a spring and boiled it in a clean, new kettle. After a time, just as he expected, the sides and bottom of the kettle were covered with a layer of stone.

3. "No one can now dispute the fact," said he. "Stone is made from hot water. Could we only produce heat enough, all the water of the ocean might be turned into solid rock."

This was a very strange conclusion, you will think; and so it was. But where did the stone in the teakettle come from if it was not made out of the water?

4. Put a little salt into a basin of water. After a little while you will see no salt in it, but all of the water will taste salty. The salt is so nearly the color of the water that one cannot see any change in the liquid—it looks as

pure and fresh as when it was first drawn from the spring. But taste the smallest drop of the water and you will taste the salt also; for the salt has been divided into a great number of little particles which float all through the water—thousands of them in every drop—and make it salty.

5. If you had put indigo instead of salt into the water, every drop of the water would have been bluish, because it held many particles of indigo. In the same way, a little sugar will sweeten a great deal of water. The sap or juice of the sugar cane or the sugar maple is nothing but water with many fine particles of sugar in it. When the water is boiled away, these particles remain behind as so much sugar. By boiling salt water we also obtain salt. The water goes away in the form of vapor or steam, and leaves the solid matter behind.

6. If you had weighed the water before you put the salt into it, and had caught all the steam and held it until it had cooled into water again, you would have found, on weighing it a second time, that no water had been lost; and you would have found that it did not taste of the salt. Also, if you had weighed the salt before putting it into the water, and then again after the water had been all boiled away, you would have discovered that none of it had been lost.

7. There is a great deal of salt in the ground. There are also many other things which dissolve in water. When the rain falls from the clouds, it sinks into the ground and takes up these substances in small particles, just as you have seen water dissolve sugar and salt. When the water bubbles up in springs and runs down the rivers into the sea, it still holds the little particles of salt, or stone, or

whatever they may be, and adds so much more—however little it may be—to that which the sea already contains. Thus it is that the water of the sea has become salty.

8. When salty water is boiled, what becomes of the water? It escapes in the form of vapor or steam. What becomes of the salt? It is left behind in the vessel. When water that is full of particles of stone boils away, what becomes of the stone?

9. You will have no trouble now in telling where the stone which is found in teakettles comes from. You are wiser in that respect than the wise man of whom I have told you, for you know that stone is not made of water.

10. What forces the water to leave the particles of salt and other matter which it has gathered from the earth? It is heat. It is by heat that it is driven off in the form of steam or vapor. This vapor goes up into the air. When it there becomes so thick that we can see it, we call it a fog or a cloud.

11. The clouds are blown by the wind into colder regions of air, and the vapor condenses into drops and comes back to the earth in the form of rain. The raindrops sink into the ground again, and once more gather little particles of salt, or stone, or some other mineral, which they carry down to the sea. Then they are again turned into vapor by the heat of the sun, and again driven over the earth by the wind, to water the parched ground and to gladden the farmer's heart by making his crops grow abundantly. And this change is going on every day, all over the world; yet not a drop of water, not a particle of matter of any kind, is gained or lost.

12. Now you not only know why a layer of stone is found in old teakettles, but you have learned why the

water of the sea is salty, what becomes of steam or vapor, and what causes rain. By thinking a moment, you will also be able to tell why we have salt springs and sulphur springs, and why the waters in different springs and wells are so unlike.

NEW WORDS.

layer	escapes	teakettle	conclusion
cane	parched	contains	particles
vapor	indigo	sulphur	crust
solid	bluish	divided	mineral
basin	bubbles	condenses	abundantly

LESSON XXIV.

A WISH.

1. "Be my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish to-day,
Something as well in sunshine,
As when the raindrops play."
2. "And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"
3. "I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees
And shine on the mossy stone;

4. "To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.
5. "Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I can never catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.
6. "Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh—
That's the brook for me!"

ROSE TERRY.

NEW WORDS.

mossy

fountain

tinkling

LESSON XXV.

SELFISHNESS. A STORY OF GERMANY.

There is told in Germany a strange story of a rich but very selfish old man who lived a long time ago in a handsome palace not far from the river Rhine. He was sometimes called by the poor people whose homes were on his lands, Bishop Hatto. Whether he had ever been a bishop, I very much doubt; for certain it is that, at the time of the story, he was a hard-hearted, cruel landlord, caring for no one else so long as he was able to get what he wanted for himself.

2. One summer the rain came down in torrents and con-

tinued so long that the corn was ruined and even the straw was all rotted in the harvest fields. "What shall we do," said the poor people, "when the long winter comes, and we have no food to give our children?" They dreaded to think how the round rosy faces of the children would become sharp and thin from hunger.

3. But Hatto, easy and comfortable in his palace, felt none of this fear, for he said to himself: "What a fortunate thing it is that I have a good store of grain laid by from last year!" Then he went out and looked at his well-filled barns, and chuckled to himself as he said: "There is no danger of starvation for me!"

4. Winter came, bringing the cold winds and the snow and the frost. The poor mothers, who had long deprived themselves of their own share of food that they might not see their children want, knew at last that there was no more bread, nor anything, indeed, with which to make it. "Let us go to Bishop Hatto," said they. "Surely he will help us, for he has far more food than he needs."

5. When the rich landlord saw the people coming, he thought to himself, "Those creatures want my corn, but they shall not have it. If I were to feed them, I should very quickly be hungry myself." So he sent them all away.

6. The next day others came; but selfish Hatto would give them nothing. Day after day the cries of the starving were heard at his gate. At last he told them that on a certain day his large barn should be open for any one to enter who chose, and that as much food should be given them as would last them all winter. The children were full of joy when their mothers told them they should be hungry no longer; they called him the "good bishop," and longed for the happy day to come.

7. At last the day did come, and the women and children as well as the men, old and young, crowded about the barn-door. Hatto watched them with a smile on his selfish face, until the place was quite full; then he fastened the door, and actually set fire to the barn, and burned it to the ground. As he listened to the cries of agony, he said to himself, "How much better it will be when all these rats are killed, for they never do anything but eat and beg for more." Then he went to his palace and sat down to his dainty meal, and chuckled to himself as he thought of the way in which he had disposed of the "rats."

8. The next morning, however, a change came over the cruel man; for, looking up at the wall, his eyes fell upon the spot where the night before had hung a likeness of himself, and he saw that the picture had been eaten by rats. He was frightened. He thought of the poor, dying people whom he had called rats, and he began to tremble. While he stood not knowing what to do, a serving man came in, saying that the rats had eaten all the corn that had been stored in the granaries. Not a mouthful was left.

9. Scarcely had the man finished speaking when another servant came running into the palace, pale with fright. He said that ten thousand rats were coming fast to the palace, and told Hatto to fly for his life. "The rats shall not find me," said Hatto. "I will go and shut myself up in my strong tower on the Rhine. There the walls are high and the stream is swift, and no rats can reach me."

10. He started without delay, crossed the Rhine, and shut himself up in his tower. He fastened every window, ordered the servants to lock the door, and after a while lay down and tried to sleep. But suddenly a shrill scream startled him; on opening his eyes he saw the cat

on his pillow. She too was terrified, for she knew that the rats were close upon them.

11. From his window in the tower the frightened and astonished man saw the black crowd of rats swiftly coming. They had crossed the river, and were marching in a straight line towards his hiding place. Not by dozens and scores, but by thousands, the creatures came.

12. Hatto, trembling in every limb, looked around for some means of escape. He called loudly to the servants, but they had fled. He thought to follow them, but when he tried the door he found it locked on the outside. To leap from the window would be certain death.

13. Meanwhile the rats came helter-skelter into the tower. Hatto heard them gnawing at his door, and he imagined they were whetting their teeth on the stones outside. Some climbed up the wall to the window. In every crack and crevice he fancied he saw thousands of eyes, like glassy black beads, peering at him. Terrified beyond measure, he gave up all hope of escape, and sank upon the floor.

14. When the servants returned they found their master dead in his room. They believed that the rats had come as a judgment upon him for his cruel deed; and some even said that these creatures had eaten him up. Near the city of Bingen on the Rhine there still stands a tower called the "Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto."

NEW WORDS.

agony	gnawing	likeness	whetting
soundly	rotted	actually	torrents
chose	hunger	terrified	starvation
limb	scores	chuckled	helter-skelter
beads	judgment	granaries	comfortable

LESSON XXVI.

THE LAST VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

1. It was not long until Columbus was ready to sail back to the new lands which he had discovered. This time he had twelve ships and twelve hundred men. There was no need now of forcing any one into the service: thousands wanted to go. They took with them horses, pigs, cattle, and dogs; for these animals were not found in the New World. Twelve priests were taken to convert the Indians to the Catholic faith.

2. The voyagers reached Haiti in safety, and landed at the spot where Columbus had built the fort and left the little garrison. They found that the fort had been destroyed and all the men killed by the Indians. Leaving there a second colony, Columbus sailed away to the west, and discovered the island of Jamaica. But he found no mountains of gold, and the men who were with him began to murmur. Sickness broke out, the provisions failed, and some of the ships turned back to Spain. After cruising for a while among the islands, Columbus himself returned home, this time disappointed because he had not been able to satisfy the hopes of his companions.

3. The Spanish nobles were so jealous of Columbus that two years passed before he could get ready for another voyage. This time he sailed farther southward, and on the thirty-eighth day discovered an island with three mountain peaks, which he named Trinidad. Just beyond this island was the mainland of South America, and the mouth of the great river Orinoco. For many days he sailed

along the coast, and then, turning northward, he reached the settlement in Haiti.

4. Columbus was now the governor of the New World; but the Spanish nobles could not bear to have an Italian rule over them. So, through false accusations, they persuaded the king to take his office from him and appoint in his place a vain and cruel man named Bobadilla. Bobadilla at once arrested Columbus, fastened chains upon his ankles, and sent him back to Spain. When he arrived at Cadiz, the people cried out, "Shame! shame! to treat thus cruelly the man who discovered the New World!" And by the king's command the chains were taken off and Columbus set at liberty.

5. It was several years before Columbus was allowed to sail on his fourth voyage. He was then an old man, his beard was white as snow, and he was no longer the strong, hopeful man that he had been. He stopped for a little time at Haiti, and then sailed west seeking to find a passage to India, which he still believed was not far beyond.

6. At one place he was in great need of food; but he could get nothing from the Indians, who were unfriendly, and were planning to attack him. He knew that there would soon be an eclipse of the moon, and he resolved to frighten the simple natives, and thus obtain the needed food. So he sent this word to the chiefs: "The Great Spirit is angry because you will not help me!"

The Indians laughed at the message, but he sent another: "You will see the moon fade away. The Great Spirit will cover it up and make it all dark."

7. The chiefs laughed again. But when night came, and the full moon rose, round and red, the Indians saw a shadow beginning to creep slowly over it.

"A dragon is eating up the moon!" they cried; and they threw themselves in terror upon the ground.

Then Columbus sent the chiefs a third message: "The Great Spirit will forgive you and save the moon if you will send us food."

8. "We will send it," said the chiefs. They sent baskets filled with yams and potatoes and fruit. There was food enough and to spare; but a storm arose and the vessels of Columbus were driven upon the shore and wrecked. It would be impossible ever to leave this place unless some ship should happen to sail along the coast. One day two vessels were seen far off at sea. A fire was built, and those on board the ships, seeing the smoke, brought their vessels to land and took Columbus and his men on board. Very soon after this Columbus returned again to Spain, never more to revisit the New World.

9. On the 20th of May, 1506, Christopher Columbus, old and very poor, died at Valladolid. It was now thirteen years since the discovery of San Salvador. The islands which at that time were the happy homes of a simple-hearted people had been overrun and all their happiness destroyed by the cruel Spaniards. Thousands of the Indians had been killed, and other thousands carried into slavery. The Spaniards had but one thought—to gratify their selfish greed for gold.

C. C. COFFIN.

NEW WORDS.

dragon	revisit	garrison	liberty
gratify	greed	colony	slavery
eclipse	cruising	terror	governor
jealous	convert	arrested	provisions
message	appoint	voyagers	accusations

LESSON XXVII.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

1. I've wandered o'er the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with me upon the green
Just forty years ago.
2. The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.
3. The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jackknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

4. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low ; 'twas once so high
That we could almost reach ;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.
5. Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom ;
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark ;
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut,
Died forty years ago.
6. My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes :
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.
7. Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea ;
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.

And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

NEW WORDS.

strew	altered	heartless	churchyard
beech	defaced	replaced	barefooted
wretch	jackknives	sweetheart	graves

LESSON XXVIII.

THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

1. In a little Italian village there once lived a jolly stonecutter named Pisano. He was poor of course, or he would not have been a stonecutter; but he was full of good-humor, and everybody liked him.

2. There was one little boy, especially, who loved old Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man who was unkind to little Antonio. Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

3. While Pisano worked at stonecutting, little Antonio played at it, and amused himself with making clay figures, drawing, and cutting into shape the small pieces of rock which lay about the yard. The old grandfather soon saw that the pale-faced little fellow at his side was wonderfully skillful at such things.

4. As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sang to him. All these things were of great value to him, for, without his knowing it, they were improving his taste and awakening his imagination.

5. It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great wealth and rare understanding in matters of art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain times entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks; and Antonio sometimes did scullion's work there, for a day or two, when some great feast was given.

6. At one time, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Antonio was at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant came in, just before the dinner hour, in great trouble. The man who had been at work upon the large ornament for the table had sent word that he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to put the table in order was at his wit's end.

7. While every one was wondering what it would be best to do, the little scullion boy came forward and said,

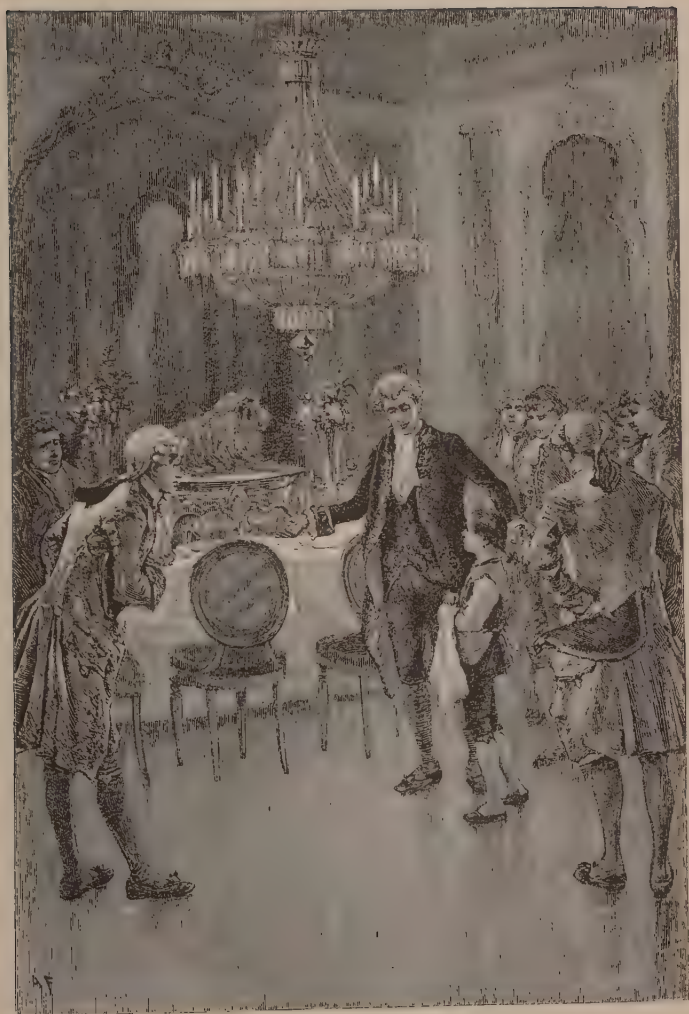
"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" cried the servant; "and who are you?"

8. "I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And, pray, what can you do?" asked the man.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you'll let me try."



THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

9. The servant, not knowing what else to do, told Antonio that he might try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, the boy quickly molded a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen said was beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

10. At the dinner that day there were many of the most noted men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, and lovers of art—and among them were many skilled critics of art work. When these people came to the table, their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot the purpose for which they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius

11. They looked at the lion long and carefully, and then began praising it, and asking Faliero to tell them what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero knew as little as they, and he had, in his turn, to ask the chief servant. When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero called the boy into the dining room, and the dinner became a sort of feast in his honor.

12. But it was not enough to praise the lad. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and nothing could please them more than to aid in giving him an education. Signor Faliero himself declared that he would pay the lad's expenses, and place him under the instruction of the best masters.

13. The boy, whose highest wish had been to become

a village stonecutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

14. But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest, and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stonecutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he molded butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

NEW WORDS.

art	genius	crouching	married
frail	molded	scullion	entertain
critics	expenses	especially	namely
harsh	skill	sculptor	imagination
jolly	skillful	rejoicing	education

LESSON XXIX.

HOW THE PACIFIC OCEAN WAS DISCOVERED.

1. After Columbus had made known the way to the New World, great numbers of Spanish adventurers hastened thither in search of gold. Among these adventurers was a sea captain named Martin Encisco. On a certain

day, some six years after the death of Columbus, he was at Haiti, ready to sail westward on a voyage of discovery. Just before the anchor was lifted two men brought a cask on board the vessel. Then the sails were spread, and the ship glided out into the open sea. A few hours later the sailors heard a pounding inside the cask; then the head fell out, and, to their surprise, a young man stood before them.

2. It was Vasco Balboa, a young Spanish nobleman, who had led a wild life in Spain, and had come to Haiti only to get deeper and deeper in debt. He had taken this plan to escape from his creditors.

“I will leave you on the first island I come to,” said Captain Encisco.

But he soon saw that Balboa might prove to be of very great use to him. The young man had already been to a place called Darien—a rich country, where the Indians had great abundance of gold—and he promised to guide the ship there.

3. In the course of time they reached Darien, where they captured an Indian village and seized some fifty thousand dollars’ worth of gold ornaments. Here Encisco made a settlement; but, from some reason or other, he would not allow his men to trade with the Indians. This caused a great deal of trouble; the men would no longer obey Encisco, but chose Balboa to be their leader. Balboa sent the fallen captain, a prisoner, back to Haiti; but with him he sent a rich gift of gold to the king’s officers there.

4. One day Balboa was surprised to see two men come into his camp dressed in the skins of wild beasts. They were Spaniards who had been living for some time with an

Indian tribe several miles from the coast. The chief was very rich and very friendly, and Balboa, with the two men as guides and one hundred and thirty of his own followers, lost no time in making a visit to the Indian town. The chief welcomed them kindly; and Balboa, after learning all that he could about the place, bade him good-by and started back towards his own settlement. In the night, however, he came quietly back, fell upon the village while all the Indians were asleep, made prisoners of the chief and his family, and seized upon everything of value that could be found in the place.

5. As might be supposed, the chief complained bitterly of such an act. But he wished so much to be a friend to the Spaniards that he offered his daughter to Balboa in marriage. The Spanish captain took the girl as his wife, and became very fond of her and she of him. The chief's eldest son made him a present of gold dust, which he divided among his men; but two of the men quarreled about their share, and were about to draw their swords to fight.

6. The young chief stepped between them, and, knocking the gold from their hands, scattered it upon the ground.

"Is it about such things as this that you quarrel?" he asked. "Is it for gold that you make slaves of us and burn our towns? Beyond those mountains which you see yonder is a great sea, and the rivers which run into it are filled with gold, and the people who live there drink from golden vessels."

7. Balboa, hearing this, resolved that, as soon as possible, he would cross those mountains and see if the story about the rich country beyond was true. On the 6th of September, 1513, with nearly a hundred men, and with a number of Indians as guides, he began to climb the mountains.

They marched through dark woods, where, in some places, the trees grew so thick and high that they shut out the sunlight, and where thousands of vines twined among the branches or trailed upon the ground. Monkeys chattered in the tree-tops; beautiful birds screamed and scolded among the leaves and flowers; poisonous snakes glided across their pathway. It was a journey full of danger and difficulty. But neither dangers nor difficulties could discourage the Spaniards when in search of gold. With Balboa at their head, they pushed rapidly forward, hoping every day to behold the great sea and the rivers of gold, which their guides said were still some distance beyond.

8. They met, when nearly across the mountains, a party of Indians armed with slings and war clubs who tried to drive them back. But the soldiers fired upon them, and Balboa let slip some bloodhounds which the Spaniards had with them. The noise and smoke of the guns and the fierce attack of the dogs filled the Indians with terror, and they fled in great haste; but the Spaniards followed them, and did not stop until hundreds of the natives were killed.

9. The next day at noon Balboa and the men who had kept up with him in the journey stood near the top of a mountain-peak.

“From there you will see the great water,” said the Indian guide, pointing to the summit.

The men stopped while Balboa went on. He would be the first to behold the great sea.

10. And, sure enough, there it was! The mightiest ocean of the globe—ten thousand miles wide—its waves rolling and foaming upon the shore, was spread out before him. Balboa sank upon his knees and thanked God; and then,

followed by his companions, he hastened eagerly down the mountain-side.

11. They at length reached the shore, they tasted the water to see if it was salt, and then Balboa, with the flag of Spain in one hand and his sword in the other, waded in and took possession of the ocean for his master, the King of Spain.

12. Thus it was that the Pacific Ocean, which washes the western shore of our country, was first beheld by a European. After months of toil, surrounded by many dangers, Balboa and his men made their way back to the settlement at Darien. They astonished their old comrades with the great amount of gold in their possession—gold in dust and in scales, golden ornaments, cups, and drinking vessels, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

13. But Balboa was not allowed to enjoy long the pleasures of the conqueror or the glory of the discoverer. A new governor was sent from Spain who hated Balboa. He accused that daring captain of treason, sent him to prison, and ordered him to be put to death. Columbus was rewarded for discovering a new world by being sent home in chains, and the man who discovered the Pacific Ocean was executed. Such, in those rude old times, was the gratitude of Spain towards her greatest men.

C. C. COFFIN.

NEW WORDS.

debt	marriage	Darien	conqueror
cask	treason	captured	war clubs
peak	creditors	gratitude	complained
slings	trailed	summit	bloodhounds
slaves	executed	adventurers	ornaments

LESSON XXX.

JOHN MAYNARD, THE PILOT.

1. For many days and nights the steamer had been plowing the waters of the Great Lakes, and thus far all had gone well; but a terrible danger was at hand, of which no one dreamed. Night had closed in; most of those on board had retired to their berths; and all were sleeping soundly except the few who had been left on duty. John Maynard, the pilot, stood at his post by the wheel, with no light to aid him, not even the stars, for it was a dark, cloudy night.

2. Above the noise of the engine, and the regular beating of the paddles, a fearful cry was heard—a cry which startled the sleepers, and told them that danger was at hand. Quickly the captain and his men rushed upon deck, where they found that the ship was on fire.

3. “Fire! fire!” was echoed from every side; and the thick clouds of smoke which arose so shut out the view beyond that none could see whether any other vessel was in sight, or whether land was near or far. The passengers ran here and there, trying to find places of safety which the flames had not reached. The women and children screamed with terror, but no help came; their voices seemed to be carried upwards with the smoke and flame; and nothing was heard in reply but the echo of their own words. “Here we must die!” they said one to another; for many had already given up all hope.

4. All this time John Maynard stood bravely at the wheel, steering the vessel as though all was right and safe.

He well knew the danger that threatened, but he allowed no fear to drive him from his duty. The ship, blazing as it was, still needed guiding, and John Maynard was too brave a man to give up to despair so long as there was anything to be done. His heart ached for the helpless women and children, now wild with terror as they saw the flames spreading and felt the heat growing more and more intense. For one moment, lifting up his heart to God, he asked for strength to do the task before him, whatever its cost might be.

5. At that moment the captain's voice was heard. "Listen!" said he. "In ten minutes it is possible for us to reach land; our lives may yet be saved if our pilot can only hold on at his post. Are you there, lad?" he shouted. "Ay, ay, sir!" was the quick answer. Then through the thick darkness the blazing ship sped on.

6. Two minutes more and land would be reached. But the flames had spread fearfully, and now they almost surrounded the brave pilot. All hope was centered upon him and upon God, to whom many a heart was lifted. Again the captain shouted through the smoke and flame, "Are you there, my lad?" But this time he had to wait for an answer; the pilot's voice was weaker, and instead of speaking quickly, as he had done before, he slowly gasped out the words, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out, John?" asked the captain.

Very feebly came the answer: "Sir, I'll try."

7. At last the land was reached, and the passengers and crew hastened from the burning vessel to the firm earth. But where was the brave pilot who had saved them? When all had landed, he was missing. The pilot house was wrapped in a sheet of fire, and John Maynard loosed

his hold upon the wheel, and fell lifeless upon the burning deck.

8. Although at his own fireside the pilot's chair is empty, there are in other homes hundreds of voices breathing words of blessing upon the memory of him who lost his own life in saving theirs.

“And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.”

NEW WORDS.

ay	berths	intense	blazing
echo	lifeless	steering	unnatural
pilot	rugged	memory	self-poised
erect	fearfully	regular	passengers
engine	witness	paddles	threatened

LESSON XXXI.

THE GORILLA.

1. One of the most famous hunters in Africa was Paul du Chaillu, who has written several books interesting alike to young and old. In the course of his explorations he traveled some eight thousand miles, nearly always on foot, and in company only with black men. He was the first white man to hunt the gorilla, and probably the first who ever saw one of these animals.

2. The account of his first meeting with the gorilla is

highly interesting. With his company of black men, he had been traveling for some time through a thick forest where there was but little game to be seen. It was late in the afternoon, and all were hungry, for they had eaten nothing since morning. Seeing some sugar canes growing close by, Du Chaillu began to cut some of them in order to suck the juice, and thus satisfy his appetite. While he was doing this his men called his attention to several canes which had been broken down and chewed into fragments, while others had been torn up by the roots. The whole party were greatly excited, for they knew at once that it was the work of gorillas. The tracks in the soft earth showed that there were several gorillas in company, and Du Chaillu resolved, if possible, to find them.

3. He divided his men into two parties, one led by himself and the other by one of the blacks named Makinda. The animals were believed to be behind a large rock, and the two parties moved so as to surround it. Suddenly there was a cry which had a very human sound, and four young gorillas ran from their hiding place towards the forest. They ran on their hind-legs, and looked wonderfully like hairy men as they leaned their bodies forward, held their heads down, and to all appearances were like men running to save their lives from danger. Du Chaillu fired at them, but hit nothing, and the animals made good their escape. The men ran after them till all were out of breath, and then returned to the camp.

4. Some days later Du Chaillu was more successful in hunting the gorilla. He was again traveling through a wood with his party when suddenly the sound of the breaking of a branch of a tree was heard. The natives told him that they were near a gorilla, and all moved for-

ward with the greatest care. Soon they came in sight of the huge beast breaking down the limbs and branches of the trees to get at the berries. He was moving straight towards them, and so they stood still until he came up in front of them. He had made his way among the trees on all fours, but as he came in sight of the party he stood erect like a man.

5. Then he gave vent to a kind of barking roar, and beat his breasts with his huge fists till they resounded like drums. This is the gorilla's way of offering defiance to an enemy. The roar begins with a sharp bark, like that of an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which sounds so nearly like the roll of distant thunder that it is sometimes mistaken for it.

6. The gorilla was about twelve yards from Du Chaillu when he first noticed his enemy. He came forward a few steps, then stopped and roared, and beat his breasts again, then came forward again, and stopped about six yards away. As he stopped the second time Du Chaillu fired and killed him. The shot was well aimed, and the gorilla died almost instantly. The animal was measured, and was found to be five feet eight inches in height, although, when standing, he appeared to be fully six feet.

7. Many stories about the gorilla were told by the negroes. They said that he was in the habit of sitting upon the branches of trees by the roadside and drawing up unsuspecting passers-by with his paws; that he carried a stick or cane when walking, and used it as a weapon; that he built himself a house of leaves and twigs among the trees, and sat on the roof; and that sometimes whole armies of gorillas banded together for purposes of war.

8. All these stories proved to be fables; almost the only

true account given of the gorilla was that he was a terrible fighter, and more than a match for a lion. The strength of this creature is wonderful. A young one, two or three years old, requires four strong men to hold it, and even then, in its struggles, it is likely to bite one or more of them severely. It can dent a musket barrel with its teeth, and a full-grown gorilla can bend a musket as though it were made of the softest wood. It can break off a tree three or four inches in diameter, and a single blow of one of its fists will break a man's skull like that of a sledge hammer. It fights with arms and teeth, and does terrible damage with both.

NEW WORDS.

dent	excited	musket	weapon
vent	damage	defiance	instantly
fists	skull	requires	resounded
passers-by	aimed	severely	unsuspecting
gorilla	negroes	diameter	sledge hammer

LESSON XXXII.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

- How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew.
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will oftentimes swell,
As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

NEW WORDS.

source	brim	cataract	glowing
nectar	poised	inclined	wildwood
goblet	infancy	situation	dairy-house
ardent	emblem	exquisite	recollection
receive	curb	coolness	childhood

LESSON XXXIII.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

I.

1. Every boy who knows anything about the history of this country has heard of John Smith, who was the founder of Jamestown in Virginia. We might almost say that he was the founder of the United States, for Jamestown, as you know, was the first English settlement in America. Everything about him is interesting. He was so brave and so faithful to duty that we cannot help learning some good lessons from the story of his life.

2. Captain Smith was born at Willoughby, in England, in the month of January, 1579. His parents died when he was a mere child, and he was left alone in the world without any one to take care of him. Yet he was a brave and independent boy, and he soon showed that he was well able to make his own way in the world. He was fond of adventure, as most boys are; and while he was still a youth he wandered away to Holland, and spent some time with the English army which was there.

3. When he came back to England, he began to train himself for the life of a soldier. Instead of passing his time in idleness with other young men of Willoughby, he went out to the woods near by, and built a sort of house for himself of the boughs of trees. Here he intended to stay; and as for food, he meant to shoot deer, and live on the venison. In this "Bower," as he called it, he got together as many books on warlike matters as he could find; and he spent the greater part of his time in studying them.

4. By this means he taught himself the art of war; but as he knew that a soldier must fight with his own hands, he also set about learning how to use every sort of weapon. At that time it was very common for men to fight on horseback with a lance. This was a long wooden spear, having a sharp iron point with which its owner tried to strike his enemy while riding at full speed.

5. Young John Smith had a horse and lance with which he practiced every day, riding swiftly and trying to strike a ring or other object from the bough of a tree to which it had been hung. He also practiced with his sword to make his eye keen and his wrist tough; and he fired at trees with his pistol, to become a good marksman. By such means as these he fitted himself for the life of a soldier; and then he set out in search of adventures.

6. These adventures, he knew, would not be wanting, if he only had a brave heart to seek them. War was going on in eastern Europe against the Turks, and all good soldiers were welcome there to help the Christians. So Smith went forth, having made up his mind to fight bravely, and, if he could, make a name for himself.

7. He crossed the English Channel and landed in France; but three Frenchmen who had come over with him in the ship treated him very badly. They saw that he was but a mere boy, and stole the trunk in which were all his clothing and his money. This left him in great trouble, for he was in a strange country without friends. But he kept a brave heart, and soon showed that he could take care of himself. He wandered on through France, meeting many kind persons on the way who helped him, until at last he came to the city of Marseilles on the Mediterranean Sea.

8. As his plan was to go and fight the Turks, he went on board a ship bound for Rome, which was on his way. The ship set sail, but soon a great storm arose, and the vessel was tossed about, and in danger of being wrecked. Some of the men on board said that Smith, being a stranger, had brought them bad luck, and that the only way to escape the storm was to get rid of him; so they seized him and threw him into the sea.

9. The waves were running very high at the time, and there was great danger of his being drowned. But he was a good swimmer, and struck out for the nearest land. This was a small island, called the Isle of St. Mary's, not far from the coast of Nice, and here he was thrown on shore by the waves. The weather was very cold, and he had nothing to eat. But soon another ship came in sight; he was seen by the crew; and a boat was sent to take him off of the island. As he went on board the ship, he was overjoyed to find that the captain was an old friend of his.

10. The ship was bound for Egypt; but as Smith was in search of adventures, he cared nothing for that. He agreed to go to Egypt, and as usual something happened to him on the way. They met with an enemy's ship; a sharp fight took place, and the enemy's ship was taken. As young Smith had fought bravely, he received about two thousand dollars in gold as his share of the prize money.

11. This made him quite rich, and he resolved to go on and fight the Turks. The captain of the ship put him ashore in Italy, and he set out for Transylvania, east of Austria, where the fighting was then going on. He had to pass through a rough, wild country, but he did so safe-

ly, and at last reached the Christian army, and was enrolled as a soldier in it.

NEW WORDS.

wrist	venison	enrolled	independent
affair	lance	marksman	parents
practiced	pistol	overjoyed	prize money
founder	warlike	wrecked	bower

LESSON XXXIV.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

II.

1. The Turks had shut themselves up in a strong castle, where they were closely besieged by the Christians. As no fighting was going on, the days began to seem long and dull to both parties. At last a Turkish lord sent word to the Christian camp that he was ready to fight any soldier that might be sent against him. The Christians accepted the offer, and drew lots to see who should meet him. The lot fell on John Smith, and when the day came he rode forward to meet his enemy.

2. The Turk was ready. He came out of the gates dressed in rich armor, and cheered with the sound of music; while many of his friends, Turkish officers and ladies, stood upon the walls expecting to be amused at the way in which he would put an end to his foe. The two enemies rushed upon each other, but the fight was soon over. Smith's lance struck the Turk in the forehead and hurled him dead to the ground. Smith then leaped from his

horse and cut off the Turk's head, and the whole Christian army shouted with joy.

3. Very soon a second Turk came out to avenge his friend, and he and Smith rode at each other. Both their lances were shivered in pieces, but Smith fired his pistol and broke his enemy's arm. He fell from his horse, and Smith, leaping down, struck off his head, as he had struck off that of the first Turk.

4. The young soldier was now in high spirits, and he sent a challenge to the Turks. If any of them would meet him, he said, they might have the heads of their friends, and his own too, if they overcame him. The challenge was accepted by a famous Turk called Bonnymulgro. It was agreed that they were to fight hand to hand with swords, pistols, and battle-axes. They rushed at full gallop towards each other. After firing their pistols they began to use their battle-axes.

5. Bonnymulgro was a strong man and a dangerous enemy. He struck Smith so heavy a blow on the head that he reeled in his saddle and dropped his ax. At this a loud shout rose from the Turks on the walls, and they shouted louder still as they saw Smith wheel his horse and fly, with the big Turk after him. But this was only a part of Smith's plan. As soon as the Turk caught up with him and raised his ax the young soldier quickly wheeled his horse and ran his sword through Bonnymulgro's breast. The Turk fell from the saddle, still trying to fight. But Smith struck him down and cut off his head, which he held up to show that the fight was ended.

6. As no more Turks wished to meet so dangerous a foe, Smith was now led by his friends in triumph back to the general's tent. There he was received with great favor.

The general gave him a fine horse and a sword, and made him an officer in the army; and the Grand-duke Sigismund, who was carrying on the war, sent him his portrait in a golden frame. He also promised Smith a reward of three hundred ducats, or about two thousand dollars, a year, and told him he might wear on his "coat of arms," as it was called, three Turks' heads, in memory of his brave acts.

7. John Smith was now a distinguished soldier, but he was soon to find that war is not entirely made up of brave deeds and rich rewards. A day came when ill-fortune befell him. At the battle of Rottenton the Christians were beaten, and John Smith was wounded and left on the field. He lay there until night, when some thieves, who had come to rob the dead bodies of whatever they could find upon them, heard him groaning from the pain of his wound, and stopped. He had on a very rich suit of armor, and from this they supposed that he was some great lord. Hence they did not kill him, but resolved to carry him away and keep him prisoner until he paid a large price for his freedom.

8. John Smith did not tell them that they were mistaken in this, as his life depended on his saying nothing. They carried him to a city called Axiopolis, and here they found that he was only a poor soldier. He was, therefore, sold in the slave market as a common slave, and was bought by a rich Turk, who sent him as a present to a lady in Constantinople. On the way he was driven along, chained by the neck to other Christian prisoners. At Constantinople he was treated very kindly by his mistress, who, for reasons of her own, sent him to a brother of hers, who was a kind of officer called a tymor, and who lived near the Sea of Azov.

9. The tymor was a very hard master. He stripped off Smith's clothes and ordered him to put on coarse sheepskins. He next shaved his head and put an iron ring round his neck, after which he ordered him to go to work with the rest of his slaves. Smith's life was now very miserable. He therefore made up his mind to escape as soon as possible.

10. His work sometimes took him to a lonely barn on the tymor's estate, where his business was to thresh out grain with a flail. One day while he was at this labor the tymor came to the barn. He was in a very bad humor, and when he saw Smith he began to offer him every insult. This made the young soldier very angry. He looked around him. No one was in sight, and he had in his hands his heavy flail. At last the tymor struck him with his riding whip; at which John Smith returned a deadly blow with his flail.

11. The great thing now was to get away, and the young fellow did not stop long to think. He took off his coarse sheepskins and clothed himself in the tymor's suit; then he leaped on that officer's horse and rode off at full gallop. He meant to make his way to Russia, where he was sure that he would be safe, but he did not know the road.

12. Day after day he wandered about, nearly starved, and not daring to ask his way of anybody. But at last he saw near the road which he was traveling a number of wooden crosses, and by this he knew that he had reached a Christian country. He followed the road joyfully and at last came to a Russian fortress. There he was received with the greatest kindness; the iron ring was struck from his neck, and not long afterwards he

went on his way towards Austria, "drowned in joy," as he said, at his escape.

13. His sufferings were now over. He soon set out for Paris, and from there he went to Spain, intending to join in the war against the Moors. What he heard of the war there, however, did not please him, and he resolved that he would take no part in it. He therefore turned his face again towards England, which he reached without further adventures.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEW WORDS.

lot	befell	besieged	shaved
sufferings	portrait	accepted	mistress
insult	tymor	forehead	triumph
famous	fortress	dangerous	challenge
reeled	avenge	battle-axes	groaning

LESSON XXXV.

ABOUT THE SUN.

1. Did you ever wake quite early in the morning—when it was pitch-dark and you could see nothing, not even your hand—and then lie watching as time went on till the light came gradually creeping in at the window? If you have done this you will have noticed that you can at first only just distinguish the dim outline of the furniture; then you can tell the difference between the white cloth on the table and the dark wardrobe beside it; then, little by little, all the smaller objects—the handles of the drawer, the pictures on the wall, and the different colors of all the things

in the room—become clearer and clearer, till at last you see all plainly in broad daylight.

2. What has been happening here, and why have the things in the room become visible so slowly? We say that the sun is rising, but we know very well that it is not the sun which moves, but that our earth has been turning slowly round, and bringing the little spot on which we live face to face with the great fiery ball, so that his beams can fall upon us.

3. How far away from us do you think the sun is? On a fine summer's day, when we can see him clearly, it looks as if we had only to get into a balloon and reach him as he sits in the sky; and yet we know quite certainly that he is more than ninety-one millions of miles from our earth. These figures are so large that you cannot really grasp them. But imagine yourself in an express train, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour and never stopping. If it were possible for you to travel at that rate, straight to the sun, it would take one hundred and seventy-one years for you to reach the end of your journey.

4. And when you arrived there, how large do you think you would find the sun to be? A learned Greek was laughed at by all his fellow-Greeks because he said that the sun was as large as that little corner of their country called the Peloponnesus. How astonished they would have been if they could have known that not only is he bigger than the whole of Greece, but more than a million times bigger than the whole world!

5. Our world itself, as you already know, is a very large place, so large that it would take nearly a month for an express train to travel around it. Yet even this great globe is but a very small object when compared to the

sun, for it measures only eight thousand miles across. while the sun measures more than eight hundred and fifty thousand. Imagine that you could cut the sun and the earth each in half as you would cut an apple; then, if you were to lay the flat side of the half-earth on the flat side of the half-sun, it would take one hundred and six such earths to stretch across the face of the sun.

6. One of the best ways to form an idea of the great size of the sun is to imagine it to be hollow, like an air-ball, and then see how many earths it would take to fill it. You would hardly believe that it would take one million three hundred and thirty-one thousand globes the size of our world squeezed together. Just think, if an immense giant could travel all over the universe and gather a number of worlds, each as big as ours, and were to make first a heap of ten such worlds, how huge it would be! Then he must have a hundred such heaps of ten to make a thousand worlds; and then he must gather together again a thousand times that thousand to make a million; and should he put them all into the sun-ball he would fill only about three quarters of it!

7. After hearing this you will not be astonished to learn that so immense a ball should give out a very great amount of light and heat—so great that it is almost impossible to form any idea of it. It will help us to understand this if we remember how few of the rays which dart out on all sides from this fiery ball can reach our tiny globe, and yet how powerful they are.

8. Look at the flame of a lamp in the middle of the room, and see how its light pours out on all sides and into every corner; then take a grain of mustard seed, which will very well represent our earth in size, and hold it up at

a distance from the lamp. How very few of all those rays which are filling the room fall on the little mustard seed. And yet, as a grain of mustard seed is to the flame of the lamp, so is our earth to the great globe of the sun. Only the two-billionth part of all the rays sent out by the sun ever fall upon the earth. But this small quantity does nearly all the work of our world.

9. In order to see how powerful the sun's rays are you have only to take a magnifying glass and gather them to a point on a piece of brown paper, for they will at once set the paper on fire. Sir John Herschel tells us that at the Cape of Good Hope the heat was even so great that he cooked a beefsteak and roasted some eggs by merely putting them in the sun in a box with a glass lid.

10. Indeed, just as we should all be frozen to death if the sun were cold, so we should all be burned up with the heat if his fierce rays fell with all their might upon us. But we have an unseen veil around us, made of—what do you think?—those tiny particles of water which the sunbeams have turned into an invisible vapor and scattered in the air. These cut off part of the great heat, which would otherwise reach the earth; and thus, even in the hottest days of midsummer, the air is much cooler and more pleasant than it would be were the sun's rays to fall with their full force upon us.

NEW WORDS.

rate	express	wardrobe	beefsteak
fiery	amount	gradually	represent
arrive	mustard	universe	squeezed
visible	balloon	compared	handles
drawer	furniture	powerful	outline

LESSON XXXVI.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

1. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon;
That open to the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!
2. They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."
3. "Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space:
5. To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder-halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sunlit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst!
6. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!
7. What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
 That gladdened some fairy region old!
 On the mountain-tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

NEW WORDS.

boon	mirth	chambers	amethyst
furze	traverse	topmost	cliff-built
breeze	listeth	upborne	frolicsome

LESSON XXXVII.

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF BORNEO.

1. Tom was studying geography in a way quite unusual for boys. Captain Fairweather, Tom's father, was captain of a vessel which went to all parts of the world in search of the choice products of different lands. Tom had studied his school geography, and had learned much from it about the equator, the China Sea, and the islands of the East Indies; and when he was twelve years old, his father thought that he would take him with him on his next voyage, and give him a sight of the countries about which he had been studying.

2. Tom found it hard to believe himself really in those far-off seas, and looking with his own eyes on the famous islands where the choicest fruits and spices grow. He crossed the equator several times, but it was quite unlike the line which he had imagined it to be when studying about it in his school geography.

3. On a certain day the ship lay off the coast of Borneo, and the officers were making ready to pay their respects to the sultan of the island. They had already sent a messenger to ask if a visit to the great man would be agreeable, and he had answered that he would be very glad to see them.

4. Of course it was understood that Tom should be one of the party. He had never seen a live sultan; but he knew that he was some kind of a king, and he supposed that he lived in great style. He remembered having seen a picture in one of his books beneath which was written "The Sultan of Borneo," and in which that person was seen sitting under a palm tree surrounded by his officers.

5. According to the picture the sultan had a turban on his head, and a flowing, bright-colored robe was thrown over his shoulders; he wore Turkish trousers, and had mutton-chop whiskers. In view of a visit to a person so very grand, Tom put on his watch and chain, and a ring inset with a large red stone, which he had bought in Ceylon.

6. Seated by his father in the small boat, Tom felt not a little awed in view of the meeting which was soon to take place. As they neared the shore he was surprised at the appearance of the town.

"Huts, with thatched roofs!" he exclaimed. "This doesn't look much like a city. A grand city it is, I must say!"

7. The palace of the sultan was a thatched hut not very unlike the others in the town. It was built on piles driven into the river bed, and was entered by steps leading up from the water. Tom followed his father up the steps with some curiosity, but more disappointment. Ah, that

a king's palace should have dwindled into this miserable hut!

8. Captain Fairweather and his officers were received by two interpreters, who, in broken English, welcomed them to Borneo. Then they led the way to the head of the room, where stood the sultan. He was nearly a hundred years old, and aside from his age there was nothing very strange in his appearance. He wore a single garment—a gown which reached to his feet. On his head, instead of the turban, was a common little hat, and on his feet were a pair of slippers.

9. The sultan could not speak English, and the officers could not understand him; hence they could talk with him only by the aid of the interpreter. There was very little furniture in the room, but the officers wished to seem pleased with what was brought to their notice.

"This is a very nice rug," said one of them.

"Yes," answered the interpreter; "the sultan borrowed that when he heard of your coming."

10. Coffee was handed around, served in pretty little cups of Japanese ware.

"Kioto ware," said Captain Fairweather.

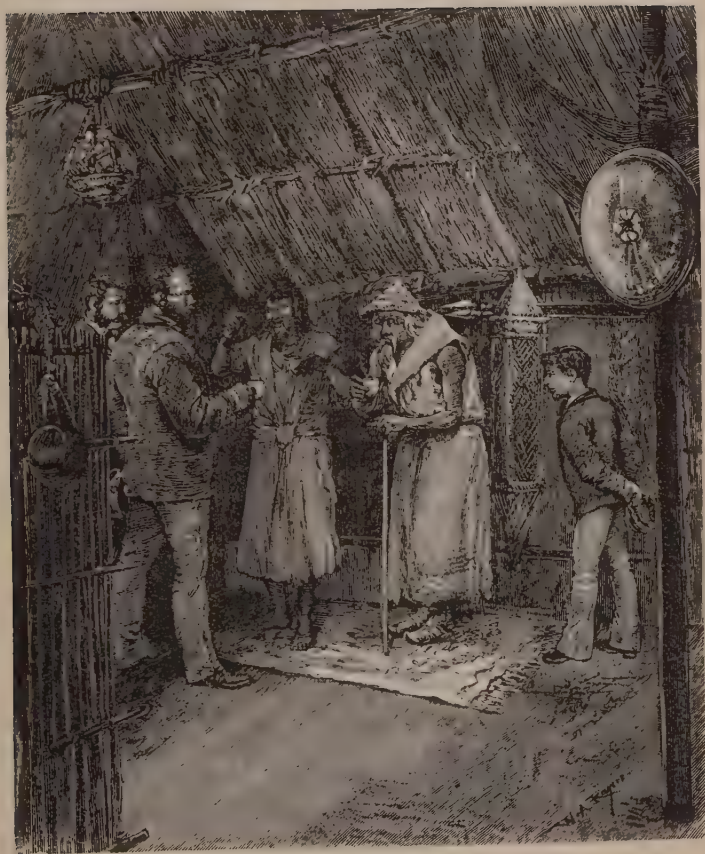
"Kioto!" said the interpreter. "Yes, yes. A Chinaman keeps shop on next street, and we borrowed the cups of him."

"Well," said Tom, "don't the sultan own anything? I suppose that at least the slippers on his feet are his!"

"Borrowed!" exclaimed the interpreter.

Tom could not help laughing.

11. Captain Fairweather at last took out his watch, and seeing the time, said, "We must go now, if we would see any more of this place."



THE SULTAN OF BORNEO.

The company then took leave of the sultan, bowing with the greatest politeness. Tom thought that it was all very foolish.

12. Along the shore there were many thatched huts. They were set on piles to keep the reptiles, which are very abundant there, from crawling in at the open doors. Tom asked question after question about Borneo as the party made their way back to the ship. "The third largest island in the world," he said to himself. "Australia, New Guinea, Borneo! Well, well, it is a strange place, and I don't think much of it, no matter what its size may be." He afterwards learned that a large part of the island is owned and governed by the Dutch.

LIEUT. E. W. STURDY.

NEW WORDS.

ware	sultan	trousers	politeness
awed	huts	whiskers	interpreter
style	unusual	dwindle.	agreeable
inset	equator	borrowed	mutton-chop
spices	reptiles	thatched	disappointment

LESSON XXXVIII.

MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

I.

1. Young John Smith soon found that London was no place for a man like himself. He could not remain idle, and he began to long for new adventures. He had seen life in Europe and Asia, and now his thoughts were turned towards America. But little was then known of that country, and many strange and exciting stories were told

about it. Now and then sailors had visited it; and when they came back they reported that the earth was full of gold and precious stones, and that the rivers ran over golden sands.

2. Stranger things than these were told about the New World, as it was called. There was said to be a fountain there which made old people young again, if they only bathed in it; and many persons really believed that it was true. There is little wonder then, that great numbers of men were anxious to visit the New World. Some were attracted by the gold, some by the Fountain of Youth, and others who had little faith in those wild stories were anxious to see the country settled.

3. James I., who was King of England at that time, gave the right to Sir Thomas Gates and others to form a settlement in the New World; and in December, 1606, three small vessels set sail for the shores of America. John Smith was on board one of the vessels. The ships, with one hundred and five men in them, crossed the ocean in safety, and reached the West India Islands. They then sailed northward along the coast of Florida and the Carolinas, looking for a good harbor.

4. When they reached the mouth of Chesapeake Bay they were tossed by a terrible storm, but managed to sail into a harbor without being wrecked. This was in April, 1607, and some time was spent in looking for a place to make a settlement. Before them was a broad river, which was called Powhatan by the Indians, and this they sailed up, delighted with the beautiful prospect before them.

5. Some Indians came down to the shore, and stared at the ships as they sailed by; but the settlers went on up the broad current until they reached a sort of island close

to the shore. Here, on the 13th of May, 1607, the ships cast anchor; and here a settlement was made, and was called, in honor of the king, Jamestown. To-day there is nothing to mark the spot, except an old, ruined church.

6. During the voyage John Smith had been arrested on the foolish charge that he was planning to make himself king of Virginia. He was still under arrest when the ships reached Jamestown. King James had not told any one the names of the men who were to rule over the settlement. The paper containing their names was sealed up in a box which was not to be opened until the ships reached the end of their voyage. But the time had now come: the box was opened, and the name of John Smith was found among those who were to be councilors. He was, therefore, set free; yet he was not allowed to sit in the council nor to have any more authority than the poorest man in the colony.

7. But a strong head and a brave heart will show themselves in spite of everything; and the colonists soon saw that Smith had more sense and energy than all the rest. He was the real leader. Nobody had any respect for the councilors, who were a poor set at the best. They passed their time in eating and drinking and idleness. They had seen little of the Indians, and very foolishly seemed to care nothing about them. Besides this, but very little was done towards raising corn for food. Smith knew that the woods were full of Indians, and also that the food in the ships would not last always. He, therefore, set out with a few men, to visit the king of the Indian tribes, who lived some distance farther up the river.

8. The name of the Indian king was Powhatan, and he ruled over all the Indians in eastern Virginia. He re-

ceived Captain Smith with great show of kindness, and the two talked together by means of signs; but Smith saw at once that he had a cunning enemy to deal with.

9. Having finished his visit, Captain Smith and his men rowed back down the river; but when they reached Jamestown they found that some Indians had made an attack upon the place. No doubt but that Powhatan had sent them as soon as he knew that Smith was not there. One of the settlers had been killed by an arrow, and several had been wounded. But a cannon shot had been fired from one of the ships; and as it crashed through the woods the frightened Indians fled and did not return.

NEW WORDS.

spite	bathed	crashed	energy
anxious	attracted	colonists	wounded
council	exciting	idleness	authority
sealed	prospect	remain	councilors

LESSON XXXIX.

MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

II.

1. King James had ordered that the country of Virginia should be explored, and in the fall, Smith, with a few men, set out for this purpose. As they were rowing up the Chickahominy River some Indians came down to the bank and made signs of friendship. They told Smith that if he wanted a smaller boat to go up higher they would give him one, and also guides to show him the way.

2. Smith accepted the offer, and the canoe was brought. He got into it with two of his men and two Indians; and then, ordering the rest of his men not to leave the big boat nor to go ashore during his absence, he set off in his canoe to explore the river higher up. He was hardly out of sight when the men disobeyed him and went on shore. The Indians attacked them suddenly, driving them back to the boat, and taking one of them prisoner. He was at once put to death, and then the Indians hastened up the river after Smith.

3. They soon overtook him; for, after going some distance, he had stopped and landed, and, taking one of the Indian guides with him, he had set out on foot to look at the country. He had ordered the two men in the canoe to keep a sharp lookout, but they did not obey. They were cold, and having built a fire they lay down beside it and went to sleep. The Indians found them and killed them while they slept. Then they went on, intending to overtake Smith and put an end to him.

4. He was going through the woods with his guide when a flight of arrows came from behind some trees, and the Indians rushed upon him. He was, indeed, in great danger. He was alone in the heart of the woods, far from help, and surrounded by savages; but he was a cool man and did not lose his courage. He saw that his only hope was to get back to the boat; so he tied his Indian guide to his left arm, as a shield from the arrows, and hastened back towards the river. He fired his gun at the Indians, and this frightened them so much that he might have escaped had he not run into a swamp. The ground was so soft that before he knew it he sank to his waist. The Indians then rushed quickly upon him and took him prisoner.

5. Things now seemed hopeless. He was in the hands of his enemies, and had very little doubt that they would put him to death. He tried what he could do with their chief. It chanced that he had a small pocket compass with him, and this he explained to the chief, and made a present of it to him. By this means he gained some time, and also the favor of the chief. When, at last, the warriors bound him to a tree and bent their bows to shoot him, the chief came forward, waving the compass, and ordered them to stop.

6. After this he was carried through many Indian villages, and was at last led before Powhatan, their king. His case was soon decided. The Indians hated the whites, and now that they had their leader in their hands they resolved to put him to death. A large stone was brought in and Smith's head was laid upon it. Then, at an order from the king, a tall savage raised a club to beat out his brains. In a moment the club would have fallen, and Smith would have died; but a kind Providence watched over him.

7. An Indian girl, twelve or thirteen years old, sprang towards him. From her dress, it was plain that she was a princess. The large feather in her black hair was like that worn by Powhatan, and her moccasins were embroidered like the old king's. On her arms were bracelets of shells, and from her shoulders fell a robe of doeskin, covered with the feathers of birds, and lined with down from the breasts of wild pigeons.

8. This girl was Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the old king. She was filled with pity for the poor prisoner, and ran and threw her arms about him, looking up to her father as she did so. The heavy club did not fall.

The blow would have killed Pocahontas, as Smith's head was clasped to her breast; and Powhatan ordered that the prisoner's life should be spared. He was, therefore, unbound, and Powhatan soon showed him that he had nothing to fear. In a few days he was allowed to go back to Jamestown.

9. Captain Smith had many other adventures while he was in Virginia, but at last a painful accident changed all his plans. As he was rowing down James River one day some powder in his boat took fire, and he was terribly burned. His clothes were all in flames, and he jumped into the water in order to put out the fire. This he did, but he came so near being drowned that his men could scarcely get him into the boat again.

10. He at last reached Jamestown, but his burns were terrible. There was no surgeon to dress them, and he made up his mind to go to England and find one. A ship was about ready to sail, and he at once took passage for home. That was the last that was seen of John Smith in Virginia. He had come over in the spring of 1607, and he went back in the autumn of 1609. It seemed a very short time—not three years in all; but in this time he had laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEW WORDS.

canoe	doeskin	accident	compass
princess	explore	embroidered	foundations
absence	bracelets	surgeon	friendship
waist	disobeyed	warriors	Providence
brains	lookout	moccasins	commonwealth

LESSON XL.

THE PLANETS.

1. Did you ever play a game in which you took hold of hands and danced round and round some one in the center? I am going to tell you about what we may imagine to be a similar game in which neither boys nor girls are taking part. The sky is the playground, and the sun and some of the stars are the players.

2. In the center is the sun, a great fiery ball; and circling about it are other balls, some of them very large, but all of them smaller than the sun. These smaller bodies are not bright like the sun, but dark globes which could not be seen at all if it were not for the sunlight which they reflect. If you should look through a telescope at these planets—for such they are called—you would see that some change their appearance much as the moon changes. At first there is to be seen only a thin streak of light. This grows gradually larger and larger till it becomes a circle, and then smaller and smaller until it disappears.

3. Do you ask if we can see the planets thus circling about the sun? It is easy enough to see that they are not standing still. Sometimes one is visible after the sun sets, and we speak of it as the evening star; after a few months it will come up in the morning before sunrise, and then we call it the morning star. For a long time people did not understand this; but at last they learned that the planets are circling about the sun, and hence are sometimes seen on one side of it and sometimes on

the other. They are not all in a ring as are the children in their games; but some are so near the sun that it almost seems as if they would be burned up, while others are so very far away that they can get but little light and heat.

4. The planet nearest the sun is called Mercury. We can see it sometimes as a small white star just as the sun is coming up or going down. It stays in sight for so short a time that men have learned but very little about it; yet astronomers say that it has higher mountains upon its surface than any we have ever seen.

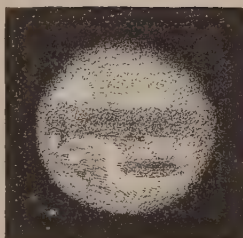
5. Next comes Venus, the brightest of all. Indeed, it is so bright that it has often been seen in the daytime. Like Mercury, it would be a very warm place if the clouds did not hang so thick and heavy about it as to keep off some of the heat.

6. The next is the Earth, upon which we live—for it, too, is a planet, circling about the sun with the others. Moving around the earth, much in the same way that the planets move around the sun, is a smaller body which we call the Moon.

Going still farther from the sun we next see Mars, which appears to us as a bright red star. Looking at it through a telescope we see light spots which astronomers say are fields of ice, like those which are found near the poles of our earth.

7. Beyond Mars there are two hundred and sixty-four small globes called asteroids. They are so small that if they were all joined in one they would make only a little planet—too little to be of much account among the others. After the asteroids comes Jupiter, the largest of all the planets. He has five moons—colored moons at that—

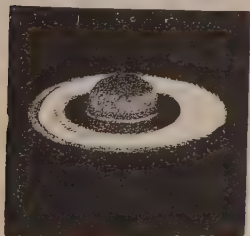
circling around him. Two of these give a bluish light, one shines yellow, while the other throws out a red glow. There is little need of fancy-colored lamps or Chinese lanterns in Jupiter; his moons are better than all those.



JUPITER. From a photograph.

8. Hastening onward we next see Saturn, the most wonderful of all.

You have learned that as the earth turns around on its axis we have day and night; and, of course, the same is true of the other planets. Saturn turns so fast that a day and night on its surface are only about ten hours long. Saturn has eight moons, one of which is ten times as large as our own; and besides these there are belts and rings around the planet's center which shine with a pale white light, and make the short nights there very beautiful.



SATURN. From a photograph.

9. Beyond Saturn is Uranus, much larger than our earth. It is well known that the farther a planet is from the sun the longer will be its years. Now a year in Uranus is eighty-four times longer than one of our years. How would the young people who are so fond of birthdays and birthday presents like that?

10. The last of the planets, that is, the one farthest from the sun, is Neptune. How cold it must be there! Indeed, the sun cannot look much larger than a great star when seen from Neptune; yet it holds that star in its place just as firmly as those which are nearer, and, in a strange way which we cannot understand, keeps

that distant planet, as well as all the rest, moving about itself and circling forever through the heavens.

NEW WORDS.

axis	glow	lanterns	astronomers
streak	belts	asteroids	similar
reflect	planet	daytime	disappears
firmlly	circling	telescope	playground

LESSON XLI.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
2. I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!
3. I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

4. I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.
5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NEW WORDS.

trace	main	founts	ancient
fanés	clime	tassels	primrose
larch	sparry	shadowy	reindeer

LESSON XLII.

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL.

I.

1. If our heroine, Cynthia Smith, were living to-day, she would be a great-grandmother. But at the time of this story, 1780, she was only a little girl at home on a plantation near the Santee River, in South Carolina. She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as stanch a rebel as you could have found in all America; for the War of

Independence had been raging in the United States ever since Cynthia could remember.

2. When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole ship load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because King George of England insisted on "a three-penny tax."

3. The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father had sent his whole harvest to the North, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after that, John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

4. Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron ; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Tom insisted on taking John's place and following a certain George Washington to the war.

5. "It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterwards wrote home ; and his mother wrung her hands, and his father grimly smiled.

"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

6. He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she might have a skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account. But she had little time for patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days ; and Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings. This kept her very busy.

7. In 1776, when Cynthia was eight years old, two important events had happened—important, at least, to her. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red-and-white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Her heart beat fast with feelings of patriotism when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal;" but she went almost wild with joy when her father gave her the little calf to be all her own.

8. Cynthia, giving free scope to her feelings, named the calf, "Free-'n'-equal;" and if ever an animal deserved such a name it was this one. It scorned all authority, kicked up its hind-legs, and went careering round the plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

NEW WORDS.

planter	heroine	homespun	equal
shirts	scorned	event	important
scope	grimly	yearnings	declaration
wrung	insisted	careering	independence
stanch	skirmish	patriotism	raging

LESSON XLIII.

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL.

II.

1. Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only playmate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths. As the calf grew and became a cow, the more intimate and loving did the two become. Cynthia confided all her

secrets to Free-'n'-equal, and asked her advice about many an important undertaking. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had, in the winter of 1777-78, gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

2. Alas! Tom never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news. Quite as much did she share her joy when, a few months later, Cynthia came flying to the barn with the tidings that Lafayette had come from France to aid the American cause.

3. But again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away. And a few months later her grief was beyond control. "For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will and Hezekiah have gone to fight in his army."

4. Free-'n'-equal shook her head, and uttered a long, low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us, my little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I will attend to the rice; and you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

5. Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers were roaming all around and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid—no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and



THE LITTLE REBEL AND LORD CORNWALLIS.

believed firmly in the guardian angels and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door. She was not afraid even when a redcoat did sometimes rise above the horizon like a morning cloud. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird which sang above her head when she went into the woods near by to gather sticks.

6. It is no wonder, then, that she was taken all aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her and said: "Cynthia, they have been here and driven off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns, and dragged her along to their camp. Cynthia, Cynthia, what shall we do?"

7. Cynthia uttered a sound which was like a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles—on and on. At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. Never a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her, but without answering a word she marched straight past them. Into the house—into the parlor—she walked. There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six of his officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

NEW WORDS.

control	awful	intimate	consulted
bundle	tidings	guardian	war whoop
aback	rusty	sentinels	sympathizing
redcoat	confided	wristlets	headquarters

LESSON XLIV.

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL.

III.

1. Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another courtesy, opened her lips, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

2. "Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a wineglass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

3. "Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

4. "Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.

5. "And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven, along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashing at him.

"And Tom went to heaven out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

6. "Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels," said Cornwallis.

"Yes, they are."

7. "Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel too, I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt but that she is rebel beef herself."

8. Cynthia paused a moment, and then said: "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

9. Lord Cornwallis laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed too, including the miserable redcoat who had smiled over John's fate. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

10. Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and he stopped laughing at once.

"Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels. And that his majesty himself knows."

11. Then he rose and held his wineglass above his head; so did every officer in the room.

"Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her!" said he.

12. She dropped her final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own once more.

As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow, and a real Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

MARY DENSEL.

NEW WORDS.

final	courtesy	including	unfastening
rank	majesty	mount	buckles
abashed	gravely	merriment	threshold
proudly	emphasis	flush	descendants

LESSON XLV.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

1. Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;
 We know the forest round us
 As seamen know the sea;
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

2. Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear,
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again,
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.
3. Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.
4. Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;

'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away,
 Back to the pathless forest
 Before the peep of day.

5. Grave men there are by broad Santee—
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

W. C. BRYANT.

NEW WORDS.

pine	barb	release	leader	cypress
glitter	deem	hoary	morass	pathless
soldiery	dread	reedy	seamen	thorny

LESSON XLVI.

BREAD AND YEAST.

1. Bread is called the staff of life, I suppose because we depend upon it as our chief food. If bread is light and not sour, we call it good bread. Light bread is full of small holes which are formed in it while it is rising.

There is something wonderful about the rising of bread. Can any one tell what causes it to rise?

2. Some one will say that it is yeast; and another will say that it is leaven. It matters but little which of these things you name; they are both nearly the same thing. Suppose we speak of both as yeast.

3. In order to observe the action of the yeast more easily, first mix together a little flour and water and some sugar in a tumbler; then stir in a little yeast, and let it stand for an hour or two. When you look into the tumbler again, you will see little bubbles like soap bubbles beginning to form in the mixture. Soon it begins to grow thicker; the tumbler is fuller than it was at first, and by and by it may overflow.

4. If there had been no yeast in the tumbler, the flour and water would not have changed. The yeast which we dropped in must have caused some great change, thus to fill the tumbler. If we examine it by means of a microscope we shall see what looks like white glass beads of different sizes, moving about in the water. These beads are called cells.

5. By looking longer through the microscope, we shall see how the yeast grows. On the outside of one of these cells will soon appear a number of smaller ones. These will become larger, and after a while will become separated from the rest. Then, as they become full-grown, other smaller ones will grow on them.

6. But on what do these cells feed that causes them to grow so fast? On the sugar which we added to the flour and water. If there had been only the flour and water, a much longer time would have been required before the growth became noticeable. In the flour there is a very

small quantity of sugar, and after a time the yeast cells would have found it and acted upon it.

7. Cells like those found in the yeast are the smallest living objects known. They are found everywhere in nature, although all do not grow in the same way. Yeast cells have the strange power of changing sugar into carbonic acid and alcohol, and so it is sometimes said that they feed upon sugar.

8. Many learned men have spent years in the study of the different kinds of cells, observing what substances they act upon, and in what manner they grow. It is impossible to see any of them without the use of the microscope.

9. Now, let us see how the bread rises. A small quantity of the yeast is mixed with the dough for bread, and while it is left to rise the cells are seeking the sugar in the flour and beginning to act upon it. Bubbles of gas are set free, and these, trying to escape, push the particles of dough apart and cause it to rise. The dough will continue rising until all the sugar has been used, and then, if it is not baked at once, the bread will be sour.

10. There are other ways in which bread is caused to rise, as by means of baking powder, or by forcing bubbles of air into the dough. All good bread is made light by the pushing apart of the particles of dough. The methods are different only in the means used to produce this result. But no other method is so full of interest as that which we have just noticed.

NEW WORDS.

staff	leaven	apart	noticeable
yeast	mixture	tumbler	method
cells	alcohol	dough	examine

LESSON XLVII.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF INVERKALDY.

1. The lighthouse of Inverkaldy stood on a little rocky island quite a distance from the mainland. It was kept by an honest Scotchman named Kenneth Mayne, who lived there with his little son Willie and an old man whom they called Walter. It was a very lonely place, for but few people cared to visit the barren island which at high tide was almost covered by the waves.

2. Willie Mayne was lame, and could do little else than sit at the narrow window in the lower room of the lighthouse and watch the waves as they rolled and danced far out at sea. Old Walter was Kenneth Mayne's helper. He filled the cans with oil and sometimes trimmed the wicks; he went on errands, brought food and other needed articles from the village, and did the cooking for the little family of three. When the keeper was sick or away from home it was old Walter that lighted the lamps and watched them through the night.

3. One day, just as Walter was about to start to Inverkaldy for a supply of oil for the lamps, a messenger came with news of the sickness of his only brother at his home, several miles away. It was necessary that Walter should go at once to his bedside—but who would row over to the village for the much needed oil?

4. Mr. Mayne examined the oil-cans and found that there was barely enough of the fluid to keep the lamps burning till midnight. The night would be dark, for there was no moon, and the sky was overcast with heavy clouds.

Without the guidance of the Inverkaldy light, ships might be dashed to pieces on that dangerous shore, and many lives and much property lost. The lamps must be kept burning at all hazards.

5. Kenneth Mayne had never left his boy alone in the lighthouse, but this time nothing else could be done. "You need have no thought about the lamps, Willie," he said, "I will return long before dark." He rowed rapidly over to the mainland, and, leaving his boat moored to a little wooden pier, he set off, by way of a narrow footpath, to the village, which was almost a mile farther down the shore.

6. Having bought a small can of oil, enough to keep the lights burning until the usual supply should be sent to the lighthouse, he started on his way homeward. The road, for a part of the way, led along the shore, the sea being on one side and steep cliffs on the other. As he reached a sharp turn in the pathway, four men, who had followed him from the village, overtook and seized him, bound him hand and foot, and then carried him to a little cave in the rocks close by, where they left him helpless and alone.

7. Meanwhile, the afternoon passed quickly away and night was near at hand. Willie Mayne began to grow anxious. His father should have come home an hour ago. The daylight was fading away. What should be done about the lamps? His father had told him to have no thought about them; but then his father had expected to return long before night.

8. The boy waited until it was nearly dark, and then slowly and painfully climbed the narrow winding stairs to the room in which the oil was kept. He took the can,

in which there was still a little oil, and went on up the stairway to the lamp-room at the top of the lighthouse. He was a very small boy, and he could not reach the lamps while standing on the floor. He put the can of oil down, and, going back to one of the lower rooms, returned with a chair and a stool.

9. Placing the stool on the chair, and two thick books on top of the stool, Willie found that by climbing to the top of the pile he could just reach the lamps. He had often watched his father light the lamps, and he had learned in this way how to pour in the oil, and how to trim and light the wicks. He had just poured some oil into the first lamp, lifting the heavy can with great difficulty, when the books slipped from beneath his feet and he fell to the floor.

10. The blood was trickling from a cut in his cheek when he arose. He replaced the books, this time more carefully, and again began the work of pouring oil from the heavy can. One by one the lamps were filled and lighted, and Willie, looking out into the night, saw the bright rays of light streaming far over the dark water, just as they had done every night before since his earliest recollection. With a sigh of relief he went back to the little sitting room below, and sat down by the window to watch for his father's return.

11. The robbers who had waylaid Kenneth Mayne knew that there was no one in the lighthouse but Willie, and they did not believe that he was strong enough or tall enough to light the lamps. As soon as it began to grow dark they went to a long, low reef that stretched far out into the sea, and prepared to light a false beacon, hoping by that means to cause some passing vessel to be steered

upon the rocks and wrecked. They raised a large lantern upon some poles, and arranged it in such a manner that it would turn now a bright side, now a dark side towards the sea, appearing at a distance like the lamps of the lighthouse.

12. But they had hardly arranged this false beacon when they saw the bright beams of light from the lighthouse itself flash out over the waters. They knew at once that their plans had all come to naught; for any one could tell the difference between the true light and the false, and passing vessels would now have no trouble in steering clear of the dangerous rocks. With mutters of disappointment they hastily took their lantern down from its place and went sullenly back to the village inn. But one of them, with a kinder heart than his companions, stopped for a moment in the little cave under the rocks, and cut the cords with which Kenneth Mayne was bound.

13. When the old lighthouse keeper reached the little pier where his boat was moored, he saw, to his great surprise and delight, that the lamps had been lighted. With a cheerful heart he rowed across the water and climbed the steps to the lower room of the lighthouse, where lame Willie was waiting for him.

"Thank God, my boy!" he said; "thank God that you have been strong this night to do your duty so bravely and well!"

NEW WORDS.

pier	barely	articles	overcast
reef	sullenly	hazards	arranged
wicks	errands	property	guidance
stool	trickling	sickness	lighthouse
beacon	waylaid	can	messenger

LESSON XLVIII.

SPONGES.

1. Sponges are so common and so familiar that many of us have used them all our lives without stopping to admire them or to learn anything about their history. We have noticed, of course, that they can be squeezed into a very small space, and we also know that they are full of little holes or pores, and that they will take up and hold a large quantity of water. But, aside from these facts, most children know but little about sponges.

2. There was for a long time a doubt as to whether sponges belong to the animal or the vegetable kingdom; but it is now known that they are animals, living and growing on the bottom of the ocean. The only part of the sponge that comes to us is the skeleton. The living sponge is a very different object. It is, indeed, a strange animal, having neither heart, nor lungs, nor mouth, nor stomach, but only a jelly-like body supported by a framework of horny fibres. The jelly-like flesh which covers all parts of the skeleton is about as thick as the white of an egg, and it decays as soon as the sponge dies.

3. In our common sponges the framework of horny fibers is all that is left of the former living animal. You will notice in looking at any sponge, that there are large holes running through it, with many small pores scattered between them. The living sponge is all the time drawing in water at the small pores; and this water is thrown out from the large holes on the surface.

4. With a microscope little fountains of water may be

seen all the time flowing from the large holes of a living sponge. The stream of water thus passing through the sponge brings to every part of it small particles of food, and all the air that it needs to breathe.

5. Every animal must eat and breathe; but how is the sponge to eat without a mouth? When the food touches any part of its body, the soft jelly-like flesh sinks in so as to form a little bag; at the same time the parts around it creep out over the morsel of food until it is entirely covered and digested. After this the flesh comes back to the shape in which it was at first, and any shell or other substance that was not digested is washed away.

6. Our finest sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea. They are obtained by divers, who search for them under rocks and cliffs, and who remove them carefully with a knife, that they may not be injured. Coarser sponges are found in the Gulf of Mexico and near the Bahama Islands. They are taken off the rocks with forked instruments, and in this way they are often torn.

7. So many sponges have been used within the last few years that it is feared the supply will at some time be exhausted. Attempts have been made to raise sponges in other seas by cutting off pieces of a full-grown sponge and fastening them to rocks far down in the deep water. But, as a general thing, these attempts have not been very successful.

NEW WORDS.

bruise	attempts	pores	supported
morsel	skeleton	digested	instruments
decays	kingdom	injured	exhausted

LESSON XLIX.

MY FIRST DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

1. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging.

2. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

3. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread.

4. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

5. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort.

6. He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

7. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

8. I then turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round, I found myself again near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

9. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into a great meetinghouse of the Quakers, near the market.

10. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one of the Quakers was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

NEW WORDS.

cash	copper	generous	threepenny
puffy	refused	refreshed	immediately
rouse	stuffed	preceding	consisted
drowsy	shilling	lodging	cheapness
draught	fatigued	ridiculous.	accordingly

LESSON L.

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.

1. Imagine yourself, on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of waterfowl on whistling wings from the countries of the north to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

2. The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

3. His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller waterfowl are seen passing rapidly towards the south; but the eagle heeds them not—they are for the time beneath his attention.

4. The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

5. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to sup-

port the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

6. As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

7. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath, when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

8. Then it is that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race. He presses down his strong feet, and drives his claws deeper and deeper into the heart of the dying swan. He screams with delight as he watches the last feeble struggles of his prey.

9. The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made, and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite enough for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

J. J. AUDUBON.

NEW WORDS.

afar	climate	approach	assist
warns	shriek	sojourn	gorge
weakened	gasp	unheard	glistening
milder	gore	talons	slanting

LESSON LI.

— THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW.

1. "Oh, where have you been, my Mary,
Oh, where have you been from me?"
"I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!"
2. "And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."
3. "And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of green corn grow."
4. "Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."
5. "Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;
6. "And their harp-strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

7. "And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.
8. "Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;
9. "'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.
10. "'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the water rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"
11. "And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
12. "'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.
13. "'Oh, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

14. "And then some brought the brown lint-seed
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.
15. "'Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!"
16. "And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin,
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.
17. "'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'
18. "With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldoun Low
There was no one left but me.
19. "And all on the top of the Caldoun Low
The mists were cold and gray;
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.
20. "But coming down from the hilltop
I heard afar, below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheels did go.

21. "And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.
22. "And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate
With the good news on his tongue.
23. "Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So prithee make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

NEW WORDS.

tow	mists	hempen	outspoke
flax	blithe	harpers	outright
dank	prithee	brownie	weaver
shrill	mildew	speedily	lint-seed

LESSON LII.

THE LOST CHILD. A STORY OF AUSTRALIA.

I.

1. Four or five miles up the river from Garoopna stood a lonely hut within the shadow of a high hill, three sides of which were washed by the waters of the great river. Across the stream was the forest, sloping down in pleasant glades from the mountains, while on this side were steep, rocky bluffs, beyond which stretched the great grassy plain,

green and level, and seeming in the far distance to meet and blend with the sky.

2. In the cottage lived a shepherd and his wife with one little boy, their son, about eight years old—a strange, wild little bush-child, without any knowledge of the world, and without acquaintance with any human beings except his father and mother. He was unable to read a line; he had never been taught the difference between right and wrong; he was as much of a little savage as you could find even in the worst dens of a great city. And yet he was beautiful to look upon; he was active as the wild deer of the forest, and fearless as a lion.

3. Being yet too small to help his father with the sheep, he would wander all the long summer days about the river bank, up and down the beautiful rock-walled paradise between the water's edge and the high, level plains. Often when he looked across the stream at the waving forest boughs he fancied he could see other children beckoning to him to cross and play in that merry land of ever-changing lights and shadows.

4. It grew quite into a passion with the little man to get across and play there, and one day when his mother was busy washing some wool near the bank of the stream, he said to her, "Mother, what country is that across the river?"

"The forest, my child."

5. "There are pretty flowers and ripe raspberries over there, are there not, mother? Why may I not cross and play there?"

"The river is too deep, child, and an ugly elf lives in the water under the stones."

6. "Who are the children that play across there?"

"Black children, likely."

"No white children?"

"No, my child, none but pixies. Don't go near them; they'll lead you on and on, nobody knows where. Don't try to cross the river, my child, or you'll be drowned."

7. But next day the passion was stronger with him than ever. Quite early on the glorious, cloudless, midsummer day, he was down by the riverside, sitting on a rock, with his shoes and stockings off, paddling his feet in the clear, warm water, and watching the millions of little fish in the shallows, leaping and flashing in the sunlight. Never had the river been so low. He stepped in; it scarcely reached his ankle. Now surely he might get across. He stripped himself, and, carrying his clothes, waded through—the water never being above his waist—all across the long, yellow, pebbled shallow. And there he stood on the beautiful forbidden ground.

8. He quickly dressed himself and hurried onward to view his new kingdom, richer and far fairer than he had dreamed. Such wild flowers, and such raspberries! And when he had tired of them, such fern boughs, six or eight feet long! What tales he would have for his father to-night! He would bring him here, and show him all the wonders, and perhaps he would build a new hut over here, and come and live in it. Perhaps the pretty young lady, with feathers in her hat, whom he had one day seen riding over the plains, lived somewhere here, too!

9. There! There is one of those children he has seen before across the river. Ah! Ah! it is not a child at all, but a pretty gray beast with big ears. A kangaroo, my lad; he will not play with you, but skips away slowly, and leaves you alone.

10. There is something like the gleam of water on that rock. Take care! A snake! Now a sounding rush through the wood, and a passing shadow. An eagle! He brushes so close to the child that he strikes at the bird with a stick, and then watches him as he shoots up like a rocket, and, measuring the fields of air in ever-widening circles, hangs like a motionless speck upon the sky.

11. Here is a prize, though! A tiny young native bear, hardly a foot long—a little gray beast, with funny eyes and an odd-looking face and broad flapping ears—sits on a tree within easy reach. It is not afraid. The child lifts it down, and it sits contented on his shoulder, and eats a leaf as they go along.

12. What a short day it has been! Here is the sun getting low, and the birds are already going to roost! The child would turn and go back to the river. Alas! which way?

13. He was lost in the forest. He turned back, and went, as he thought, the way he had come. But soon a tall cliff was seen rising up before him. How did it get between him and the river? Then he broke down, and that strange madness came on him which comes even on strong men when lost in the forest—a kind of despair, a loss of reason, which has cost many a man his life. Think what it must have been with the child! He was sure that the cliff was between him and home. He must climb it. Alas! every step that he took carried him farther from the river and the hope of safety; and when, just at dark, he came to the top, he saw nothing but cliff after cliff, mountain after mountain, all around him.

14. He had been wandering through deep ravines all day, and, without knowing it, was now far into the moun-

tains. Night was coming down, still and crystal clear, and the poor lad was far away from help or hope, going his last journey alone. Partly perhaps walking, and partly sitting down and weeping, he got through the night. And when the gray light of morning came up he was still tottering along, and crying from time to time, "Mother, mother!"—still nursing his little bear, his only companion, to his bosom, and still holding in his hand a few poor flowers he had gathered up the day before.

15. Up and on all day; and at evening, passing out of the timber, he began to climb the bald summit-ridge where one ruined tree held up its bare arms against the sunset, and the wind came keen and frosty. So, with failing, feeble legs, he toiled upward still, towards the region of snow, towards the lofty nests of the kite and the eagle.

NEW WORDS.

blend	active	sloping	beckoning
fearless	pixies	cloudless	kangaroo
timber	rocket	tottering	bluffs

LESSON LIII.

THE LOST CHILD. A STORY OF AUSTRALIA.

II.

1. When the news was carried to Garoopna, none were so brisk as Cecil and Robert; and, long before any others were ready, they had strapped their blankets to their saddles, and, followed by Robert's dog, Rover, were galloping away up the river. Neither spoke at first. They knew what a sad task they had undertaken. They scarcely

hoped that any speed they might make would be of help to the poor child, and yet they hurried onward.

2. Cecil began: "Robert, I am sure that the child has crossed the river. If he had been on the plains he would have been seen from a distance in a few hours."

"I think you are right," said Robert. "Let us go up on the other side, and search for marks along the bank."

3. In half an hour they were opposite the hut, and, riding across to it to ask a few questions, they found the poor mother sitting on the doorstep, with her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro.

"We have come to help you," said Robert. "Where do you think he is gone?"

4. She answered, with frequent bursts of grief, that some days before he had spoken of seeing white children across the water who beckoned him to cross and play; that she, knowing well that they were fairies, or perhaps worse, had warned him solemnly not to mind them; but that she had little doubt that they had helped him over and carried him away to the forest.

5. "Let us cross again," said Robert; "he may be drowned, but I don't think it."

In a quarter of an hour from starting they found, a little way up the stream, one of the child's stockings, which in his hurry to dress he had forgotten. Here brave Rover took up the trail like a bloodhound, and, before evening, stopped at the foot of a lofty cliff.

6. "Can he have gone up here?" said Robert, as they gazed up the steep side of the rock.

"Most likely," answered Cecil. "Lost children always climb from height to height. I have heard this often from old woodsmen. Why they do so, God only knows."

7. The brave old dog was half-way up, looking back for them. It took them until nearly dark to get their horses up; and as there was no moon, and the way was full of dangerous places, they resolved to camp for the night.

8. At early dawn they started afresh. Both were more silent than before, and the dog, with his nose to the ground, led them slowly along the rocky ridge of the mountain, ever going higher and higher!

"It is not possible that the child has come up here," said Robert. "Don't you think we must be mistaken?"

9. "The dog does not think so," said Cecil. "He has something before him, not very far off. Watch him."

The trees were now few and small; the real forest was below them. A hundred yards before them was a dead tree, on the highest branch of which sat an eagle.

10. "Rover has stopped," said Cecil; "the end is near."

"See," said Robert, "there is a handkerchief under the tree."

"That is the boy himself," said Cecil.

11. They were up to him and off their horses in a moment. There he lay dead and stiff, one hand still grasping the flowers he had gathered on his last happy playday, and the other laid as a pillow between the soft cold cheek and the rough cold stone. His midsummer holiday was over, his long journey ended. He had found out at last what lay beyond the shining river which he had watched so long.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

NEW WORDS.

brisk
lofty

afresh
opposite

playday
solemnly

LESSON LIV.

WHAT WAS IN THE TEAKETTLE.

I.

1. One afternoon, about a hundred years ago, a boy was sitting in his grandmother's kitchen talking with—whom do you think?—a white giant! Now, at first thought, nothing would seem more unlikely than that a giant should be found in a plain little Scotch kitchen not more than eight feet high from the floor to the ceiling; and all the more so when a horseshoe was hanging by the chimney, and the grandmother's Bible, with her silver bowed spectacles on the top of it, lay on the shelf. Yet the great white giant was really there; and the only two eyes in all Scotland that were then able to find him out were gazing on the place of his imprisonment.

2. Indeed, I should tell you that the giant, in his proper state, cannot be seen, even by the sharpest eyes. But sometimes he lays aside his invisible form, and is seen in many ever-changing shapes. On this particular afternoon of which I am telling you, and in that particular Scotch kitchen, he took upon himself the shape of a very old man with long white hair and beard, which seemed to encircle him like a garment, and flow down and mingle with his robe; and all—hair, beard, and robe—were whiter than snow. Some time, if you keep your eyes open, you may see him in the same shape; for he takes that shape often, and it is for that reason that he is called the white giant.

3. And this is the way in which he made himself known to the boy.

Sitting by the fire, James had noticed that the lid of the teakettle shook and trembled as if moved by some invisible hand. It would rise and fall, and flutter up and down in a very strange manner; and, belonging as he did to a family that had always believed in witches and strange uncanny beings, the boy began to imagine that some unseen force was beneath it, struggling to get free.

4. "Who are you?" asked he, very quietly, and not at all afraid—"who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want space, freedom, and some useful work to do!" cried the captive giant from within.

5. "But you have not yet told me your name," said James.

"No matter about my name. I am pressed down here into nothing at all, and I am a great strong giant anxious for room to work and be free."

6. "Well, well! there's work enough to be done," said James. "There never was a time when more workers seemed to be needed. But what can you do?"

"Try me and see," said the giant, rattling the lid still faster. "If men would only give me a chance, I would carry their ships, draw their carriages, and lift their heavy loads. I would plow their fields, sow the grain, and reap and thresh the harvests; I would dig through mountains, and carry their ships across the sea; I would spin and weave; I would print their books and newspapers; in fact, I would do everything that strength can do."

7. "Here is a wonderful treasure hidden in an old copper teakettle!" cried James, rubbing his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming.

"One only needs to have his eyes open to discover such treasures," said the giant. "I am one of the forces that

were created to work for you. Yet it seems that men, instead of using me, have always preferred to dig and weave and drudge for themselves."

8. "Indeed, they would gladly get rid of it all," said James, laughing. "They would all like to sit idle if there were only some way of having things done without labor."

"But if they only knew how many servants like myself are only waiting for a chance to help them they would not be plodding so slowly and painfully under their burdens, and living always in poverty and distress. I would not make idlers of them, but I would help them so much that they would have time to think and to improve their minds. What do they mean by letting little children toil in your miserable factories, and become dwarfed in body and soul, when here am I, and scores of other giants like myself, any one of whom could do the work of ten thousand of those babies, and never feel it—if they would only give us a chance?"

NEW WORDS.

garment	particular	invisible	imprisonment
captive	witches	uncanny	newspapers
plodding	drudge	created	preferred
dwarfed	spectacles	poverty	factories

LESSON LV.

WHAT WAS IN THE TEAKETTLE.

II.

1. You are a kind-hearted old giant, I am sure," said the boy. "Tell me of your history. Where have you been all these years, that no one has found you out?"

2. "I am one of the elder children of the flood," answered the giant, "and I began my work in the world before your race appeared upon it. Before the rain came in showers to gladden the earth, I arose from the bosom of the sea and from many a hidden nook and crevice, and watered the earliest of gardens. Ever since then I have been carrying on the same kind of work in somewhat the same way: rising from the ocean into the sky; sailing in great fleets laden with treasure towards the mountain-sides, upon which I alight with my bounties; sinking then, in an altered form, into the earth, and visiting the roots of all the trees with supplies of food—creeping up through all their veins and into their broad green leaves, whence I escape into the air again. You see I have had something to do, but it is not half enough. Work is my nature; so do not be afraid that I will ever be overtaken."

3. "Indeed, you are a grand old fellow," cried James. "And now I remember having seen you in April days, or sometimes in August or September, floating high up in the sky with your long, white robes trailing behind you; but I never thought to become acquainted with you here."

4. "James, James! what are you doing?" cried the old lady from her straight-backed chair. "Here you've done nothing all the day but tilt the cover of the kettle, like a lazy good-for-nothing, as you are. Go to your tasks now, like a man, and be of some use in the world!"

5. "Indeed, grandmother," said James, "I have done a thousand days' work, sitting here by the fireside."

"You need not tell stories, you idle dreamer," said his grandmother. "Work, and you'll thrive; be lazy, and you'll come to naught."

6. Nevertheless, the idle dreams of James Watt came to

more use than many another man's work, because he was able to think to a purpose; and, in many talks that he held with the old giant, he learned, one after another, the secrets of his power. When lessons were over and the tasks were done, the giant told wonderful stories to the boy; and perhaps I can repeat one of them in a few words:

7. "In the old, old times there was a long, hard struggle between the Land and the Sea. At first the Sea had been the stronger and had ruled over the whole surface of the globe. At length the Land claimed a portion; and this so enraged the sea that he sent armies of billows to batter down the weak earthworks which the Land had raised along the shore. But she only smiled in the sunshine, and built other and higher earthworks.

8. "By and by came the children of the Land: first, the grasses, that, tenderly embracing their mother, helped to strengthen the earthworks against the rude attacks of the Sea; and afterwards the tall trees—great pines and oaks—which added much to her beauty and glory. Then a new thought came to the Land: and she taught the men who dwelt near the shore to go out with these, her greater children, to conquer the Sea. They rode in safety over the billows, and guided their wooden vessels from place to place, and snapped their fingers in the face of the Sea. But the Sea arose in his anger, and scattered them with his breath, and broke their puny ships in pieces, and cast them upon the Land in bitter scorn and defiance.

9. "Then the Land resolved to send out stronger forces to overcome the Sea. And, with men's help, she called forth a mighty giant, to whom she gave an armor of iron scales which the Sea could not break; and he went hither and thither as she and the men who were his masters bade

him. Thus the Land triumphed over the Sea, as brain-power will always triumph over brute force; and the children of men passed speedily over the water and waited never for the winds or the consent of the waves.

10. "But the story is in great part a foretelling of that which is yet to be," said the giant.

"In a few years only it shall all be a fact," cried James; "and you, my good giant, shall make it so!"

11. And such, indeed, was the truth. For soon swift cars were running to and fro the whole length of the country, driven by the arms of the great white giant. Soon, too, the tasks of the little children at the factories were done by the same strong worker who could drive a million spindles at a stroke quite as easily as a child could move one; and if the children were still kept busy, it was only that they might find work enough for the giant to do. And before long the great ocean-going ships had taken the giant into their holds, and their heavy wheels were moved by his strong arms, so that, night or day, sunshine or storm, they could plow the great waves and speed swiftly across from one continent to another.

12. Would you know the name of the wonderful white giant? It is STEAM. And the boy who found him in the teakettle and learned the secret of his power was James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine.

NEW WORDS.

tilt	billows	thrive	overtasked
batter	puny	portion	nevertheless
conquer	laden	enraged	earthworks
brute	bounties	spindles	foretelling
claimed	inventor	consent	embracing

LESSON LVI.

THE PILGRIMS.

I.

1. Two hundred and fifty years ago people in England were not allowed to think for themselves. They were not free to worship and believe as they deemed best. All matters of religion were controlled by the bishops and the king. Every man and woman must attend the church of which the king was the head. Those who did not believe as the law required, or who attended any other church, were severely punished—some were even put to death.

2. Yet there were many men and women who believed in liberty of thought and speech. They believed in having a pure worship, and that all persons should lead pure lives. They held that neither king nor bishop should be obeyed in matters of religion and faith. They would not be forced to attend a church in which they were refused the liberty to worship as they thought best.

3. "I will have but one religion," said the king. "You must believe and worship as I direct, or else I will drive you out of the land, imprison you, or hang you." What were these men to do? Some of them resolved to sell their lands, bid good-by to old England, and find new homes in Holland, where men were allowed to think for themselves.

4. When these people, after many difficulties, succeeded in reaching Holland, they were in a sad condition. They had lost, or left behind, nearly all their property. They could not speak a word of the language. They were,

indeed, strangers in a strange land. They stopped for a while with some friends at Amsterdam, and then went on to Leyden, thinking to make their homes there until matters should change in England and they be allowed to return. They called themselves pilgrims and strangers.

5. William Brewster, one of this company of pilgrims, had been a man of wealth in England; but now he was so poor that he was obliged to teach school for a living. While teaching he learned to set type, and at length bought a little printing office of his own. William Bradford, another pilgrim, became a weaver, and worked daily at his trade. One man followed the business of bricklayer, another that of carpenter, another that of blacksmith. In England they had all been men of property, and now, while learning their trades, it was as much as they could do to keep their families from want.

6. On Sundays, instead of carousing in the beerhouses and going out to have a dance in the fields—as was common in those days—these people met at the house of one John Robinson, their pastor, and spent the day in singing, praying, and listening to the reading of the Bible. They lived in peace with their Dutch neighbors, who liked them because they were honest and truthful, and always paid their debts.

7. Two years passed by, and the hope of returning to their old homes was almost given up. About this time news was brought that a company, called the Plymouth Company, had been formed in England for the purpose of making a settlement in America. The company was anxious to send out a colony. Why should not the pilgrims undertake to compose this colony and thus find in the New World the liberty which was so dear to them?

8. William Brewster and two others were sent to London to see what terms could be made with the Plymouth Company. An agreement, highly favorable to the company, was entered into, by which the pilgrims were to be allowed to form a settlement in America. Two vessels, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, were fitted out to carry the colonists across the ocean; and all who were able to go began at once to make ready for the long and dangerous voyage. They were to stop on their way at Southampton, in the south of England, where they might look once more upon the green fields of their native land.

9. On the 21st of July, 1620, they met for the last time at the house of their pastor, John Robinson, who was to stay with those who remained in Holland. The *Speedwell* lay at Delftshaven, fourteen miles from Leyden. On the following day they went thither, prepared to embark. Many of their friends went with them to the ship, some having come all the way from Amsterdam to bid them farewell. The night was spent in talking with those whom they were so soon to leave behind; and in the morning, the wind being fair, they went on board the little vessel, the anchor was raised, the sails were spread, and soon they were well on their way across the North Sea.

10. At Southampton they were joined by the *Mayflower*, on board of which were other colonists who had come from different places in England. Some of them were from London, hired by the Plymouth Company. One was John Billington, a graceless fellow, so wild and reckless that his friends were glad to ship him to a distant land.

11. The ships were at length ready to begin the long voyage. But they were hardly out of the harbor when

the captain of the *Speedwell* discovered that that vessel was leaking, and both ships put into Dartmouth for repairs. Two weeks passed, and they sailed once more; but they were hardly on their way when the captain of the *Speedwell* declared that they must return or go to the bottom. The vessels therefore put into Plymouth. Some of the pilgrims were now greatly discouraged; but there were others who had not yet lost heart. There was no time to get another vessel, nor had they the means to obtain one. Those who were still anxious to go were crowded into the *Mayflower*, with such goods as could be carried. When all was ready it was found that there were one hundred and two men, women, and children on board.

12. On the 16th of September the sails were spread once more, and the *Mayflower* glided out upon the waters of the broad Atlantic. Fierce storms arose, and the vessel was tossed like an eggshell upon the waves. The main beam was wrenched from its place, and the ship was in danger of breaking in pieces. One passenger fell overboard and was lost. At length, on the 19th of November, the joyful cry of land rang through the ship. All eyes were strained to see the welcome sight. There it was—a long reach of sandy shore with dark forest trees in the background. The hard, dangerous voyage was almost at an end. The pilgrims were nearly home.

NEW WORDS.

pastor	pilgrims	reckless	repairs
terms	compose	imprison	controlled
religion	leaking	condition	wrenched
worship	truthful	carousing	blacksmith
embark	graceless	favorable	beerhouses

LESSON LVII.

THE PILGRIMS.

II.

1. On the 21st of November the *Mayflower* was anchored in the calm waters of the harbor of Cape Cod. A short time afterwards Captain Miles Standish, with sixteen men, who composed the army of the pilgrims, landed and marched into the forest. They cut down some trees, kindled a fire of cedar wood, and warmed themselves by its cheerful blaze. It was Saturday, and when night came all returned to the ship to keep the Sabbath as they had ever kept it.

2. On Monday they were early astir. The men carried their pots and kettles on shore; the women also landed, carrying great bundles of dirty clothes. It was their washing day. While they were busy with the clothes, Captain Standish and his soldiers stood guard in the forest, and the carpenter repaired the boat.

3. On Wednesday Captain Standish marched along the coast with his army, each soldier carrying a gun and a sword. They saw a party of Indians, who fled so swiftly that the soldiers could not overtake them. They discovered some rich open places in the forest where in other days the Indians had raised crops of corn. They picked up an iron kettle, and saw other signs of sailors having been cast upon the shore. They found some corn hidden in the woods, and brought away all they could carry, resolved that if they could ever find the owners they would pay them for it.

4. On the 16th of December, eighteen men in the large boat bade their friends farewell, and sailed along the shore. They were bound for a harbor on the other side of the bay, several miles west of where the *Mayflower* was lying. The waves were so high that they did not dare to sail straight across the bay. The air was piercing cold. The spray that dashed over them was frozen on their clothing. At night they landed, kindled a fire, and slept as best they could. The next day half of the party marched through the woods, and the rest rowed the boat close along shore. Another night was spent on land by a blazing fire. The wolves howled around them, and the men were obliged to fire their guns in order to frighten them away.

5. They were astir before daylight, cooking their breakfast. Suddenly they heard a strange cry, and arrows fell around them. Captain Standish had his army in order at a word. Crack went the muskets, and one of the Indians fell, wounded at the first fire; the rest fled, carrying away the wounded man. The pilgrims gathered up the arrows, in order to send them to England, to let their friends see what kind of weapons the savages used.

6. The wind was fair; they hoisted their little sail and glided along the shore. But suddenly the waves came rolling in from the northeast. The wind had changed. Their rudder broke, and the men were hardly able to steer the boat.

"Be of good cheer!" shouted one; "I see the harbor."

With great difficulty, and not until they had lost their mast and sail, they turned a sandy point and found themselves in smooth water.

7. It was now almost dark. They were weary, hungry, wet, and cold. They reached the shore, kindled a fire and

dried their clothes, keeping watch all the time for Indians. In the morning they found that they were on an island, which they named Clark's Island, in honor of Edward Clark, one of their number. The sun was shining once more, but they were worn out with their hard voyage. It was Saturday, and they resolved to rest there through the day and prepare themselves to keep the Sabbath.

8. On Monday, rested and refreshed, they sounded the harbor and found it safe and good. They pulled to the mainland, where were fields of corn and a river of fresh water. They climbed a high hill, and were pleased with the prospect around it. What better place could there be in which to make their homes than under the brow of the hill, near a brook where there were springs of pure water? They returned to the ship and reported what they had found; and the *Mayflower*, spreading her sails once more, glided across the bay, and dropped anchor in the harbor.

9. On the next Monday the pilgrims landed and examined the ground where they expected to rear their homes; and on Tuesday, after asking God to direct them in all that they were about to do, they took a vote as to where they should build their houses. Winter had set in. The winds were bitter cold, and the snow lay upon the hills. The scene was indeed cheerless—ice-bound shores, a dense forest, an unknown wilderness before them; a savage foe lurking beneath the pines; no homes, no welcome fireside; forebodings of sickness and starvation.

10. The first of January, 1621, was a gloomy day, but the pilgrims were hard at work building a common house in which they could store their goods. The house was built of logs, and covered with thatch; for they had not yet learned to peel the bark from the trees, or to split the

piners into boards for roofing. The boat was kept busy plying between the ship and the shore—bringing boxes and bales, and furniture, chairs, chests, pots and pans. Soon the home in the wilderness was ready for its owners.

11. The pilgrims had at last found a place where they could think for themselves—where they should be free to believe and worship as they thought right, without leave of king or bishop. A new state had been founded, in which Liberty should find a home. The seed-corn of a great empire had been planted—an empire in which the lowest should be equal to the highest, and where he alone was king who did kingly deeds.

NEW WORDS.

bade	astir	kindled	empire	forebodings
dense	rudder	hoisted	repaired	wilderness
goods	plying	roofing	Sabbath	mainland
chests	kingly	sounded	lurking	composed

LESSON LVIII.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

1. The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
2. And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3. Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.
4. Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
5. Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free!
6. The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
 This was their welcome home!
7. There were men with hoary hair,
 Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?
8. There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.
9. What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10. Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NEW WORDS.

lit	aisles	serenely
cheer	exiles	anthem
holy	shrine	unstained

LESSON LIX.

A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

1. For many days we had been pushing our way, as best we could, through one of the densest of South American forests. Late one afternoon we stopped by the side of a narrow but swiftly flowing river, and began to prepare our camp for the night. Suddenly we heard, at some distance from us on the other side of the stream, a great chattering and screaming, as if thousands of monkeys were moving among the trees and each trying to make more noise than all the rest.

2. "An army of monkeys on the march," said our guide. "They are coming this way, and will most likely cross the river yonder where the banks are so steep, with those tall trees growing on either side."

3. "How will they cross there?" I asked. "The water runs so swiftly that they certainly cannot swim across."

4. "Oh, no," said the guide; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

5. "Bridge it! and how will they do that?"

"Wait, captain, and you shall see," answered the guide.

6. We could now plainly see the animals making their way through the tree-tops and approaching the place which the guide had pointed out. In front was an old gray-headed monkey who directed all their movements and seemed to be the general in chief of the army, while here and there were other officers, each of whom appeared to have certain duties to perform.

7. One ran out upon an overhanging branch, and, after looking across the stream as if to measure the distance, scampered back and made a report to the leader. There was at once a change in the conduct of the army. Commands were given, and a number of able-bodied monkeys were marched to the front. Then several ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

8. At length all gathered near a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them climbed its trunk. The foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb climbed down the body of the first, and, wrapping his tail tightly around him, dropped off in his turn, and hung head downwards. And thus the third monkey fastened himself to the second, and the fourth to the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground.

9. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like a pendulum. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the monkey at the lower end striking his hands against the ground and pushing out with all his strength. This was kept up until the end of

the chain was thrown among the branches of the tree on the opposite bank. One of these the lowermost monkey caught and held fast. The chain now reached from one side of the stream to the other, forming a living bridge over which all the other monkeys, young and old, passed without confusion or delay.

10. The army was soon safely across, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? Should the monkey at the top of the chain let go of the cottonwood branch, the other end of the bridge was so much lower that he, with those nearest him, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soused into the water.

11. The question was soon answered. A powerful fellow was seen taking firm hold of the lowest on the bridge, then another fastened himself to him in like manner, and this was continued until a dozen more were added to the string. These last monkeys then ran up to a high limb, and lifted that end of the bridge until it was several feet above that on the opposite bank.

12. Then the monkey who had formed the first link in the chain loosed his hold upon the cottonwood branch, and the whole bridge swung safely over. The lowermost links dropped lightly to the ground, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole army then scampered away into the forest, and the sound of their chattering was soon lost in the distance.

NEW WORDS.

link	conduct	confusion	overhanging
soused	perform	lowermost	announced
yonder	foremost	commenced	able-bodied

PIECES TO BE MEMORIZED.

I. OUR COUNTRY.

'Our country! — 'tis a glorious land,
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In nature's wildest grandeur dressed
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthright of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

—II. OUR COUNTRY.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills

and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio, and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field.

What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY?

GRIMKE.

III. LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

WALTER SCOTT.

IV. THE SHIP OF STATE.

[The Constitution and Laws are here personified, and addressed as *The Ship of State*.]

Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock, and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

V. OUR FATHERS.

Our fathers were high-minded men, who firmly kept the
faith,
To freedom and to conscience true in danger and in death.

Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot, for noble men were
they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights, and bravely won
the day.

And such as our forefathers were, may we, their children,
be,
And in our hearts their spirit live, that baffled tyranny.
Then we'll uphold the cause of right, the cause of mercy
too;
To toil or suffer for the truth is the noblest thing to do.

VI. MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's vine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales—
Abodes of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
I hear from morn till night;

And lovelier flowers are there, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me ;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame—
The Land of Liberty.

VII. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming ?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there :

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream :
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner ! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution ;

No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave :
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust :"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

VIII. THE NATIONAL FLAG.

1. There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag

is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely?

2. Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

3. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

4. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

IX.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside.
Where shall that land, that spot on earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country—that spot, thy home.

X. SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always—they know no better—
They are only one times one.

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright, ah, bright ! but your light is failing ;
You're nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow ;
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell !
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

XI. THE NOBLEST MEN.

The noblest men that live on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

XII. THE THREE POETS.

I. THE LARK.

When the mist of the morning rose on high,
A lark went singing up the sky,
Singing and shining in the sun,
Bright with the day, ere the day begun.

"I am the bird of morn," sang he,
"And the morn, I think, is made for me;
Its earlier light caresses my wing,
And it always rises when I sing!"

II. THE MAN.

The mist rose higher in the sky,
As a noble poet wandered by;
He saw the bird, and he heard its song,
And he smiled, for his faith in himself was strong.

"Sing on, little bird, and soar and shine;
You can never o'ertake these thoughts of mine;
And for my songs, when the songs do come,
Let the whole world hear them, and be dumb."

III. THE SUN.

But now the sun arose as of old,
In all his pomp of purple and gold;
The lark was drowned in a sea of light,
And the poet dropped from his giddy height.

"There is no poet," the poet said,
"Like the beautiful, bright old sun overhead;
Never a word does he sing or say,
But his smile is the golden poem—Day!"

XIII. WORK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song;
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
For are we not created rife
With health, that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
Where idleness and plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread
As those who earn the meals they eat.

And man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.

FOURTH READER.

PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

THE BARGAINING PEASANT.



I.

1. I will tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I think of this story it seems to me more and more pleasing, for it is with some stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

2. If you lived in Denmark you might, by going into almost any country place, see an old farmhouse such as I am about to describe. It has a thatched roof upon which mosses and small wild plants grow; and on the ridge of the gable there is a stork's nest—for country people there cannot do without storks. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made to open. The baking oven sticks out of the wall like a great knob. An elder tree hangs over the palings; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the palings, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are commonly splashing. There is a yard dog, too, who barks at all comers.

3. Just such a farmhouse as this stood by a country lane; and in it dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they owned one thing which they could not do without, and that was a horse. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed it of him, and paid for the loan of it by doing some kindness for the old couple.

4. There came a time, however, when the good man began to think that it would be as well to sell the horse, or exchange it for something which might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know best, father," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day; so ride into town, and get rid of the horse. Sell him for money, or make a good exchange. I know that whatever you do will be right."

5. Then she fastened his neckerchief for him; for she could do that better than he could. She also smoothed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. Then he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the good man knew what he was about.

6. The sun shone with great heat, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty; for a number of people, all going to the fair, were driving, riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the hot sunshine. Among the rest, a man came trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

7. "She gives good milk, I am certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange: the cow for the horse. I say, there! you with the cow," said he aloud; "everybody knows that a horse is of more value

than a cow, but I don't care for that. A cow will be more useful to me; so, if you like, we will exchange."

"Certainly," said the man; "the horse will suit me exactly."

8. Accordingly the exchange was made; and as the matter was settled, the peasant might have turned back; for he had done the business he came to do. But as he had set out expecting to go to the fair, he determined that he would not change his plans; and so on he went to the town with his cow. Leading the animal, he strode on sturdily, and soon overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

9. "I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant. "There is plenty of grass for him by our palings, and in winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall I exchange?"

10. The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the highroad with the sheep. Soon after this, he overtook a man who was carrying a large goose under his arm.

11. "What a heavy creature you have there!" said the peasant; "it has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, or paddling in the water at our place. My old woman could make all sorts of gain out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

12. The other had not the least objection; and, accord-

ingly, the exchange was made, and our peasant became the owner of the goose. By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the highroad had been gradually increasing, and there was quite a rush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path and by the palings, and at the turnpike gate they even walked into the gate-keeper's potato-field, where one fowl was walking about, with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd, and run away and get lost.

13. The tail feathers of this fowl were very short, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck!" What were the thoughts of the fowl as it said this, I cannot tell you; but as soon as our good man saw it, he thought, "Why, that's the finest fowl I ever saw in my life; it's finer than our parson's brood-hen, upon my word. I should like to have that fowl. Fowls can always pick up a few grains that lie about, and almost keep themselves. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the gate-keeper.

14. "Exchange?" repeated the man; "well it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the gate-keeper kept the goose, and the peasant, well pleased with his bargain, carried off the fowl.

NEW WORDS.

gable	barter	exchange	determine
couple	bargain	exactly	profitable
gain	peasant	sturdily	neckerchief
ridge	objection	palings	elder tree
loan	knob	describe	comers

LESSON II. —

THE BARGAINING PEASANT.

II.

1. Now our good man had really done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of ale to refresh himself; so he turned his steps to an inn. He was just about to enter, when the hostler came out, and they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack. "What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

2. "Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that will be terrible waste," he replied; "I should like to take them home to my good wife. Last year the old apple tree by the grassplot only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite withered and rotten. It was always property, my good wife said; and here she would see a whole sackful of property; I should like to show them to her."

3. "What will you give me for them?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? Well, I will give you my fowl."

4. So he gave up the fowl and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He put down the sack carefully near the fire, and then went to the table. But the fire was hot, and he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse dealers, cattle drovers, and two Englishmen, so rich that their pockets bulged out.

5. "Hiss-s-s, hiss-s-s." What could that be by the fire? The apples were beginning to burn.

"What is that?" asked one.

"I declare," said our peasant, "they are the rotten apples which I intended to carry home to my wife!"

And then he told them the whole story of the horse, which he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

6. "Well, your good wife will give it you soundly when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Ah, but there'll be a noise!"

"What!" said the peasant. "Why, she will only kiss me, and say that what I do is always right!"

7. "Let us lay a wager on it," said the Englishman. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight, against your rotten apples, that she'll give you a very different reception from that."

8. "No; a bushel will be enough," answered the peasant. "I have only a bushel of apples, and I'll throw myself and my good woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, you know!"

"Very well," said the Englishman. And so the wager was taken.

9. Then a coach was brought round to the door, and the two Englishmen and the peasant got in, and away they drove. It was not very long till they arrived at the peasant's cottage.

"Good-evening, good wife," said the peasant.

"Good-evening, kind husband," she answered.

10. "I've disposed of the horse," said he.

"Ah, well, you understand what you're about," said the woman. Then she embraced him, and paid no attention to the strangers, nor did she notice the sack.

11. "I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"Oh, how delightful!" said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk and butter and cheese on the table. That was a capital exchange."

12. "Yes; but I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just enough pasture for a sheep. And only think of the woollen jackets and stockings! The cow could not give us these, and her hairs only fall off. How you do think of everything!"

13. "But I made another exchange, and gave the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall have roast goose to eat on Christmas. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to please me. This is delightful. We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she will be fatter still before we roast her."

14. "But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

"A fowl! Well, that was a good exchange," answered the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a poultry-yard. Oh, this is just what I have been wishing for!"

15. "Yes; but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of rotten apples."

"What! How very wise and kind you are!" said the wife. "My dear, good husband, now I'll tell you something. Do you know, almost as soon as you left me this morning, I began to think of what I could give you nice for supper this evening, and then I thought of fried eggs and bacon, with sweet herbs. I had eggs and bacon, but I wanted the herbs."

16. "So I went over to the schoolmaster's: I knew that they had plenty of herbs, but the schoolmaster's wife

doesn't always like to lend, although she can smile ever so sweetly. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she cried, 'I have nothing to lend. I could not even lend you a rotten apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful."

And then she gave him a hearty kiss.

17. "Well, I like all this," said both the Englishmen; "always going down the hill, and yet always merry; it's worth the money to see it."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was never scolded.

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

NEW WORDS.

ale	bacon	hostler	reception
ton	coach	sackful	hundredweight
herbs	bulged	wager	cattle drover
sweetly	capital	grassplot	schoolmaster

LESSON III.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

1. Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass

He turned them into the river lane;

One after another he let them pass,

Then fastened the meadow bars again.

2. Under the willows and over the hill,

He patiently followed their sober pace;

The merry whistle for once was still,

And something shadowed the sunny face.

3. Only a boy! and his father had said
 He never could let his youngest go :
Two already were lying dead,
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.
4. But after the evening work was done,
 And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
 And stealthily followed the footpath damp.
5. Across the clover, and through the wheat,
 With resolute heart and purpose grim ;
Though the dew was on his hurrying feet,
 And the blind bat's flitting startled him.
6. Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
 And the orchards sweet with apple bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
 The feeble father drove them home.
7. For news had come to the lonely farm
 That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
 Could never lean on a son's again.
8. The summer day grew cool and late :
 He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
 He saw them coming, one by one :
9. Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,
 But who was it following close behind ?

10. Loosely swung in the idle air

The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

11. The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;

For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

NEW WORDS.

grim	thrice	stealthily	tremulous
pace	patiently	cropping	palsied
slung	trampling	resolute	crisping

LESSON IV.

ATTILA, THE HUN.

1. Many hundreds of years ago there came pouring into Europe from some unknown regions of Asia great hordes of barbarous people called Huns. Their leader was a fierce warrior named Attila. So cruel were they, and so great were their numbers, that the very sight of them was enough to cause alarm and terror; but when at their head was seen their king, Attila—a savage, the most pitiless of them all—the fear of the people through whose country they passed knew no bounds.

2. In appearance the Huns were hideous enough; their heads were large, their noses flat, their shoulders broad, their arms thick and ugly. Most of them were very short,

and had thin, weak, crooked legs, which looked scarcely able to support their large, square bodies. Whether it was true or not that they were less powerful on foot than when riding, I cannot say ; but, for some reason or other, they were nearly always mounted on horseback. Their voices were more like the cries of wild animals than human speech, and when they saw anything that they wished to seize or attack, they rushed madly upon it, never stopping to think. They were barbarous in all their ways, even eating their food raw like hungry wolves.

3. No fitter man to be the leader of such savages could be found than Attila. He was looked upon by his followers as a hero, or rather as a god. His word was law to them, and his slightest wish was obeyed. It was said and believed that where his horse's hoofs had trodden the grass could grow no more ; and many countries which had been rich and happy were made by him wild and dreary wastes. "The Scourge of God" was the name given to this mighty chief ; and, indeed, he himself believed that he was a scourge in the hand of the Almighty.

4. Greece was the first country to suffer from these cruel savages. They swept over the land like a fierce storm, leaving ruin and despair behind them. The poor people were overcome with terror ; they thought that the end of the world was near, and felt as helpless in the hands of their foe as a lamb would be in the clutches of a lion. From Greece the Huns turned their steps toward Constantinople, and that city was saved only by the payment of a large sum of money to Attila.

5. Through Germany, towards France, the barbarians then passed, sweeping everything before them like a great

army of locusts. Their numbers were hardly lessened at all, for the people among whom they passed thought only of flight, and seldom dared defend themselves. At length the emperors and petty kings of the west of Europe, who had hitherto been quarreling among themselves, agreed to join their forces and make common cause against Attila. They knew that unless they were able to defeat him, he would soon have nearly the whole of the then known world in his power.

6. The spot chosen for the battle was in France, near the river Marne; and here all the troops were drawn up in order, with the emperor Theodoric at their head. Attila, sure of success, stood facing them, having for his warriors not only Huns, but also a horde of other barbarians whom he had persuaded to join his army.

7. The battle began; but soon, to Attila's surprise and rage, it was plain that the barbarians were being beaten. They were stronger in numbers and in brute force, but the skill and training of the civilized troops won the day. For the first time Attila saw thousands of his followers lying dead; and, rather than lose more, as soon as evening drew on, he stopped fighting. During the dark hours of the night, each party wondered what movement the other would make in the morning.

8. When day dawned, a strange sight was to be seen in the camp of the barbarians. On the top of a huge mound, made of wooden saddles, and of timber of all kinds, stood Attila with a blazing torch in his hands. Around him was a breastwork made of wagons; while within this stood a number of Huns also holding lighted torches. It was in this way that Attila told his enemies that, rather than become a prisoner in their hands, he would perish in

the flames. The victors were pleased with the courage shown by the proud barbarian, and instead of making any further attack they ordered their troops to remain quiet, while Attila with what was left of his army, ashamed and beaten, marched away.

9. The power of the barbarian was broken; and Attila, not long afterward, died in Italy, whither he had gone for the purpose of attacking Rome. His body was laid in a coffin of gold, outside of which was a shell of silver; and, in order that the place of his burial should be kept secret, the slaves who had dug the grave were all put to death. Most of his followers returned, as best they could, to their old homes, but many perished on the way, while some made peace with their enemies and remained in Europe.

NEW WORDS.

hoofs	flames	burial	clutches
petty	victors	scourge	barbarous
torch	payment	hideous	Almighty
followers	emperor	locusts	barbarians
mound	civilized	horde	breastwork

LESSON V.

CHILD LIFE IN ITALY.

1. What kind of a nursery has the Italian child? Has it the comforts, the pictures, the toys which are found in the nurseries of many children in America and England? Yes, and no.

2. The ceiling of the Italian nursery is very often only

the deep blue sky, its walls are pictured by the white-blossoming almond tree, the olive, and the mulberry; its toys are the birds and the butterflies; its floor is a wondrous inlaid work of sunshine and warm, soft shadows. Nature herself has made ready, warmed, and decorated the nursery for her Southern child.

3. But the palaces are gloomy and dark, with thick fortress-like walls and small windows. And the rich baby in his costly cradle is no happier than the poor washer-woman's child, who, with a clothes-basket for a cradle, crows and laughs by the riverside, while his mother beats the linen before she dips it into the stream; nor is he happier than the fisherman's baby, who lies upon a pile of nets by the seashore; or the mountain child, whose cradle is a wisp of straw placed on the stone steps before the door of his father's hut.

4. Yes; Nature has done well to provide a beautiful nursery, which all must use; and she has thought of water for baths as well, but there are very few who think of bathing. For in the mountain villages the children grow up, without washing or being combed, among their play-mates, the pigs and the fowls.

5. A gentleman was once wandering among the mountains in the early morning. A boy about twelve years of age, with bright black eyes and curly hair, came singing along the mountain path. The gentleman saw the lad at a distance, and thought what a pretty picture he would make; but as he came nearer, the shirt looked so dirty, and there was so odd an appearance of color on the boy's arms and face, that his admiration was very much lessened. Nearer and nearer the boy came, and dirtier and dirtier he looked.



CHILD LIFE IN ITALY.

(From photographs taken in Naples.)

6. At last the gentleman could keep silence no longer.

"My little man," he cried, "did you ever wash yourself?"

The boy looked up, astonished, but not ashamed.

"Wash!" said he, as if he had never before thought of such a thing—"never, sir, never!"

7. Until of late years begging was the business of large numbers of Italian children. Up among the mountains troops of barefooted, bareheaded little fellows run along by the side of the traveler's carriage, turning somersets, and crying out, "Give me something."

8. When the hot summer months are over, many of the poor people in the mountains come down to the towns to earn money by singing. Those who sing go about in groups of three or four—an old blind man, a woman with a guitar, and one or two children to collect the pennies. Others sit as models for the artists. A strange sight it is to see these people, dressed in their native costumes, sitting or standing about in all manner of positions, most of them idle, some few of the women knitting or plaiting straw. Sometimes you will see boys clothed with dirty sheepskins to represent John the Baptist, little girls dressed as angels, the mother as the Virgin Mary, the father as Joseph.

9. But the bandit's child is perhaps the most to be pitied, for he has no chance at all in the wild, lawless life which he must lead, either to learn anything good or to escape the outlaw's fate. Yet the bandit is very fond of his child, and often anxious that he should have some kind of Christian instruction. Not long ago an old priest was traveling from one village to another. It was dusty and hot, and the way was long. The priest was glad on

looking back to see that a peasant woman, seated in her donkey cart, was coming that way. Of course the woman asked the priest to take a seat in her cart, and, of course, he very willingly consented. At a turn of the road three robbers sprang out of a thicket.

10. "The Virgin has sent you to us," said one of the rogues in a pious tone of voice. "Do not fear, worthy father; come down and go with us."

It was well enough to say, "Do not fear;" but the poor priest did fear, and the peasant woman shivered with fright. Still there was nothing to do but to obey.

11. After wandering three hours through woods and over mountain paths they came to a small open space where a group of bandits awaited them, one of whom held a little child in his arms.

"Worthy father," said he, speaking to the priest, "this is my son, and I wish him to become a Christian. Christen him or you shall be hanged!"

12. You may suppose that the frightened priest made what haste he could to christen the baby. When the ceremony was over, the bandit father gave the priest a purse of gold, the woman a pair of costly earrings, and both were led back to the turn of the road where the donkey cart was waiting for them.

13. Besides the little beggars and the little bandits, there is another set of children to be pitied—those who are sent away from home to wander in foreign countries, and pick up a scanty living as best they can. We all know the poor little Italian with his monkey, or his hand-organ, or his tray of figures, and have wondered how or what his home could be that he should be sent into the wide world at so tender an age, alone and uncared for.

Alas! there was no room in his home for him, and there was not food enough for all the mouths and his also.

14. Such is the life of the children of the very poor, and they form in Italy by far the largest class. Then there are the children of the families who were rich once, but have become poor. Too proud to work, too poor to study, they lead for the most part a lazy, useless life, always wishing for the good turn of fortune which never comes. Yet there are some of these who throw away their false pride, and, working their way up with steady purpose, become at length great and good men and women.

15. Lastly, there are the children of the rich. They have their teachers at home; and with the help of the priest, who always forms one of such a household, they receive a fair education, and when they are old enough are often sent to the schools or colleges in the large towns.

NEW WORDS.

wisp	guitar	position	gloomy
tray	scanty	costumes	somersets
earrings	virgin	colleges	sheepskin
inlaid	models	almond	admiration
bandit	lawless	nursery	ceremony
outlaw	christen	plaiting	decorated

—LESSON VI.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

1. Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.

Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Sporting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips—
It seemeth to me the best.

2. I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old, old forest
He lieth, in peace, asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary;
And on one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

3. Sweetly his small arms folded
My neck, in a silent embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,

He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

NEW WORDS.

lodged	upland	fragrant	immortal
gnarled	sprinkle	cowslips	saintlike
lap	eves	olden	roved

LESSON VII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

I.

1. George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, was a farmer, and owned large tracts of land on the banks of the Potomac. While he was still a child the family moved to another house in Stafford County, on the Rappahannock River. Here George was sent to what is called, "an old field school"—a sort of loghouse with only one room, where children were taught to read and write and cipher.

2. When his father died, George was left to the care of his mother. But he could not have had a better person to look after him. "Mary, the mother of Washington," as she is called, was a lady of the highest character, with a very strong mind, and as good as she was wise. She

wished, above everything else, to make George a good man; and she taught him to love God, and to kneel beside her and say his prayers night and morning. She also taught him always to tell the truth, and to do his duty in everything. These lessons, learned by him while he was still a boy, had very much to do in causing him to become so great a man.

3. George was very fond of outdoor sports—of riding and hunting, and games in which skill and strength are shown. In time he grew to be a very tall and very strong young man. It is said that he once threw a stone across the Rappahannock River at the city of Fredericksburg; and there are very few men who could do as much. He did not, however, neglect improving his mind, and trying to learn everything that would be useful to him in after-life. He kept a book in which he wrote down wise sayings, and rules to follow: he also taught himself how to keep accounts, and how to survey land, which, as you will see, became of great use to him.

4. When George was fourteen years old, he was a tall, strong boy, and longed to lead the life of a soldier or a sailor. He thought that he would like being a sailor the better of the two; and through the influence of his brother, Lawrence, he was appointed a midshipman in the English navy. But his poor mother grieved at the thought that she was going to be parted from her boy, and might never see him again. When George, in his fine new uniform, went to tell her good-by, she covered her face with her hands and cried. At this the boy gave way; he could not bear to distress his mother, and at once gave up all his plans. He took off his fine uniform, gave up his place as midshipman, and stayed at home to take care of his mother.

5. Instead of going away as a brave young sailor, George now went back to school, and the time passed until he was sixteen years of age. He often went to see his brother Lawrence, at his house called Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and was a great favorite with everybody there. Lawrence had married a daughter of William Fairfax, a rich Englishman, who lived at Belvoir, a place not far from Mount Vernon; and at Belvoir, George met with an old English lord named Thomas, Lord Fairfax, a cousin of William Fairfax.

6. The mother of Lord Fairfax was a daughter of Lord Culpeper, who had once been governor of Virginia. The King of England had given to Lord Culpeper all that rich tract of land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, on condition that he would have it settled and cultivated. When Lord Culpeper died, the land was given to his daughter; and, after her death, her son, Lord Fairfax, became the owner of it.

7. When George Washington was at Mount Vernon the guest of his brother Lawrence, he often rode over to Belvoir, and he and Lord Fairfax soon became great friends. The old Englishman, who was a tall, spare, nearsighted man, was very fond of hunting, and liked to have George go with him. So they often rode out fox hunting together, and Lord Fairfax came to think very highly of the boy. He saw that he was a stout, manly young fellow, who was always willing to make himself useful in some way; and this led him to think of sending George to survey his wild lands beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains.

8. These lands were many miles in length and breadth, and reached as far westward as the head waters of one branch of the Potomac; but large as they were, they

were of little use until they should be surveyed, and laid off to be sold to such people as wished to settle on them. Perhaps you do not know what is meant by *surveying*? It means measuring land, and laying it off in fields or farms.

9. Lord Fairfax wished very much to have his lands in the valley of Virginia thus surveyed, and he asked young George Washington if he would undertake the work. The boy was very glad to do so. Nothing could have pleased him better than work of this sort. He loved the open air and horseback riding; he would delight to explore that grand and beautiful country where Indians and wild animals still roamed at will; and he at once began to make ready for his journey.

NEW WORDS.

navy	breadth	uniform	surveyor
cipher	neglect	manly	tract
valley	survey	character	midshipman

LESSON VIII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

II.

1. It was a fine day in early spring of the year 1748 when George set out on his ride to the valley. A son of William Fairfax went with him, and they rode along in high spirits toward the mountains. George was at an age when the world seems full of enjoyment. He was just sixteen, and in good health, and, as other boys would have been, delighted at the thought of meeting with all

sorts of adventure. He had brought his gun with him to hunt, and his surveyor's instruments were packed in a leathern case on the back part of his saddle.

2. The two friends crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap, and forded the bright waters of the Shenandoah. They then turned a little to the left, and made their way towards Greenway Court. This was a sort of lodge built by Lord Fairfax in the woods, and afterwards used by him as a dwelling house. It was a house with broad stone gables, and a roof sloping down over a long porch in front. On the top of the roof were two towers with bells in them, which were meant to give the alarm when Indians were coming to attack them.

3. George and his friend soon reached Greenway Court, where they were kindly received by Lord Fairfax's manager; and then, after a short rest, they began to survey the lands along the banks of the Shenandoah River. This must have been pleasant business to them. The spring was just opening, and the leaves were beginning to bud in the woods. The sun shone brightly, the birds were chirping, and on every side, as far as the eye could reach, were long blue ranges of mountains, like high walls placed there to guard the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah.

4. Surveying, in itself, is hard work; but the free open-air life which surveyors lead makes it very pleasant work. George and his friend enjoyed it very much. They worked faithfully all day, and at night stopped at the rude house of some settler in the woods; or, if no house was seen, they built a fire, covered themselves with their cloaks, and slept in the open air. They went on in this manner until they reached the Potomac River. They then rode up the stream, and over the mountains until they reached what



WASHINGTON, THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

is now called Berkely Springs, where they camped out, as usual, under the stars. There were no houses there then ; but a town was built in course of time ; and, long years afterwards, Washington often spent a part of the summer there with his family, in order that they might drink the mineral waters, which are said to be good for the sick.

5. George and his friend did not meet with many adventures ; but, for the first time in their lives, they had a sight of the savages. They stopped at the house of a settler one day, and were soon afterwards surprised by the sudden coming of a band of Indians. They were about thirty in number, with their half-naked bodies covered with paint, which meant that they had been at war with their enemies. Indeed, one of them had a scalp hanging at his belt.

6. George and his friend must have been shocked at the sight of the scalp ; but the Indians soon made them laugh. They danced their war dance, as they called it. One of them stretched a deerskin over an iron pot and drummed upon it, while another rattled a gourd in which were some shot. Then one of the savages leaped up, and began to dance and turn and tumble about in the most ridiculous manner, while all the rest yelled and whooped as loud as they could, around a large fire which they had built. Altogether it was a strange sight, and the two young men must have looked on with wonder at such doings.

7. Several weeks were spent by the young surveyors in this wild country. They cooked their meat by holding it to the fire on forked sticks, and for dishes they used chips or pieces of bark. Sometimes it rained very hard, and then they were drenched. At one time some straw on which they were sleeping caught fire, and they woke just

in time to save themselves from being burned. Sometimes they slept in houses; but this was not much better than sleeping in the open air.

8. "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed," George wrote to one of his friends; "but after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire on a little straw, or fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

9. In the month of April the two young men recrossed the mountains, and again reached Greenway Court. Here they found good beds and every comfort, and rested after their long ride. In a few days they crossed the Blue Ridge, and returned home. Lord Fairfax was highly pleased with what they had done; and the young men, too, were no doubt very well satisfied.

10. George was paid for his work at the rate of about three and a half dollars a day when he was only riding around, and about seven dollars a day when he was doing the work of surveying. This was the first money that he had ever earned, and he must have enjoyed spending it, as he knew that he had worked for it. Lord Fairfax now knew how valuable his property was, and what a fine country the valley was for hunting; so, not very long afterwards, he removed to Greenway Court, and spent his last years there.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEW WORDS.

leathern	shocked	whooped	faithfully
settler	fodder	drenched	range
scalp	manager	recrossed	forded

LESSON IX.

STEAM.

1. Steam is like air in three ways. It is very thin; it is very elastic—that is, it has great springiness; and you cannot see it. Now, perhaps, you will say that this last is not true, and that we often see steam puffing out of a steam engine or out of a teakettle. But this that we see is not really steam: it is not like the steam that is in the boiler of the engine or in the teakettle. It is a cloud of fog that the steam has turned into when it is cooled by the air. It is just like common fog, except that it is hot. Real steam you cannot see as you see this.

2. Look at the spout of a teakettle when the water in it is boiling quite fast. Close to the end of the spout, for half an inch or more, you cannot see the steam fog at all. There is a stream of steam coming out as fast as it can; but the air about it has not yet had a chance to change it into fog. The steam must spread out a little first. When it begins to spread out, the cool air makes the particles of steam form into companies, and it is a great many of these companies together that you see in the cloud of steam, as it is called, that comes from a steam engine or from a teakettle.

3. There is a great deal of force in steam. It is steam that moves the locomotive, and that causes the great steamship to plow its way through the water. Sometimes it shows its power in destruction, as when it bursts a boiler.

4. Now what is it that makes steam so powerful? To understand this, look at a locomotive when it is standing

still with its boiler full of steam. A valve is opened, and out rushes the steam, spreading itself, and turning into a cloud of fog. It is this trying to spread itself, or to expand, that makes steam so powerful. If the valve were not opened the boiler might explode; for, as the steam is not used to move the locomotive, it keeps all the time increasing in the boiler. The force with which it rushes out when the valve is opened shows how much power it exerts in trying to expand.

5. You see the same thing in the rattling of the lid of the teakettle when the water in it is boiling. The steam which is made has not room in the kettle to expand. It escapes, therefore, wherever it can; and, if the water boils so fast that the steam cannot escape from the spout, it will keep lifting the lid and puffing out there.

6. There is always a safety valve to a steam engine. This is commonly kept shut by a weight which is upon it. But when there comes to be a great deal of steam in the boiler, it has expansive power enough to raise the valve, and so some of the steam escapes. This prevents the boiler from bursting, and hence the valve is called a safety valve.

7. Now, if there happens to be a weak place in the boiler, and the weight on the valve is heavier than it should be, the weak place will be likely to give way rather than the valve, and an explosion is sure to follow. Many boilers burst in this way.

8. Sometimes a boiler is carelessly allowed to become nearly empty, and then the fire makes it very hot. When more water is let into it, a great deal of steam is made all at once. This expands suddenly, and with so great force that the boiler gives way. You can understand how this

is if you see a little water dropped upon red-hot iron. A great cloud of steam arises, spreading itself in the air, and you can see that if this were pent up, it would make a strong pressure in trying to get free.

9. It takes but little water to make a great deal of steam. This explains an explosion that once happened in a cannon foundry in London. There happened to be some water in one of the molds, and, therefore, when the melted metal was poured into it, this water was at once made into steam; and this steam, in trying to get free, made such an explosion as to blow up the whole foundry. Perhaps you can hardly believe that so little water could do so much when turned suddenly into steam. But you must remember that the steam occupies, if set free, seventeen hundred times as much room as the water does from which it is made. It tries to get this room, and in doing so it exerts great force, and often does a great deal of harm.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

NEW WORDS.

elastic	expand	occupies	destruction
exerts	explode	explosion	springiness
pent	prevents	pressure	safety valve
boiler	fog	foundry	expansive

LESSON X.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE SICK SCHOLAR.

I.

1. The schoolmaster had scarcely arranged the room in due order, and taken his seat behind his desk, when a white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the

door, and stopping there to make an awkward bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, much thumb-worn, upon his knees, and, pushing his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled. Soon afterwards another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until there were about a dozen boys in all, with heads of every color but gray, and of ages from four years old to fourteen years or more ; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the school-master.

2. At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which the hats and caps were hung, one peg was left empty. No boy thought of touching seat or peg, but many a one, as the remembrance of their delicate playmate came to mind, looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor behind his hand.

3. Then began the hum of learning the lessons and getting them by heart, the sly whispers, the stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school ; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly trying to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But it was plain that his thoughts were wandering from his pupils, and being drawn more and more to the willing scholar whose seat was vacant. None knew this better than the idlest boys, whose misconduct became

greater and more daring—eating apples under the master's eye, pinching each other in sport or malice, and cutting their names in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow and boldly cast his eyes upon the page. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the room became suddenly silent, and no eyes met his but wore a thoughtful and deeply humble look ; then, as he again became lost in thought, the noise broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

4. Oh, how some of those idle rogues longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half intended to rush violently out, plunge into the woods, and be wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool rivers and some shady bathing place beneath willow trees, with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting that sturdy boy, who sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling book, wishing himself a whale, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot, sunny day !

5. Heat ! Ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest the door gave him an opportunity to sneak quietly into the garden and drive his companions to madness by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to go out of business and make honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its bright-

ness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over dull books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself?

6. The lessons over, writing time began; and there being but one desk and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and toiled at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. The room was more quiet now; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him kindly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and so gentle was the schoolmaster's manner that the boys seemed quite sorry that they had worried him so much, and ate no more apples, cut no more names, inflicted no more pinches, for full two minutes afterward.

NEW WORDS.

due	flaxen	rogues	madness
peg	sneak	vacant	inflicted
poll	drawl	delicate	rebellious
copy	malice	laziness	misconduct
form	elbow	violently	remembrance

LESSON XI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE SICK SCHOLAR.

II.

1. "I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

The boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were good enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

2. "You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so—away out of the village, I mean."

There was a general murmur in the negative.

3. "Then, pray, don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all!"

"Thank you, sir," and "good-by, sir," were said a great many times, and the boys, much to their own astonishment and that of the master, went out very slowly and softly.

4. But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, tempting them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground, seeming smoother still in the blending lights and shadows, and inviting to runs and leaps and long walks, no one knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and sped away, shouting and laughing as they went.

"It's natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them. "I'm very glad they didn't mind me!"

5. The schoolmaster walked slowly across the fields, and stopped before a little cottage which stood half hidden beneath the spreading branches of two old apple trees. He knocked softly upon the door. It was opened at once, and he followed the old housekeeper into an inner room where his friend, the sick scholar, lay stretched upon a bed.

6. He was a very young boy, quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

7. "You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

8. In the silence that followed, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the soft summer breeze, came floating through

the open window. "What is that?" asked the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm was helpless.

9. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering handkerchief to his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other property, dear and most valuable to the boyish heart, upon a table in the room. And then he laid himself down once more. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW WORDS.

sped	faintly	negative	valuable
extra	lattice	mindful	housekeeper
heels	boyish	likewise	astonishment

LESSON XII.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

1. He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

2. And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they said—too late—“He is weary!
 He shall rest for, at least, to-night!”
3. But at dawn when the birds were waking,
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
 A something snapped in the gloom.
4. 'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his bed:
 “Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God!”—was the last that he said.

ANDREW LANG.

NEW WORDS.

whim	levee	peaked	ladyship
strained	eerie	lordship	violoncello

LESSON XIII.

— THE CAPTIVES.

1. About twelve miles from the sea, on the Merrimac River, in Massachusetts, is the beautiful town of Haverhill. It was a small settlement in 1692, and it was easy for the Indians to descend the river in their canoes and attack it. Two boys, Isaac Bradley, fifteen years old, and Joseph Whittaker, eleven, were at work one day in Mr. Bradley's field, when a party of Indians sprang out of the woods and seized them. Isaac was small, but was bright and brave; Joseph, though four years younger, was as large as Isaac, but he had less heart and strength.

2. The Indians did not stop to kill any of the settlers, but hastened away, traveling through the woods to the beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee, where they had established their camp for the winter. In a very short time Isaac picked up enough of their language to know what they were saying.

"We shall go to Canada in the spring," was what he heard them say.

3. April came; the snow was gone, the wild flowers were blooming in the woods. In a few days the Indians would be on their march. But Isaac had no intention of going to Canada. Day after day he thought the matter over. He knew that the English settlements were far away to the south, but there was no path. He had no compass. How could he know the way? He would be guided by the sun during the day, and by the stars at night. He would make the trial. Even though he should perish, death would be better than captivity.

4. "I am going to try it to-morrow night. I am afraid you will not wake," he said to Joseph, who always slept soundly, and snored in his sleep.

"Oh, yes, I will!" answered Joseph.

5. The Indians had killed a moose, and Isaac managed to conceal a large piece of the meat in the bushes near the camp. He filled his pockets with bread. Night came; all were asleep except Isaac, who was so stirred by the thought of escape that his eyes would not close. Every sense was quickened. He arose softly and touched Joseph, who was sound asleep. The boy did not stir, and Isaac shook him harder.

"What do you want?" asked Joseph.

6. In an instant Isaac was stretched out by his side and

snoring. The Indians did not wake; and after a little while the boys arose softly, and crept out of the wigwam, Isaac taking with him an Indian gun and ammunition. They found the meat in the bushes, took it in their arms, and started upon the run, being guided in their way by the stars. On through the wilderness, amid the tall trees, over fallen trunks, over stones, through thickets and tangled brushwood, they traveled till morning, and then crept into a hollow log.

7. Great was the consternation in the camp of the Indians. Their captives gone! A gun taken! At day-break the Indians with the dogs were on their track, and in swift pursuit. The boys heard the barking of the dogs, which soon came sniffing round the log. What shall they do now? Isaac is quick-witted.

8. "Good fellow, Bose! Good fellow! Here is some breakfast for you," he said, as he tossed the moose meat to them. The dogs knew his voice; they knew that he was their friend. They devoured the meat, and trotted forward into the woods. The Indians came upon the run. The boys heard their voices as they hastened after the dogs.

9. Through the day they lay quietly in the log, and when night came they started out again, but in a different direction from that taken by the Indians. All night long they traveled, nibbling the bread in their pockets. Morning came, and again they concealed themselves. Once more at night they were on the march. On the third day Isaac shot a pigeon; but they did not dare to build a fire, and so they ate it raw. Afterwards they found a turtle, smashed its shell, and ate the meat.

10. Day after day they toiled on, eating roots and the buds of the trees just ready to burst into leaf. On the

sixth day they suddenly found themselves close to an Indian camp. They stole softly away and ran as fast as their legs could carry them. The morning of the eighth day came. Joseph's strength was failing; his courage had all gone. He cried bitterly.

"Cheer up, Joseph! Here are some groundnuts. Here, drink some water!" said Isaac.

11. But no brave words, no act of kindness could cheer the fainting boy. What could Isaac do? Stay and die with him, or try to find his way out? Sad, indeed, was the parting—the younger lying down to die upon a mossy bank, the older turning away, alone, lost in the wilderness.

12. With faltering steps Isaac pushed on, and soon discovered a house. No one was living in it; but he knew that there must be white men not far away. With a lighter heart he turned back to the dying boy, awakened him from sleep, rubbed his legs, bathed his temples.

"Come, Joseph, we are saved! Help is near!"

He led him a few steps, then took him on his back, and staggered with him through the woods until at last he struck a beaten path.

13. Brave Isaac Bradley! The world's history has many a story of heroic action, but none nobler or braver than this act of yours! Before night they reached a fort upon the Saco River, and astonished the soldiers with the story of their adventures.

C. C. COFFIN.

NEW WORDS.

moose	pursuit	descend	consternation
turtle	establish	smashed	ammunition
heroic	captivity	daybreak	brushwood
instant	intention	quickened	quick-witted

LESSON XIV.

THE BETTER LAND.

1. "I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band.
O, mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child."
2. "Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child."
3. "Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child."
4. "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child."

MRS. HEMANS

NEW WORDS.

ruby	feathery	myrtle	rays
pearl	fadeless	glorious	starry
hues	date	perfume	fireflies

LESSON XV.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

1. Look on your map of Europe and see where Mount Vesuvius, perhaps the most famous mountain in the world, is situated. In the old Roman times, about eighteen hundred years ago, a terrible thing happened to the people living on and near the slopes of this mountain. For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot—cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was thought to be a kind of earthly paradise.

2. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of such a thing? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and climbing vines—thickets of under-



MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(From a Photograph taken during a Recent Eruption.)

brush full of wild boars and deer. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below, by the seashore, where smoke and sulphur came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which strange, poisonous gases hung. But what of that? The mountain had never harmed any one—indeed, how could it harm any one?

3. So the people in the neighborhood of Vesuvius lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79, never thinking of any danger. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore at the house of his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the branching pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

4. Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost.

5. When he was almost across the bay, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger

it was his duty to help them ; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

6. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster ; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach ; and Pliny turned away towards a place called Stabiæ, and stopped at the house of an old friend who was just going to try to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid ; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face.

7. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on ; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some village from which the peasants had fled ; and then went to bed and slept soundly. In the middle of the night, however, they found that the courtyard was being fast filled up with cinders, and if they had not awakened the admiral, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

8. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall ; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows tied over their heads to prevent the stones and cinders which were falling from beating them down. By this time, day had come, but not the dawn : for it was still dark as night. They went down to their boats by the shore ; but the sea raged so terribly that there was no getting on board of them.

9. Then Pliny, being tired, made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came all at once from the mountains a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives. Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral ; but he

sank down again, overcome by the sulphur fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

10. But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities—Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ—were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold, behind. Here and there was left even a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

11. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which covered them. At Naples there is now a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and in Pompeii one can walk along the streets and see the wheel tracks in the pavement which were made by the carts and chariots that rolled along there two thousand years ago.

12. And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for

two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed by, and now there is scarcely a year in which it does not send out smoke and stones and streams of lava from its crater.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NEW WORDS.

cone	cinders	preserved	treacherous
lava	science	chariot	museum
fumes	blackish	martyr	pumice stone
crater	wild boars	parasol	earthquake
ebbed	studious	stationed	pavement
wicked	eruption	courtyard	earthenware

LESSON XVI.

WASHINGTON IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

1. It is so interesting to follow Washington through the first years of his career that I will tell you of an expedition which he made at this time into the "Great Woods," as they were called, beyond the Ohio River. Both the English and the French claimed this country. It was full of English and French hunters, who traded with the Indians; and it became a great point with both sides to secure the friendship of the savages.

2. Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia and the governor of Canada were watching each other; and at last Dinwiddie made up his mind to send the French a message. This message was to the effect that the western country be-

longed to England, and that since the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts on it. The person who was to carry this message was also to make friends with the Indians; and for this service Governor Dinwiddie chose young George Washington.

3. These things happened in the year 1753, when Washington was twenty-one years old. It was a proof of the confidence placed in him, to choose so young a man for so difficult a service. But Washington was now well known. He had not done much, but he had shown, by his life and actions, that his character was above reproach.

4. He set out on the very day that he received his commission from the governor. His party was waiting for him at Winchester. It was made up of three white hunters, two friendly Indians, and a Mr. Gist, who was an experienced woodsman. As the weather was very cold (the month being November), small tents were packed on horses, which were cared for by the white men; and thus equipped the party set forward and in due time reached the Monongahela River.

5. The point which Washington aimed for was an Indian village called Logstown, a little south of where the city of Pittsburg now stands. As the river flowed northward, it would enable him to float the tents and baggage down in canoes; hence, some of these were obtained, and the loads were placed in charge of some of the men, while the rest of the party followed along the bank.

6. They at last reached the forks of the Ohio, where Pittsburg was afterwards built. The weather was very cold, but Washington stopped long enough to look at the situation. He saw at a glance how strong it was, and that it was the very place for a fort. When they at last

reached Logstown, he had a long talk with the Indian chief, trying to persuade him to have nothing to do with the French. The chief made a number of polite speeches, after the Indian fashion, but he would make no promises; he said that the French commander was at a fort near Lake Erie, and, if Washington wished, he would go with him to see that officer.

7. Washington accepted the offer, and, setting out with the Indians, was guided to a place called Venango. Here a cunning old French captain met them, and set plenty of drink before them. His object was to make Washington drunk, and lead him to talk freely; but the plan failed, and Washington, with his Indian guides, pushed on towards Lake Erie.

8. After a long, cold ride he reached the French fort, and was very kindly received. The commandant, called the Chevalier de St. Pierre, was an old man, with silver-white hair, and clad in a fine uniform. When Washington handed him the letter which he had brought from Governor Dinwiddie, he received it with a polite bow, and retired to read it. Two days afterwards the answer was ready. In it the Frenchman informed the Governor of Virginia that he would send his letter to the Marquis Duquesne in Canada; but as to giving up the country, he could not and would not do so; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey orders.

9. Washington, seeing that he could gain nothing by a longer stay, now made ready to return. The old Chevalier de St. Pierre was polite and cunning to the last. He furnished Washington with a number of canoes to carry his baggage and provisions; but he tried to persuade the Indian chief not to return with him. In this, however, he

failed, and Washington with his Indian guides embarked in the canoes and began a difficult voyage down French Creek.

10. The creek was full of floating ice, and several times the canoes were nearly staved to pieces. Now and then the men were obliged to jump into the water and drag them over shallows; and once they had to take their canoes on their backs and carry them for a quarter of a mile before they could find open water enough to float them. When they reached Venango they parted with the Indians, and Washington resolved to push on, on foot, for Virginia. So he and his friend Gist strapped knapsacks on their backs to carry their provisions and papers, took their rifles, and pushed into the woods, leaving the rest of the men, with the horses, to come on as soon as the weather and the condition of the roads would permit.

NEW WORDS.

staved	proof	permit	informed
retired	reproach	equipped	commission
service	chevalier	confidence	commandant
secure	knapsacks	expedition	creek

LESSON XVII.

WASHINGTON IN THE WILDERNESS.

II.

1. The long and dangerous march of Washington and his single companion then began. The obstacles before them were enough to dishearten them. It was the depth of winter, and very cold. They were in the heart of the wilderness, which was covered with snow, and they could

only guess at their way; and what was worse than all else, they were surrounded by hostile Indians, the friends of the French.

2. But they pushed forward fearlessly, and Providence watched over them. Day after day they tramped through the desolate woods, and at last they came to a place bearing the gloomy name of Murdering Town, where there was a small band of Indians. As soon as he saw these Indians, Gist, who was an old woodsman, began to suspect them. He, therefore, urged Washington not to stop, but to push on; and as one of the Indians offered himself as a guide, his offer was accepted and he was allowed to go with them.

3. It soon became plain that Gist was right in his suspicions. The first thing that the Indian guide did was to offer to carry Washington's gun. Washington was too wise to consent to this, and the Indian became very surly. Night was coming, and they looked about for a place to build a camp fire; but the Indian advised them against this. There were some Ottawa Indians in the woods, he said, who would certainly come upon them and murder them; but his own cabin was near, and if they would go with him they would be safe.

4. This was very suspicious, and they made up their minds to be on their guard. Their wisdom in doing so was soon seen. They took no notice of the Indian's offer, and went on looking for a stream of water, near which they might encamp. The Indian guide was walking ten or twenty yards in front of them, when, just as they came to an open space where the glare of the snow lit up the darkness, the Indian turned, leveled his gun at Washington, and fired. The bullet did not strike him, and the

Indian darted behind a tree. But Washington rushed upon him, and seized him before he could escape.

5. Gist was eager to put the guide to death ; but Washington would not agree to it. He took the Indian's gun away from him, and when they soon afterwards reached a small stream, he made him build a fire for them. Gist was now very uneasy. He knew the Indians much better than Washington did, and told him that if he would not put the guide to death, they must get away from him. This was agreed to, and the Indian was told that he could go to his cabin, if he chose, for the night. As to themselves, they would camp in the woods, and join him there in the morning.

6. The guide was glad to get away, and was soon out of sight. Gist followed him cautiously, listening to his footsteps breaking the dry twigs in the woods. As soon as he was sure that the Indian was gone, he came back to Washington and told him that, if he valued his life, he would better get away as soon as possible, for he was sure that the guide meant to bring other Indians there to murder them.

7. They again set forward through the woods, and when they had gone about half a mile they built another fire. But they did not lie down to sleep ; the fire was meant only to deceive the Indians. Instead of stopping there they pushed on, and traveled all that night and the next day without stopping. At last they reached the banks of the Alleghany River, a little above the present site of Pittsburg.

8. There was no way to cross the river except by means of a raft ; and this they began to build early on the following morning. Gist probably had a hatchet with him,

as woodsmen generally carried one, and trees were cut down and tied together with grape vines. This rough raft was then dragged to the water's edge and pushed into the stream, which was at that time full of large masses of broken ice.

9. The situation of the two men was dangerous. The current was strong, and in spite of all they could do to force the raft across, the ice swept it down, and they could not reach the shore. While Washington was trying to steady the raft with a long pole resting on the bottom of the river, a huge cake of ice struck it, and he was thrown into the water. Few things could have been more dangerous than this. The water was freezing cold, and he no doubt had on his heavy overcoat, which hindered his movements, and came near sinking him with its own weight.

10. Luckily, with the help of Gist, Washington succeeded in climbing back upon the raft. They were then swept along by the current, and gave up all attempts to reach the shore where they at first intended. At length the ice drove the raft near a small island, and they managed to get on it. The raft was carried away, and disappeared among the floating pieces of ice.

11. They were now on a small island without shelter or fuel. The shore was still at some distance, and they had no means of reaching it; and the cold was so great that Gist had his hands and feet frozen. It was a miserable night; they lay down in their overcoats, and shivered through the dark hours, until at last day came, and they looked around.

12. Providence had befriended them. The floating blocks of ice had frozen together during the night, and they saw

that there was a solid pathway to the shore. They reached it without trouble, and then set forward again with brave hearts toward the south. Soon their troubles were over. On the Monongahela River they reached the house of a trader whom they knew, and who received them kindly and supplied all their wants. Washington then bought a horse, and sixteen days later he was in Williamsburg, giving Governor Dinwiddie a history of his expedition.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEW WORDS.

raft	masses	desolate	overcoat
site	hostile	befriend	cautiously
glare	suspect	hindered	probably
steady	hatchet	obstacles	fearlessly
urged	murder	suspicious	disappeared

LESSON XVIII.

HOW THOR WENT TO THE LAND OF JOTUNHEIM.

(Adapted from an Old Norse Myth.)

1. Thor was the greatest giant-killer that ever lived. He was said to be the strongest and bravest, though not always the wisest, of all the good folk who dwelt in the sun-bright city of Asgard. When the mist-giants of the summer time wrapped the world in dark clouds and threatened to destroy the growing grain, Thor harnessed his goats to his iron chariot, and, with his mighty hammer in his hand, rode out to battle with them, and at length drove them back to their airy homes among the mountains.

2. And later in the season, when the grim frost-giants of the North came rushing furiously from their chilly

halls in Jotunheim and sought to overwhelm all living beings with their icy breath, Thor met them single-handed, and, after months of stormy warfare, forced them to return to their own cheerless land. At last, however, tired of these constant inroads of the foes of mankind, he resolved to visit the land of Jotunheim and fight them in their own stronghold. But he told no one of his intentions, not even his dearest friends.

3. Early one fine morning, Thor, standing in his iron car, drove out of Asgard at so rattling a pace that all the people were obliged to stop their ears because of the noise which he made. The din of a common thunderstorm was nothing to the wonderful racket which followed in the wake of the prancing goats and the rattling car. But the Thunderer, as men called Thor, was so often riding here and there, driving over the rough clouds, and hurling his hammer at the giants in the air, that everybody had found out, long ago, that it was of little use to be surprised at anything he might do. This time, however, there was quite a curiosity to know where he was going, and what were his intentions; but none of his acquaintances, and not even Sif, his golden-haired wife, could tell.

4. Thor drove furiously onward, and, after hours of fleetest traveling, came into the cheerless land of Niflheim, or the Abode of Snow, where the sun shines but half the year, and snow and ice cover land and sea. Urging his team with voice and whip, he sped onward, hundreds of miles to the northward, among clashing cliffs of ice and blinding storms of snow, until he stood at the farthest bounds of the earth. There he saw the giant Keeper of the North Winds sending forth hurricanes and bitter winter blasts to chill and destroy the fair homes of men.

5. Of him Thor asked the way to Jotunheim, the land of giants.

“Go south again, then east,” was the answer. “Go south, then east over the frozen sea. But take care that you do not overrate your own strength and greatness!”

Thor thanked him, and gave the reins to his goats; and they carried him southward with the speed of the wind, and made no stop until they had come again into warmer lands and among the abodes of men.

6. Late in the evening, Thor stopped at a peasant's hut, and asked for shelter for himself and goats during the night. Gladly the poor people welcomed him, and offered to give him the best of what they had. Shelter they had, and a warm, blazing fire; but there was no food in the house, not even a frozen fish. So Thor, rather than have nothing to eat, killed his two goats; and when he had stripped off their skins, he boiled the flesh in the great iron kettle which hung above the fire. When the meat was well cooked, all that were in the house sat down to a meal the like of which the good peasant and his family had never tasted before.

7. Tenderly, and with great care, Thor had spread the skins of the goats upon the floor, saying to his hosts:

“Be very careful, when you have eaten all the flesh from the bones, to throw them softly, and without breaking them, upon these skins.”

Every one obeyed but Thialfe, the peasant's son, who thoughtlessly split one of the bones in order to get the marrow which was within.

8. Thor rested in the hut all that night, and early in the morning he arose and made ready to continue his journey. The old peasant, who had also risen and was

stirring the fire, wondered how his guest would travel that day, and what he would do with the iron car which stood beside the door. But his mind was soon set at rest, so far as that was concerned; for Thor, taking his hammer in his hand, passed it three times over the bones and skins, calling his goats by name. And the creatures took their old forms again, and stood upon their feet, and walked to their places in front of the iron car. But when Thor saw that one of the animals limped on one of its hind-legs, he was very angry; and he knit his dark eyebrows, and stamped furiously upon the ground.

9. "Who has broken my goat's leg?" he cried.

The peasant and his wife fell upon their knees, and prayed the Thunderer to have pity on them and spare their lives, for they had not harmed the goat. But Thialfe came forward bravely and told how he had carelessly broken the bone of the goat's leg, and humbly begged the pardon of their mighty guest.

10. "On one condition only will I spare you," said Thor. "I know that you are fleet-footed and brave and strong; and your little sister, Roska the golden-haired, is winsome and beautiful, and never weary in well-doing. You shall be my servants and follow me to the land of the giants; and afterwards you shall dwell with me in Asgard, and aid me in my work for the good of mankind."

11. "Take them with thee," said the poor peasant and his weeping wife. "It shall be as thou hast said; for they will be far happier with thee than with us."

So Thor took Thialfe and Roska with him, and they traveled eastward until they came to the great sea. There they left the goats and the iron car, and, taking a swift-sailing vessel, they crossed to the other shore.

12. No sooner had they stepped upon the land than they knew that they had arrived in the country of the giants. The trees, most of which were oaks and ashes, seemed to tower to the very sky; the coarse grass was taller than their heads; and there were no flowers nor any singing birds. Everything was huge, rough, and harsh; and Thialfe and Roska thought that they had never been in any place that was so forbidding and unpleasant.

NEW WORDS.

din	inroads	humbly	cheerless
airy	warfare	constant	mankind
knit	hurling	overrate	stronghold
abode	marrow	hammer	hurricanes
racket	winsome	furiously	overwhelm
pardon	clashing	prancing	unpleasant

LESSON XIX.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BIRDS.

1. Not many years ago, a strange and cruel fashion prevailed even in some of the most civilized countries. It was the custom for ladies and girls to have their hats and bonnets trimmed with the wings and sometimes the heads and bodies of bright-colored birds; and but few of them ever thought of the distress and pain, the cruel slaughter of innocent beings, which this practice was causing. While the fashion was at its height, it is said that a certain dealer in birds in London bought at one time thirty-two thousand humming birds. Another dealer

in the same city bought thirty thousand birds and three hundred thousand pairs of wings.

2. Think what a price to pay,
 Faces so bright and gay,
 Just for a hat!

Flowers unvisited, sweet songs unsung,
 Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
 Bared for just that!

3. Think of the others, too,
 Others and *mothers*, too,
 Bright-eyes in hat!

Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
 Hear you no little moan—birdlings' despair—
 Somewhere, for that?

4. Caught 'mid some mother-work,
 Torn by a hunter Turk,
 Just for your hat!

Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
 All the more wings to tear, deftly to twirl
 On the rim of a hat!

5. Oh, but the shame of it,
 Oh, but the blame of it,
 All for a hat!

Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
 This is your halo, O, faces so sweet—
 Dead birds: and for what?

Poetry from W. C. GANNETT.

NEW WORDS.

birdling	deftly	twirl
o'erswung	jauntiness	dealer
sea-ranges	practice	slaughter

LESSON XX.

THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

1. The terrible business of war, with its cruelty and suffering, the clash of weapons and the dreadful shedding of blood, is something with which our young people in America may be glad that they have nothing to do. There was one war in Europe, many years ago, which was brought to an end by a company of little children, who, at the same time, saved a famous city from destruction. The story which I shall tell you about these children is a true one, and for that reason it is all the more beautiful.

2. If you will look on your maps of Europe you will find that in Germany there is an important city named Hamburg; and some of you may have read of the fine streets and palaces in that city, and of its beautiful gardens, and the active, industrious people who dwell there. It is a very old place, and in the days long gone by, it was often attacked by enemies, and many and bitter were the struggles of the people to save their homes from destruction by hostile armies.

3. In the year 1432 it was surrounded by an army of Hussites, commanded by Procopius the Great. So sudden and unexpected had been the coming of this enemy that the people of Hamburg were taken altogether by surprise. There were among them but few fighting men compared with the great host of soldiers under Procopius; and there was within the city scarcely food enough to keep them alive for a fortnight. They saw the mighty army drawn

up in front of their gates, and knew that for a short time only could they withstand the besiegers.

"What shall we do?" they cried. "There is none to aid us. We and our wives and children must perish with hunger and thirst within the city walls, for, if we go forth, we shall only be slain by the sword."

4. While they were thus talking, some one cried: "The children! The children! Behold, they can save us."

"But what can the children do?" asked the others. "They are young and weak. They cannot fight, neither can they get us food."

5. "Let the gates be opened," said the first speaker, "and let the children go forth. Let the elder ones take the little ones by the hand, and let the youths carry the infants in their arms, and let them pass out before our conquerors. Soldiers are but men, and their hearts are often gentle. Let the children go, and they will do them no harm, neither will they destroy us."

6. And so it was arranged. You can imagine in what distress they were, and how they must have suffered, when the fathers and mothers were willing to try so desperate a plan. Fancy the surprise of the Hussite army as the gates of the city were opened, and out of them came, not bands of soldiers armed for battle, but a long line of little children! On they came, every one clad in white, the elder ones leading the way, and the babies clinging to their hands and wondering what it all meant.

7. But the people of Hamburg had judged rightly. The soldiers were but men, and many of them perhaps had left behind at home just such little ones as these. When they heard the pattering of the tiny feet, and saw the white-robed throng surrounding their tents, their hearts

were indeed melted, and they felt no longer any desire to fight, plunder, and destroy. They who had come to rob and to ruin, only wished now to take these little ones to their hearts and to shower love and kindness upon them.

8. What could they do for them? They looked around and saw that the trees in the orchards were loaded with cherries. As if all had been moved by the same thought, they threw down their weapons; and gathering great, beautiful branches filled with the round, rosy fruit, they loaded the children with them, and sent them back to their parents with a message of peace and good-will. So far as the safety of the city was concerned, the victory was won—a great and bloodless victory, won by the children. Back they marched, and from the throats of the waiting people rang glad shouts of thanksgiving.

9. For many years afterwards, as the day came round on which this great event took place, it was celebrated and called “The Feast of Cherries.” Through the streets of Hamburg walked long lines of children, each one bearing in the right hand a branch filled with cherries.

In every age of the world there have been wars and bloodshed, with struggles between nations, and great victories; but not often do we read in history a more beautiful and thrilling story than that of the army of little ones who saved Hamburg.

NEW WORDS.

slain	anxiety	besiegers	industrious
throng	nations	shedding	desperate
cruelty	plunder	withstand	bloodshed
rightly	thrilling	bloodless	inhabitants
ravage	victory	dreadful	thanksgiving

LESSON XXI.

—A STRANGE ANIMAL.

1. Come with me in imagination to a quiet creek in one of the rivers of East Australia. It is a bright summer day, and the lovely acacias are hanging out their golden blossoms in striking contrast to the tall, graceful gum trees and dark swamp oaks in the plain beyond. Come quickly and do not brush the reeds growing thickly on the bank; for the least noise will frighten the creature for which we are looking, and he will dive far out of sight.

2. There he is now, gently paddling along among the water plants. His dark, furry body, about a foot and a half long, with a short, broad tail at the end, makes him look at first like a small beaver. But why, then, has he a flat duck's bill on the tip of his nose, with a soft fold or flap of flesh round it, with which he seems to feel as he goes? Notice, also, that he has four paws, with which he is paddling along; although these paws have true claws to them, they have also a thick web under the toes, stretching, in the front feet, far beyond the claws, yet loose from them, so that, while it serves for swimming, it can be pushed back when the animal is digging in the ground. His hind-feet have a much shorter web, and a small, sharp spur behind, like that of a game chicken.

3. And now, as this animal turns his head from side to side, you can see his sharp little eyes, but not his ears, for they are small holes which he can close quite tight as he works along in the water or the mud. He has ridges

in his beak through which he sifts his food, like the duck family ; but at the same time he has in his mouth eight horny mouth-plates, peculiar to himself. What shall we call this fourfooted animal with a beaver's fur and tail and yet with a duck's bill and webbed feet ? He is the duck-billed platypus, called by the settlers the water mole.

4. Should we search along the bank we would find somewhere below the water's edge a hole, and again, a few feet back on the land, another among the grass and reeds. Both these holes lead into a long passage which ends in a snug underground nest—a dark little room lined with dry grass and weeds. Here, in the summer time, we would likely find the mother platypus and three or four tiny naked young ones, not two inches long, cuddled under her. How these little ones begin life we do not know. The natives talk about finding soft eggs like those of reptiles ; but it seems likely that these eggs break soon after they are laid, like those of our common lizard, and the naked little ones come out alive into the nest.

5. And how are they fed ? Their mother is a strange creature, indeed ; and in one spot amid her fur there are a number of little openings from which she can force out milk for them to drink as they press against her with their soft, flat bills. And now, perhaps, you will be struck with this animal's likeness to a bird, especially when you are told that the little baby water mole has a soft, horny knob on his nose just where a young bird has a hard knob for breaking through the shell ; and you will ask whether it is not really more bird than beast.

6. Not at all ; young tortoises, too, have such a knob, and so have crocodiles ; and, moreover, these duck-billed moles have many parts of the skeleton, especially the



THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS.

(Drawn from Photographs.)

shoulder bone and the separate bones of the skull, much like our living reptiles, and still more like some which lived in ages long gone by. And yet, at the same time, they differ in very many points from both reptiles and birds. They are, in fact, the lowest and simplest form of milk-giving animals living upon the earth.

Many other curious creatures are found in Australia, but none of them are quite so wonderful in their appearance and manner of life as the duck-billed platypus.

NEW WORDS.

sifts	beaver	tortoises	platypus
furry	contrast	peculiar	crocodiles
differ	acacias	duck-billed	gum trees
lizard	cuddled	water mole	underground

LESSON XXII.

THOR AND SKRYMER.

(Adapted from an Old Norse Myth.)

1. All day long Thor and his two young companions wandered through the forest, and yet they met not a single person, nor saw any living creature. Just as they were about giving up all hopes of finding shelter for the night, they saw what seemed to be a large brown house without a single window, and with but one door which was as wide as the building itself. They entered it, but it was empty, having neither chairs nor beds, nor, indeed, any other kind of furniture. On their left was a great round

empty room upon the floor of which they lay down ; and, being very tired, they were soon fast asleep.

2. How long they slept, they did not know ; but they were awakened by an earthquake which shook the forest and threatened to tumble the house down upon their heads. When the earthquake was over, a loud and harsh rumbling and roaring was heard ; and this was kept up until the dawn of day.

3. As soon as it was light enough to see, Thor went out and looked around. Under a great oak tree he saw a giant lying asleep ; and then he knew that the noise which they had heard in the night was only the snoring of this huge creature. The giant awoke, rubbed his eyes, and lazily arose. Thor had never seen so large a giant as this one. Far up to the very tree-tops, whose branches were among the clouds, he towered, and puny Thor could hardly reach as high as his ankle.

4. Yet the Thunderer was not afraid. He looked up at the great giant whose face was hidden in the mists of the morning, and called out :

“ Good giant, tell me thy name, I pray ! ”

5. The giant answered, in tones like a lion’s roar,

“ My name is Skrymer. I know who thou art, without asking thee. Thou art Thor ; for no one else would come to this country without being invited.”

Then he reached down with his great hand and took up the house in which Thor and his young followers had passed the night ; for, indeed, it was nothing but the giant’s mitten, and the chamber where they had slept was the thumb of the mitten.

6. “ Where is little Thor going ? ” asked Skrymer, in mock tones of gentleness.

"To the castle of Utgard-Loke, the king of the giants," answered Thor, pompously.

"That is just where I am going, too," said Skrymer. "Come with me, and I will show you the way."

7. Thor very gladly accepted the invitation. All day long they jogged onward through the forest, the giant striding straight forward and never stopping or looking behind. At sunset they halted under a wide-spreading oak, and Skrymer lay down to sleep, saying to Thor,

"Take this bag, which holds my luncheon, and when you have opened it, help yourselves to what you find in it. I want no supper, myself."

8. Thor took the bag, and, carrying it to a neighboring grove, he and Thialfe tried with all their skill and patience to open it. But the more they pulled at the fastening-string, the tighter it became. At last, Thor's good-nature could hold out no longer. He seized his hammer in both hands, and in a very angry mood walked over to the place where Skrymer was sleeping. He raised his hammer high in air, and struck the giant upon the head with all his might.

9. The giant yawned and opened his eyes. "My dear little Thor," he said, "are you still up? I have been having a very pleasant nap; but just now something fell on my head and wakened me. I think it must have been a leaf from the branches of this old tree."

"I am just making ready to go to sleep," said Thor. And he tried to hide his hammer under his cloak.

10. Skrymer was soon snoring again, louder than ever. At about midnight Thor's wrath waxed so great that he could bear it no longer. He seized his hammer again, and running quickly to the giant struck him a most fearful

blow on the top of the head. Skrymer jumped up, quickly. "What is the matter now?" he asked. "The acorns keep falling from this tree, and just now one struck me squarely on the head. How goes it with you, little Thor? Have you been asleep?"

"I am just making ready to go to sleep," answered Thor, sneaking back to his own place.

11. Just as the red streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, Thor thought that he would again try the strength of his hammer. He crept slyly up to the giant, and struck him a great blow upon the temple. Skrymer sat up and stroked his long beard, and said:

"How short the night has been! Here it is daylight, and it seems as if I have hardly slept at all. There must be birds flying through the tree-tops, for I was awakened just now by a piece of bark falling upon my head. How did you rest last night, good Thor?"

12. "Not so well as one might wish," answered Thor, "yet as soon as I awoke I ran over here to ask about yourself. I heard you groaning, and feared that you might be sick."

"I am not so well as I might be," said Skrymer. "But I am still able to travel. I shall be obliged to leave you here, and take another road. But before we part, let me give you a bit of advice. When you come before Utgard-Loke, don't boast about what you can do; for there are some big men in his palace, and they will not think much of so little a fellow as you. So, beware of bragging."

13. Having said these words, Skrymer slung his dinner bag over his shoulder, and set out with long strides toward the north. Thor and his two servants followed the footpath which was before them, and, towards evening,

came to the castle of Utgard-Loke. They beat for a long time on the great gate, which was closed, but no one seemed to hear or heed them. At last, becoming impatient, they climbed up to the keyhole and crept through it, and, one by one, dropped quietly into the courtyard below. The gate-keeper, who was a very large giant, sat on his bench fast asleep, and they hurried past him without being heard or seen.

NEW WORDS.

nap	strides	foot-path	dinner bag
boast	waxed	rumbling	impatient
mood	beware	squarely	gentleness
wrath	yawned	bragging	pompously

LESSON XXIII.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between.
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.
5. "They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she could find them all again
In the fields of light above.
7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW WORDS.

sickle
saintstearful
sacredbreath
beardedtransplanted
visited

LESSON XXIV.

THE WOLF.

1. It would be hard to imagine a more vicious animal than the wolf. It is so savage and bloodthirsty that when one of its fellows is wounded or ill it will fall upon the helpless animal and tear it to pieces. On the other hand,

it is so cowardly that when it is captured it is so overcome by fear that it can do nothing to defend itself.

2. Wolves are found in almost every part of the world, from the hot tropics to the freezing regions of the north, and everywhere they are feared by both man and beast. When hungry—and they are seldom otherwise—many of them set out together in a band, ready to devour the first hapless creature that they meet. They are not so very swift, but they seem to be almost tireless; and, with a long, swinging gallop, they keep on the trail of a flying animal until, in the end, the fleetest runner is sure to be worn out.

3. A trustworthy story is told by a gentleman who had gone out to hunt roebuck, which seems to prove that wolves sometimes plan their movements with a good deal of cunning. He was standing near a trail where he was quite certain the deer would pass, and was waiting patiently, when a wolf with hanging tongue rushed across the trail, and was hidden in the bush before the startled hunter could make up his mind to shoot at it. In another moment, from the opposite direction, a roebuck came bounding. It cleared a large fallen tree, and with head outstretched was making straight past the bush into which the wolf had disappeared.

4. The hunter had leveled his rifle, ready to shoot, when he saw another wolf scrambling over a tree not far behind the deer. With a speed that would have left the wolf behind in a few minutes, the roebuck dashed onward. It rose to clear the bush; it fell back dying. The first wolf had been lying in wait there, and at the right moment had leaped at the flying deer, and caught it by the throat. However, the triumph of the wolves was short. The hunter's rifle soon put them beyond the need of roebuck.

5. In this country we have the prairie wolf, the coyote, and the black wolf, the last named being the largest and most dangerous. But very few of these animals are now to be found, however, except in the unsettled regions of the far west. In former days wolves were common in England, Scotland, and Ireland; but they were so dangerous to travelers and to the people living in lonely country places that fierce war was made upon them until they were at last all destroyed. They are still found, however, in many other parts of Europe, and frightful stories are sometimes told of the savage doings of these hungry creatures.

6. The cowardice of the wolf is well shown in the dread which he has of any small object which he does not understand. If, for instance, a hunter kills an animal and wishes to leave it for a little time, all that he has to do to preserve it from the wolves is to tie a piece of white cloth or a loose paper to a stick and plant it by the side of the dead body. Not a wolf will come near it.

7. Although wolves are so fierce and savage when in their natural wild state, they have often been tamed by being caught when quite young and brought up just like dogs. These pets have proved quite as faithful and true as dogs, loving and obeying their masters much in the same way. But it is easy for them to return to their wild and savage habits.

NEW WORDS.

tropics	pursuing	tireless	cowardly
devour	roe-buck	frightful	cowardice
coyote	outstretched	overcome	trustworthy
hapless	instance	otherwise	bloodthirsty

LESSON XXV.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

1. The most celebrated tea-party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor, late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now; but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by Englishmen, and were still under the control of the British government.

2. George the Third, the King of England, and some of his noblemen had done all that they could to oppress the people of these colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their goods to any other country except England. They would not allow them to cut down pine trees outside of inclosed fields, or to manufacture steel and iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws. At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that article and sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed.

3. About the first of December one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston, arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town meeting was held in the Old South Meetinghouse, at which nearly five thousand persons

were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

4. The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

"Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?" asked some one in the assembly.

5. "Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer," said another.

"I will be one of the guard, myself," said John Hancock, "rather than that there shall be none."

And so it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night, and that on no account should the merchants delay their answer longer than till the next morning.

6. The next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: "It is entirely out of our power to send back the teas; but we are willing to store them until we shall receive further directions."

Further directions from whom? The British government.

The wrath of the people was now being aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

7. In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without touching land and without paying duty. The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

8. When the other tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all. For the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the shipowners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board. Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers, who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

9. On the sixteenth of December seven thousand men were present at the town meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed.

“Having put our hands to the plow,” said one, “we must not now think of looking back.” And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

10. It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered, and announced that not only the revenue officers, but the governor, had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams

rose and gave the word : " This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

11. At that instant a shout was heard on the porch ; a yell like an Indian war whoop answered it from the street ; and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea—all that could be found—into the waters of the bay.

12. The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. " All things," said John Adams, who was afterwards the second president of the United States—"all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

13. This was one of the first acts which led to the war that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston ; and in less than ten years the colonies had become free and independent states.

NEW WORDS.

tax	wharf	disperse	clearance
duty	trying	opposed	celebrated
ports	oppress	decency	agreement
flatly	conflict	foresaw	submission
dimly	revenue	aroused	interruption
profit	entirely	assembly	appointment

LESSON XXVI.

THE WORK OF THE WAVES AND TIDES.

1. Many of you who live in the country may say that you have no chance to go to the seashore and examine the work of the waves and tides. This does not make so much difference as you think, for in nearly all parts of New England, New York, and the Middle States you can find a beach. It is dead and dry now, and the waves went away long, long years ago, yet at one time they did roar and tumble there as they do now on the coast of Long Island.

2. You must know that the world has been for millions of years the workshop of the winds and waves. If any one had been in North America, say ten, twenty, or thirty thousand years ago—for no one can say exactly when it happened—he would have found that it was a very cold country. For a strange thing had happened. All the upper part of the continent had been lifted up out of the sea, and it was so terribly cold that the whole country was covered with a thick sheet of ice. Just as it covers Greenland to-day, the ice then extended over all New England and the Middle States, and stretched across Long Island Sound and Long Island, and out into the sea. There were glaciers in the valleys of the Connecticut and the Hudson like those which are now seen in Switzerland.

3. After a time, the land began to sink down again into the sea, and the summers grew warmer, and the water from the melting ice formed lakes and pools, shallow bays and rapid rivers. The whole mass of the ice began to slide down towards the sea. It plowed up the loose

earth, and tore off the rocks, and rolled them over and over, crushing and grinding them into sand and gravel. If we had lived then we should have said that the sea was invading the land; in truth, the land was sinking in the water, and every year the beaches moved farther and farther into the country.

4. There were traveling beaches, and there were great fights between the rivers of ice water and the stormy waves that tore up the sand and flung it down before the floods from the hills. There are hundreds of places in New England, and many places in all the Northern and Middle States as far west as Ohio, and all through the South, where you can find these old beaches. Every railroad cutting made through a gravelly hill will show you rounded pebbles and stones, layers of sand and gravel, all sorted out exactly as we see them on the shore to-day.

5. Look about and see if you can find a sand-bank or a gravel hill. Sand is used in house-building, and the masons in your town will be pretty sure to find a place where they can dig it out for use in their mortar beds. Look at one of these sandpits. The sand is arranged in layers and sheets. You cannot think that the sand made itself. You cannot imagine that the Creator rounded all these stones, and placed them in layers only for amusement, or to make something to puzzle us. Everything that we see had a cause; and if you find something far back in the country that seems just like the seashore, you may be very sure that the sea was once there. Sand and gravel are made by the waves where they dash upon the shore or roll down the rivers; so we may feel sure that where the sand is now, there were waves at some time.

6. If you were ever down upon a low, flat beach when

the tide was coming in, you may have seen that as the waves crept up, little capes, straits, islands, and bays were formed along the edge of the water. Every change of level in the water changed the shape of the layers of sand. So it has been with the continents; not any of them are now of the same shape they were at one time. They have been lifted up out of the water and let down again, and each time the coast line has been moved forward or backward. Europe was once much larger than now, and once of wholly different shape. Ireland joined England, and England touched France. The Connecticut Valley was a bay, and the Hudson Valley another, with a long, low peninsula between them.

7. Everywhere there has been change; not suddenly, but slowly, just like that which is going on to-day. No man has seen Sandy Hook growing, but it does grow. No one can measure how fast the hills are falling into the sea in some places along the coast; yet the work goes on all the time. The gravel heaps and sand-banks of New England and the sandy barrens of South Carolina and Georgia are comparatively new. That last change, when the beaches extended far back into the country, was really only a little while ago—half a million years, more or less. Before then there were older seas and more ancient shores.

8. As soon as there began to be land there was a beach. Perhaps the first land was only a sand-bar. Volcanoes threw out hot rocks and ashes, and these fell into the sea and were ground up into sand. These old, old beaches, so venerable that no man can count the years which have passed since the sea roared about them, are dead and turned to stone. To-day, as we know, they are called sandstones. You can see the ripple marks, and sometimes

even the old shells, in the stones of which our houses are built.

9. Men who have looked at the different kinds of rocks and have studied the work of the sea, the tides, and the waves, have tried to make a science of it all. They call it geology. It is a delightful and most instructive study, and one in which as you grow older you cannot help but become interested.

NEW WORDS.

gravel	extended	invading	gravelly
mortar	glaciers	wholly	amusement
straits	geology	venerable	comparatively
terribly	volcano	heaps	sand-bar

LESSON XXVII.

HOW THOR'S BOASTING CAME TO NAUGHT.

(Adapted from an Old Norse Legend.)

1. Thor and his two young companions walked boldly into the broad hall. There they saw a great many huge giants, some sitting, some standing, and some at big round tables engaged in quiet games. They passed entirely through this hall, but they were so small that they were not seen by any one. They came at length to the king's audience chamber, and seeing the great Utgard-Loke sitting on his throne, they stopped at the threshold and saluted him.

2. It was a long time before the giant king seemed to notice them; then, looking down from his high place, he said:

"Ah! here are three little creatures who have lost their way and strayed into our castle! Methinks that one of them looks like our old enemy, Thor of Gladsheim!"

3. "You are right," said Thor, stretching himself to his full height. "I am he."

"Well," said the king, "what is your errand here? Is there any way in which we can serve you?"

Thor did not know exactly what to say, but he answered, "We should like to find lodging here for the night, for the sun has set and we have no place to go to."

4. "On one condition only will we allow you to stop in our castle: you must prove to me that you can excel our men in some feat of strength or skill. Now, what can you do?"

Then Thor, who was very hungry, said,

"There is one thing that I can do, of which I am anxious to make trial at once. I can eat more food, and eat it faster, than can any of your big men of Jotunheim."

5. "We shall see," said the king.

Then he called his servants and bade them fill a long trough with meat, and set it on the floor. When this was done, he ordered one of the men, whose name was Flame, to eat against Thor. Thor began at one end of the trough, and Flame at the other, and both ate as fast as they could. In a few minutes they met at the middle; but Thor had eaten only the meat, while Flame had devoured the meat, the bones, and even the trough.

6. "What will you try now?" asked the king, smiling.

"I am very thirsty," said Thor, "and there is no one who can drink as much as I. Suppose we try it."

7. The king bade his servants bring his drinking horn.

"This is the horn," said he, "out of which we make our



"AH! HERE ARE THREE LITTLE CREATURES WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY."

courtiers drink when they break some of the rules of our court. Most of them can empty it at one draught, but some of the weaker ones have to drink twice. Come and try it."

Thor took a deep breath, put the horn to his lips, and drank as much as he could. When he stopped he was astonished to see that the vessel was as full as ever. The king laughed and said:

"I really thought that Thor could do better than that! Try again."

8. Thor braced himself for another long drink, put the horn to his mouth, and drank till he grew black in the face. Then he set the vessel down, and saw to his disgust that the horn was still so full that it would be hard to carry it without spilling.

9. "Well, well, friend Thor," said the king, roaring with laughter, "you drink quite bravely! But it is plain that you are not so great a man as you think you are, and you would better say so at once. Still if you would like to undertake something else, we shall not object. I think you might try a little game with which our children sometimes amuse themselves. They think it great fun to lift my old cat off the floor."

10. Thereupon he uttered a low whistle, and an old gray cat came out of a corner, and rubbed herself against his legs and purred very loudly. Thor grasped her round the body, and lifted with all his might. But the more he lifted, the more the beast bent her back, and all he could do was to lift one paw off the floor. At last, seeing that further trial would be vain, he let go of the cat and sat down.

11. "Enough!" said the king. "We have shown how great a boaster this little fellow Thor is. Nevertheless,

let him remain in our castle, as our guest, until morning. Then he must betake himself back to his own country."

So Thor and his two young companions were feasted at the king's table and allowed to rest for the night in the king's chamber; and in the morning they set out on their journey homeward.

12. King Utgard-Loke walked with them through the wood. As he was about to bid them good-by, he said:

"My good friend Thor, you have seen the giants in their own country, as you often boasted you would do. Now, how much honor do you think you have gained by coming to Jotunheim?"

"I must frankly own that I have gained none," said Thor, ashamed but truthful.

13. Then the giant told him that from the beginning to the end he had deceived him by false appearances.

"It was I who met you in the forest," said he; "and I dropped my mitten on purpose to give you a lodging place for the night. I tied the dinner bag with iron wire, so that you could find neither knots nor ends. When you struck at me under the tree you would have killed me if you had hit me. But I had drawn a mountain around me, and it was that which you struck instead of my head.

14. "When you sat down to the eating trial, it was with the flames of fire that I made you contend. My drinking horn, which you tried so hard to empty, was so connected with the sea that had you drunk all that it held you would have emptied old ocean itself. The cat which you could not lift was the great Midgard snake which holds the earth in its coils. And yet, notwithstanding your failures, you did so well that for a time we were all frightened.

"Now go home, friend Thor; for should you stay here,

I have other tricks in store with which to deceive you, and you would never get the better of me."

14. Thor was more angry than he had ever been before. He seized his hammer and turned to strike the giant king. But he had disappeared. He looked where the great castle had stood; but he saw nothing save a meadow-like plain covered with tall, waving grass. The palace of Utgard-Loke had also been a deception. Thor bit his lip with vexation, and made his way back, as quickly as he could, to his home at Asgard. He had gained wisdom, if nothing else, by his journey into Jotunheim.

NEW WORDS.

feat	disgust	vexation	methinks
trial	boaster	braced	audience
excel	betake	courtiers	deception
bade	contend	engaged	connected
trough	frankly	spilling	Midgard

LESSON XXVIII.

FOUR SUNBEAMS.

1. Four sunbeams came to the earth one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do—
Not to seek our own pleasure all the day through—
Then meet in the eve at the west."
2. One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide-and-seek with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,

And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

3. One sunbeam crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day—
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom—
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.
4. One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.
5. And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale;
And it kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
And that never should gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels should lift up the veil.
6. At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we've filled to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

NEW WORDS.

darkened	unrest	caressed	lightens
couch	invalid	lowliest	playfellows

LESSON XXIX.

— DO ANIMALS THINK?

1. The question has often been asked, Do animals think? I believe that some of them think a great deal. Many of them are like children in their sports. We notice this to be true very often with dogs and cats; but it is true with other animals as well. It is amusing to see porpoises playing with each other in the water. As they throw themselves up above the surface and then dive down again, they chase each other as dogs or cats often do in their play.

2. Some birds are very lively in their sports; and the same is true with some insects. The ants, industrious as they are, have their times for play. They run races; they wrestle; they run one after another, and dodge behind stalks of grass, just as boys dodge behind trees and posts; and sometimes they have mock fights together. Very busy must be their thoughts while engaged in these sports.

3. There are many animals, however, that never play; their thoughts seem to be of the more sober kind. We never see toads and frogs engaged in sport. They all the time appear to be very grave. The same is true of the owl, who always looks as if he were considering some important question.

4. A man who had spent all his life in a great city, once bought an owl, being told that it was a parrot. A day or two afterwards an acquaintance who understood the joke asked him if his parrot had learned to talk. "No," said he, "but he is all the time very busily thinking, and I

suppose that when he becomes better acquainted he will speak his thoughts."

5. See that spider on his web! He is watching for flies. The mind in his little brain thinks of every fly that comes buzzing along, and is anxious that it should get its legs entangled in the snares that he has woven. How glad he feels when he sees one caught by these snares! And if he fears that they are not strong enough to hold the fly, he runs and quickly weaves some more threads about him. In the same way do all animals that catch their prey think very busily while they are so engaged.

6. Animals think much while building their dwellings. The bird searches for what it can use in building its nest, and in doing this it thinks. The beavers think as they build their dams and their houses. They think in getting their materials, and also in arranging them, and in plastering them together with mud. Some spiders build houses which could scarcely have been made except by some thinking creature.

7. A kind of tarantula, the spider whose bite is very poisonous, builds its house in a wonderful manner. It first digs a hole in the ground, and then lines it by spinning a pure white satin-like silk over the interior, making the sides an unbroken tube of silk. When the underground room, or cellar, is finished, the spider proceeds to pile up bits of wood above it, and he places them just as boys build log houses, by laying them at right angles to each other. The spaces between the logs, or sticks, he fills with mud. Could any creature do this kind of work without thinking?

8. As animals think, they learn. Some learn more than others. The parrot learns to talk, though in some other

respects it is quite stupid. The mocking bird learns to imitate a great many different sounds. The horse is not long in learning many things connected with the work which he has to do. The shepherd dog does not know as much about most things as some other dogs, and yet he understands very well how to take care of sheep.

9. I have known a shepherd dog who would pick out any stray sheep from the midst of a whole flock, and drive it back to its own place. This dog was once seen trying to drive some sheep over a bridge which they were afraid to cross. He managed very well, and at length succeeded in getting them over; but it was very amusing to see how he did it. At one moment he was driving up some of the scattered ones, and at the next he was among the foremost, urging them forward. After a while he made some of the foremost pass over, and then the whole flock followed.

10. Though animals think and learn, they do not make any real improvement in their ways of doing things, as men do. Each kind of bird has its own way of building a nest, and it is always the same way. The moles build their tunneled dwellings under ground year after year without making any change. And so of other animals. They have no new fashions, and learn none from each other. But men, as you know, are always finding new ways of building houses, and improved methods of doing almost all kinds of labor.

11. Many of the things that animals know how to do they seem to know either without learning, or in some way which we cannot understand. They are said to do such things by instinct; but no one can tell what instinct is. It is by this instinct that birds build their nests, and bees

their honeycombs, and beavers their dams and huts. If these things were all planned and thought out just as men plan new houses, there would be some changes in the fashions of them, and some improvements.

12. I have spoken of the building instinct of beavers. An English gentleman caught a young one and put him at first in a cage. After a while he let him out in a room where there was a great variety of things. As soon as he was let out he began to exercise his building instinct. He gathered together whatever he could find, brushes, baskets, boots, clothes, sticks, bits of coal, etc., and arranged them as if to build a dam. Now, if he had had his wits about him, he would have known that there was no use in building a dam where there was no water.

13. It is plain that, while animals learn about things by their senses as we do, they do not think nearly as much about what they learn, and this is the reason why they do not improve more rapidly. Even the wisest of them, as the elephant and the dog, do not think very much about what they see and hear. Nor is this all. There are some things that we understand, but about which animals know nothing. They have no knowledge of anything that happens outside of their own observation. Their minds are so much unlike ours that they do not know the difference between right and wrong.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

NEW WORDS.

dodge	toads	instinct	rapidly
snares	interior	tarantula	observation
wrestle	proceeds	porpoises	angles
imitate	dwellings	tunneled	plastering

LESSON XXX.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.

I.

1. In the autumn of 1777, Colonel Hamilton, the Governor of Canada, resolved to make an attack upon Wheeling. For this purpose he employed a man named Simon Girty. Girty was a white man who had been captured when a boy by the Indians, and who had joined one of their tribes and become a leader among them. He was a great rascal, and for some reason hated the Americans. At the head of a company of about five hundred Indians he marched southward from the Great Lakes toward Kentucky. The route taken was not in the direction of Wheeling. But Girty's intention was to deceive the whites; for when he reached the Ohio River, a little above Cincinnati, he turned to the left, and hurried up the river to surprise Fort Henry.

2. This was an important border fort, and a small village of about twenty-five log houses had sprung up around it. The fort was quite a good place of refuge. It was built of logs in the shape of an oblong, and had block-houses, as they were called, at the four corners; in these the men fought, firing through holes in the logs. There were also in the fort a number of cabins for the women and children, a good well to supply water, and a magazine to hold the arms and gunpowder. The main entrance was by a gate which was on the east side, toward the village. When the people learned that these Indians were coming that way, they left their homes in the vil-

lage and hastened into the fort. The gate was hardly closed behind them when Girty and his savages appeared.

3. The Indians advanced in two ranks, in "open order," dodging behind the trees, and ready to begin the attack. Girty went into a log cabin which was not far from the gate of the fort, and, opening a small window, waved a white flag, which meant that he had something to say. At this the whites stopped firing, as they had begun to do, and listened while Girty read a paper to them. This was a proclamation from Colonel Hamilton, ordering them to lay down their arms and surrender. If they did so, he promised that no harm should happen to them; but if they refused, the fort would be attacked, and the Indians would put them all to death.

4. When Girty had read to the end of the paper he asked what they meant to do. The answer was promptly given. Colonel Shepherd called out from the fort that they never meant to surrender to a rascal like *him*, and that he would never get possession of the fort until he had killed the last man in it. At this the people in the fort cheered, to show their approval of his reply, and a young man fired at Girty, who saved himself by dodging back into the cabin.

5. The fighting began at once. It was a beautiful September morning, and the red and yellow foliage of the woods shone in the sunshine. The Indians advanced with loud yells, firing as they came; and the fire was returned from the fort, where each one picked out his man and took deadly aim, in order not to waste powder. A number of the savages were killed, and those who remained saw that nothing could be gained by fighting in that manner.

6. A party of them, therefore, rushed up close to the fort and tried to thrust their guns through holes between the logs and fire at the whites. In this they were very unfortunate; for the whites killed nearly all of the attacking party, and forced the whole army of Indians to fall back, yelling, into the woods.

7. The men in the fort now held a consultation. They knew too much about Indians to believe that they were going to give up the struggle. Their retreat into the woods, they felt sure, was only for a short time, and they would very soon make another attack. They therefore prepared for this, but found to their great dismay that scarcely any gunpowder was left in the fort.

8. There was a keg of powder in one of the houses in the village, and this, in their great haste, they had forgotten. What was to be done? They must have more powder or they could not fight, and they and the women and children would be put to death. The only thing to do was to try to get the keg which had been left behind. The house in which the keg had been left stood only about sixty yards from the gate of the fort; but they knew that although they could not see the Indians, they were on the watch; as soon as a man left the fort he would probably be killed.

9. Colonel Shepherd told his men exactly how the matter was, and asked if any one would volunteer to go after the powder. At this three or four young men and boys stepped forward and said they were willing to go. But the colonel replied that he could not spare three or four men—there were already too few in the fort. One would do, and they must agree among themselves which one it must be. This caused quite a dispute. One said *he*

would go, but another said *he* would; and they went on disputing and losing time, until there was danger that the Indians would renew the attack before they should come to any agreement.

10. At this moment a young lady among the women in the fort came forward and said that *she* was ready to go. Her name was Elizabeth Zane, and she had just come home from a boarding school in Philadelphia. Of course the men would not listen to such a thing. It was their place, they said, to expose their lives, and not the place of women and girls; but Elizabeth went on urging that she ought to be allowed to go. She was told that she would almost certainly be killed, and therefore a man ought to go for the powder. But this, she said, was the very reason why she offered herself. They could not spare a man, as they had so few; but the loss of a girl would not amount to much.

11. And so, at length, they agreed that she might go after the keg of gunpowder. The house in which it was hidden stood, as I have said, about sixty yards from the fort, and Elizabeth hoped to run and bring the powder in a very few minutes. She said she was ready, and then the gate of the fort opened, and she passed through, running like a deer toward the house, and looking neither to the right nor to the left.

NEW WORDS.

route	oblong	promptly	volunteer
thrust	advance	approval	expose
rascal	entrance	surrender	consultation
refuge	dismay	magazine	proclamation
renew	retreat	foliage	employed

LESSON XXXI.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.

II.

1. When Elizabeth Zane ran out from the fort, a few straggling Indians were observed dodging about among the log houses of the town. They saw the girl, for the people in the fort observed them looking at her; but for some reason they did not fire at her. Why they did not do so no one can say. They may have supposed that she was only running to the house to get her clothes, or a hairbrush, or some other article which girls like to have. They supposed, no doubt, that it would only be throwing away a load of gunpowder to fire at a girl who was of no use to anybody. As they felt certain that they would take the fort, they could easily kill her afterwards by dashing her brains out with a tomahawk. So they quietly looked at her as she ran across to the house, and did not fire a single shot at her.

2. As they were so anxious to capture Fort Henry, it would have been better if they had killed the girl, for she was destined to save it. She hastened into the house, found the keg of gunpowder, which was probably small, and, holding her precious load with both arms close to her breast, darted out again, and ran with it in the direction of the fort. As she ran the Indians saw her, and understood what she had come for. Uttering a wild yell they leveled their guns and sent a shower of bullets at her, but all flew wide of the mark; they whistled to the right and left, but did not strike her. With the keg still hugged

close to her bosom she reached the fort, and the gate closed as the bullets of the Indians buried themselves in the thick panels behind her.

3. Very soon the Indians again rushed from all sides toward the fort, and the fighting became more obstinate and bloody than before. But the whites kept cool. Every one continued to pick out his man and take sure aim at him, and the ground was soon strewn with dead Indians on every side. Late in the day about twenty savages, who were hidden in the house which Elizabeth had visited in the morning, made a dash toward the gate of the fort. They were armed with heavy rails and logs, and tried to break down the gate. In this they failed. Five or six of them were killed, and the rest ran back to shelter.

4. About sunset they made one more attempt to force their way in. They had found an old maple log which was hollow, and in one end of this they drove a plug of wood so as to close it tightly. They then wrapped around it some heavy chains, which they had found in a blacksmith's shop, and loaded it with a full charge of gunpowder, on which they rammed stones and slugs and pieces of broken iron, until it was full to the muzzle. This strange sort of cannon was then carried forward to within sixty yards of the gate of the fort, and pointed toward it.

5. The maple-log cannon was then fired off. The noise which it made was terrible. The air was filled with the yells of the Indians — yells which were not of triumph, however. The old log had burst into a hundred pieces; and many of the Indians were killed or mangled by the flying splinters and pieces of broken iron. This so much discouraged them that they fell back to the woods, and the whites had a short time to breathe after their long

day's work. They had fought almost all the time from daylight till dark; and we are told that their rifles became so hot by such constant firing that they were forced to lay them aside to allow them to cool.

6. By this time the news of the attack had reached other places near Wheeling. The hunters, therefore, seized their rifles and hastened to help their friends; and about daybreak next morning Major M'Culloch, from a place called Shot Creek, arrived with forty men. As soon as the people in the fort saw them the gate was opened, and the men hastened in. The Indians had seen them, and were rushing after them and firing upon them; yet all of them succeeded in entering the fort except the major himself. Like a good soldier, he was behind, facing the enemy, and determined to be the last man to enter the gate. All were safely in now, and M'Culloch spurred his horse after them. But the Indians rushed between, and he found himself cut off.

7. He looked around him and saw that he could never force his way to the gate. He therefore struck the spurs into his horse, and set off at full speed toward Wheeling Hill, followed by the Indians. They could easily have killed him had they wished. He was a famous Indian fighter, and they hated him so bitterly that they did not wish him to die by a death so easy as shooting. What they desired was to take him prisoner, when they intended to burn him to death, in order to be revenged upon him for killing so many of their warriors.

8. M'Culloch knew this, and he made up his mind to die rather than be taken prisoner. There seemed no hope at all for him. He had reached Wheeling Hill; before him was a precipitous slope of about one hundred and fifty feet,

at the bottom of which ran Wheeling Creek; the Indians had hemmed him in on every other side. To dash down the precipice would be almost certain death, but M'Culloch saw that it was his only hope of escape. He therefore took his rifle in his left hand, gathered up the reins in his right, and dug spurs into his horse, who leaped forward with his rider. Strangely enough, they were neither of them killed. Horse and rider made the perilous descent in safety and plunged into the deep water of the creek below; then, quickly swimming out, they dashed into the woods, and M'Culloch succeeded in making his escape.

9. The attack on Fort Henry was soon ended. Simon Girty saw that the attempt to capture the place was hopeless, and, after burning the village, he led what remained of his Indian army back into the woods, and returned to Canada.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEW WORDS.

hemmed	major	splinters	obstinate
plug	panels	precipice	revenged
slugs	muzzle	fighter	rammed
brink	destined	mangled	tomahawk

LESSON XXXII.

THE POWER OF THE SUNBEAMS.

1. Tell me, is there anything in the world busier and more active than water as it rushes along in the swift brook, or dashes over the stones, or spouts up in the fountain, or trickles down from the roof, or shakes itself into ripples on the surface of the pond when the wind blows over it?

2. But have you never seen this water spellbound and motionless? Look out of the window some cold, frosty morning in winter at the little brook which but yesterday was flowing past the house, and see how still it lies, with the stones, over which it was dashing, held tightly now in its icy grasp.

3. Notice the wind-ripples on the surface of the pond; they have become fixed and motionless. Look up at the roof of the house; there, instead of living doves merely charmed to sleep—as in the wonderful fairy tale—we have running water caught in the very act of falling, and turned into transparent icicles, which hang from the eaves like a beautiful crystal fringe.

4. On every tree and bush you will catch the water-drops napping in the form of little crystals; while the fountain looks like a tree of glass with long, down-hanging, pointed leaves. Even the moisture of your own breath lies white and still on the window pane, frozen into delicate patterns like fern leaves of ice. All this water was yesterday flowing without rest, or falling drop by drop, or floating unseen in the air; now it is all caught and spellbound. By what, or by whom? By the enchantments of the Frost-giant, who holds it fast in his grip and will not let it go.

5. But wait awhile; the deliverer will come. In a few weeks or days—it may be hours—the brave sun will shine down; the dull gray clouds will melt before him; and the sunbeam will gently kiss the frozen water and set it free. Then the brook will ripple on again, the frost-drops will be shaken from the trees, the icicles will fall from the roof, and the fountain will leap again into the bright, warm sunshine.

6. When the power of the Frost-giant has thus been broken, let us go out and watch nature at work. Listen to the wind as it blows; look at the clouds rolling overhead, and at the waves rippling at your feet. Watch a shower of rain. Where do the drops come from? From the clouds, you will say. But how did they get into the clouds? By what power were they raised from the surface of the earth or the sea, and carried to such a height?

7. Now the shower is over, the sun comes out, and the ground is soon as dry as though no rain had fallen. What has become of the raindrops? Part no doubt have sunk into the ground, and as for the rest you will say that the sun has dried them up. Yes, but how? The sun is more than ninety-one millions of miles away; how has he touched the raindrops? Have you ever heard that invisible waves are traveling every second over the space between the sun and us? These waves are the sun's messengers to us, and they tear asunder the raindrops on the ground, scattering them in tiny particles too small for us to see, and bearing them away to the clouds.

8. If, however, the day is cold and frosty, the water does not fall in a shower of rain; it comes down in the shape of noiseless snow. Go out after such a snow shower, on a calm day, and look at some of the flakes which have fallen; you will see that they are not mere frozen masses of water, but that each one is a beautiful six-pointed crystal star. Now, how have these crystals been built up? What power has placed in order their delicate forms?

9. Suppose that this snow shower has fallen early in March. Let us clear some of the newly-fallen snow from off the flower-bed on the lawn. What is that little green tip peeping up out of the ground under the snowy cover-

ing? It is a young snowdrop plant. Can you tell me why it grows? where it finds its food? what makes it spread out its leaves and add to its stalk day by day?

10. From the cold garden you run into the house, and find the fire laid indeed in the grate, but the wood dead and the coals black, waiting to be lighted. You strike a match, and soon there is a blazing fire. Where does the heat come from? Why do the coals burn and give out a glowing light? Have you not read of the little elves buried deep in the earth and held there till some fairy wand has set them free and allowed them to come to the air and sunlight again? Well, thousands and millions of years ago, these black coals were plants; and they caught the sunbeams and worked them into their leaves and held them fast.

11. Then the plants died and were buried deep in the earth, and the sunbeams with them; and like the elves they lay imprisoned until the coals were dug out by the miners and brought to your grate; and just now you yourself took hold of the fairy wand which was to set them free. You struck a match, and soon the sunbeams, so long imprisoned, leaped into flame. Then you spread out your hands and cried, "Oh, how nice and warm!" and little thought that you were warming yourself with the sunbeams of ages and ages ago.

NEW WORDS.

icy	icicles	unseen	enchantments
grip	asunder	charmed	deliverer
wand	merely	overhead	spellbound
tightly	pattern	moisture	transparent

LESSON XXXIII.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

1. Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down
the street ;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the
lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are many faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest
night.
2. With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every
way,
She clings close to the railing, she shivers in the gloom—
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the
room ;
And children with grave faces are whispering to each
other
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen and no one hears her speak ;
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.
3. No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery !

Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings
round,

As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the
ground.

And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be
sure,

Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to the poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way ;
And no one kindly looks at her, and no one bids her stay.

4. Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an unfeeling sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses
meet,

And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her freez-
ing feet.

Then she looks up at the cold, cold wall, and at the
colder sky,

And wonders if the twinkling stars are bright fires up
on high.

She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
In a very sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight
hour.

5. And then she thinks of the pretty tales her mother used
to tell,

And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight
fell ;

Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,

Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most
wild ;

He was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate, and
lone ;

And yet the song had told her that he was ever with
his own ;

And all the poor, and hungry, and forsaken ones are his—
“How good of him to look on me in such a place as
this !”

6. Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart and the weight upon her
brow ;

But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and
bare,

That she might look around her and see if he were there.
The single match has kindled ; and by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two ;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly victuals, rich milk, and pleasant
bread.

7. She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what
they did say,

Then all was darkness once again—the match had
burned away.

She struck another hastily, and then she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas
tree.

The branches were all laden with things that children
prize,

Bright gifts for boys and maidens—she saw them with
her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the
welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, for the little match
went out.

8. Another, yet another she tried—they would not light ;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her
might :

And the whole lone place was lighted with the sudden
glare,

And she thought there stood a little child before her
in the air.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas
tree,

Then up to the starlit sky, and said, “Gretchen, come
with me.”

The poor child felt her pulses fail, her eyes begin to
swim,

And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dear
mother’s hymn.

And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned
from that bright board,

And from the golden gifts, and said, “With thee, with
thee, O Lord !”

9. The chilly winter morning dawns with dull and cheer-
less skies,

On the city wrapped in vapor, on the spot where Gret-
chen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against
the wall,

She sits there cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

They lifted her up tenderly, they shuddered as they said,

"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead!"
And they shivered as they spoke, and sighed. They
could not see

How much of happiness there was after so much misery.

NEW WORDS.

sire	chilly	solemn	coldly	whisperer
scant	pulses	goodly	richly	forsaken
lone	flicker	victuals	hastily	clamorous
savor	manger	tattered	curlth	blessings
rigid	railing	warmly	starlit	unfeeling

LESSON XXXIV.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

I.

1. A few years ago all that country which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the rich valleys of the Mississippi and the lower Missouri was an unknown land. Tribes of savage Indians and vast herds of buffaloes roamed at will over the plains; and but few white men, except hunters and trappers, dared venture into those wild, uncultivated regions.

2. Now, however, all has been changed. The buffaloes have been almost altogether destroyed; and the few Indians who remain there seldom give any trouble to the settlers who are fast taking possession of every tract of valuable land. The plains themselves have become one

great pasture on which hundreds of thousands of cattle are raised to supply the beef-markets of the Eastern cities.

3. But little rain falls on the plains, and the soil is quite different from that in the great farming regions in the states farther east. Hence there is not such an abundance of vegetation as in places where there is more moisture. The grass is short, and not very plentiful; and there are few trees except in the valleys along the water courses. Here and there are small desert tracts where even the grass will not grow; but there the stunted sagebrush and the cactus find nourishment and live.

4. At first thought it is hard to understand how so many thousands of cattle can find pasturage in such a region as this. But we must remember that the plains extend for hundreds and hundreds of miles in every direction, reaching southward to Mexico and the Rio Grande River, and northward to the Dominion of Canada. Hence, for every animal in those vast cattle-herds there are several acres of pasturage. Every great cattle owner has his own range of pasture land, which, with the necessary inclosures and buildings, is called a ranch. The best ranches are those which, while they yield abundance of grass, have a plentiful supply of water for the summer, and are sheltered by ranges of hills from the bitter north winds of winter.

5. The buildings upon different ranches are, of course, of many kinds and styles, varying not only according to the tastes and circumstances of the owners, but also to suit the climate and other natural conditions of different regions. Those in the north are quite unlike those in the far south. The ranchman of New Mexico sometimes builds his house of claylike mud from the bed of a stream,

which he mixes with a little straw or hay to keep it from crumbling when dry.

6. The mud is first molded into large bricks, and then these are placed one upon another until they form the walls of the house. About a foot from the top, logs are laid across for the ceiling, and above these the roof is built. Then the house is plastered inside and outside with mud, and, in the hot rays of the sun and the clear, dry air of New Mexico, the whole is soon baked almost as hard as a brick. Many of the houses in the southern part of the great plain, as well as in Arizona and the old Mexican towns of California, are built in this way. They are called adobe houses.

7. On some of the ranches the houses are built of round logs of cottonwood; the spaces between the logs are filled up with moss and mud, so as to keep out the wind; and the roofs are made by piling loose branches upon the walls, and covering the whole with earth. Sometimes the logs are carefully hewn and fitted together; the roof is made of split shingles; and the walls and ceilings of the rooms are lined with heavy cloth, for the sake of cleanliness as well as warmth. On the larger ranches several of these cabins are often grouped together in a cluster, the best one being for the ranchman, or manager, and the others for his workmen, the cowboys. But on the newer and smaller ranches the only shelter is a dugout, which is simply a hole in the ground, covered over with poles and mud.

8. On the larger ranches there are a great many herds of cattle, each herd numbering from fifty to several hundred head. As at least twenty-five acres of pasturage are usually allowed to support each animal, one can form some idea of the great extent of land belonging to each ranch.

Of course, to take care of so many cattle, and to drive them to the railroad stations from which they are shipped to the markets, a great number of cowboys must be employed. These cowboys are a peculiar class, in some respects like the Gauchos who live on the Pampas or great plains of South America.

NEW WORDS.

vast	cactus	varying	circumstances
acre	extend	dugout	beef-markets
ranch	fertile	pasturage	cleanliness
adobe	stunted	inclosure	sagebrush
hewn	cowboy	ranchman	uncultivated

LESSON XXXV.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

II.

1. The cowboys are, as a rule, smaller and not so strong as the men who spend their lives among the mountains or in the backwoods of the West. Their faces are tanned by exposure to the sun and winds, and usually wear a hard, haggard look, caused by their reckless habits of living. Their life is one of great hardship and many dangers; and although they are generous and hospitable, they care but little for the common rules of civilized society.

2. Most of their time is spent in the saddle, and there are few horses, however vicious or unruly, which a cow-



HERDING CATTLE ON THE PLAINS. (*Drawn from an Instantaneous Photograph.*)

boy is not able to ride. Some of the best riders take pride in showing their skill. Sitting easily in the saddle, as if without a thought of care, the practised cowboy cannot be thrown by any sudden pitch or plunge that his horse may choose to make. After the animal has been well broken, his master trains him to perform the tricks and movements peculiar to the business of cattle-herding—to stop or wheel instantly at a touch of the reins, to start at full speed at a given signal, and to stand quietly in his place when left.

3. In loose coils, hanging from the horn of his saddle, the cowboy always carries a strong hair rope. This rope is used for a great many purposes, and next to the horse is perhaps the most valuable of the cowboy's possessions. Its chief use is that of a lasso for the purpose of catching wild or unmanageable cattle. To become a skillful "roper" requires long practice, and needs that the man should have begun it in earliest childhood. A cowboy who excels as a roper is paid the highest wages, and is seldom fit for anything else.

4. The cattle on the plains are all branded with letters, figures, or signs denoting the ranch to which they belong. Each ranch has its own peculiar mark, and the law does not permit any other to use it. The branding is done while the animals are quite young, and is usually the work of a man who does this as a business. It is no easy task. The cows and calves are separated from the beef-cattle and driven off in herds by themselves. Then three or four cowboys, who are skillful ropers, catch the calves and drag them to the brander, who burns the brand on their hips, sides, or shoulders with a hot iron. They are then turned loose and allowed to run back to their mothers, thor-

oughly frightened, but otherwise not much the worse for the rough treatment.

5. Towards the end of the summer the really hard work of the season begins. The beef-cattle are gathered together in droves of from four hundred to as many thousand each, and driven to the nearest railway station to be shipped to the East. The driving of these cattle requires great skill and patience, and only the best men are chosen for this work. If there is plenty of good grass along the route, the drove will travel fifteen or twenty miles a day; but oftentimes the station is so far away that many days are required for the journey.

6. In the meanwhile, the cowboys who were left on the ranch are making up another drove; and when the drivers return home they find another lot of beef-cattle ready to be taken to the station. And thus the work is kept going until the blustering winds and blinding snows of winter force all hands to stop work. Then both horses and cattle are allowed to run at will, and find their own scanty living on the plains until the opening of spring gives the signal for another season of hard labor. Sometimes large numbers of the cattle perish during the winter for want of shelter and sufficient food; but the cattle owners know how to reckon for this loss, and the most of them make large profits at the end of the year.

NEW WORDS.

hips	society	brander	exposure
lasso	reckon	denoting	treatment
brand	herds	sufficient	hospitable
signal	unruly	haggard	oftentimes
roper	tanned	backwoods	unmanageable

LESSON XXXVI.

PETER THE GREAT.

1. Nearly two hundred years ago, in the little town of Saardam in Holland, a number of ship carpenters were busily employed in making boats and building sailing vessels of different kinds. Some of the younger ones were whistling in a careless offhand manner any tune that happened to strike their fancy; two or three were singing a favorite air, making their hammers as they sang keep time with the music; others, among the older men, were talking about politics or the state of trade.

2. Among the latter was one who, though wearing the same dress and doing the same kind of work, was plainly not a common workman like the rest. In the first place, he was not a Dutchman, for he spoke with a strong foreign accent. Though by no means a silent man, his talk was most about the business of shipbuilding. His manners were such that, though the men were rather curious to know who he was, they were strangely impressed by his manly bearing, and never ventured to ask him questions about himself. They noticed that every now and then he would stand perfectly silent for a time, plying his tools, but not speaking, seeming as if he were lost in deep thought. Then an anxious look would come over his face, and his bright eye would become fixed as if he were thinking of something of great importance.

3. This strange ship carpenter, as his fellow-workmen afterwards learned, was no other than Peter the Great, the Emperor of Russia.

When only seventeen years of age Peter had become the ruler of his country. His education had been neglected, and whatever training he had had was not such as to fit him for the place which he now held. Knowing this, he resolved to improve himself by every possible means. He was willing to do the hardest kind of labor, if in that way he could learn anything that would be of use to him.

4. Russia had at that time no shipping on the seas, and Peter wished very much to strengthen his empire by having a fleet of his own. It was for this reason that he disguised himself as a workman and hewed timber in the famous shipyard of Saardam. After spending nine months in Holland, Peter crossed over to England, still in disguise, though not in the dress of a workman. His object was to examine the dockyards and the shipping at London. William the Third, who was then King of England; gave him two vessels to use whenever he chose; besides this, he made him a present of a fine sailing ship called *The Royal Transport*. Peter spent his leisure time in studying engineering, surgery, and medicine; and for pastime he now and then played chess, a game of which he was very fond.

5. When, after many months, Peter returned to his own country, he set about improving the condition of his empire. Almost the first thing that he did was to place a heavy tax on beards and long gowns, so as to oblige the men of Russia to dress in a more modern style. But he found that most of his people were so foolishly fond of the old fashion that they would rather pay the tax than make any change. He therefore ordered a number of tailors and barbers to stand at the gates of the city of

Moscow, there to shave the beard and cut away the long gown of every man who entered. By this means he obliged his subjects to dress like the people of other civilized nations.

6. Up to that time Moscow had been the capital of Russia; but being so far inland, it could have but little commerce, and Peter resolved to build a new city nearer the coast. He chose for the location of this city a spot on the Neva River not far from the Baltic Sea. But all of that district belonged to the Swedes, and he was obliged to carry on a great war with Sweden in order to gain possession of it. It was nothing better than highway robbery, and yet by this means he gained for Russia an outlet to the sea.

7. Having obtained possession of the desired district, Peter set about the building of his new city. He had planned everything so well, that when the work was once begun it seemed as if it were half done. No expense was spared with regard to the materials used; and the number of workmen employed was very great. Owing to the severe cold of the winter, and the hardships which they were obliged to undergo, a hundred thousand of these laborers died in one year. The place which had been chosen for the city was little better than a great swamp, very low and damp, and likely at any time to suffer from floods. But Peter had made up his mind that his capital should be a seaport town, and so he was not disheartened by any of these disadvantages. The swamp was partly filled up, and the great city of St. Petersburg was built where before had been only a desert waste.

8. During the few years of the reign of Peter the Great, Russia, instead of being a country of semibarbarians, be-

came a civilized nation; and not only the city of St. Petersburg, but the entire Russian empire may now be regarded as the monument to that wonderful man and most ambitious ruler.

NEW WORDS.

off-hand	leisure	pastime	impressed
chess	district	surgery	dockyard
accent	modern	highway	monument
outlet	politics	medicine	engineering
barber	bearing	shipping	disadvantages
seaport	disguise	ambitious	semibarbarians

LESSON XXXVII.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
2. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sidewise, half covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
3. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

4. The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the
wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones answer his call.
5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds
dear.
6. The heart of the dreamer beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."
7. Ah, what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah, what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting death in the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
8. He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck!
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!
9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the Death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the
wave!

10. O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
 In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss.
 Where, now, is the picture that Fancy touched bright—
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and Love's honeyed kiss?
11. O sailor boy, sailor boy, never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay!
 Ne'er blessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.
12. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye.
 O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul!

NEW WORDS.

aye	unite	pinions	jessamine
bliss	mercy	confronts	amazement
dire	visions	transport	unhonored
knell	ecstasy	clambers	sidewise
latch	restored	hammock	impearled
watchworn	fathom	lightning	tremendously

LESSON XXXVIII.

MARCO POLO.

1. There is a very old book of travels, written by Marco Polo, an Italian, who visited China more than six hundred years ago. The father and uncle of Marco, who were merchants in Venice, had already been to that country and had spent some years at the court of the Emperor Khubla Khan. On their return to Venice they had many

wonderful stories to tell of the strange countries which they had explored, and the adventures with which they had met; and two years afterwards they started again on their travels, with letters and presents to the emperor from the pope of Rome. Marco, then a young man of twenty, went with them.

2. They traveled over land and water, mountains and deserts, and encountered many hardships and dangers; but after a journey of four years they reached the city of Peking, then called Cambalu. When the khan heard that they were coming, he sent people to meet them a month and a half before they arrived, and gave directions that they should be shown every possible honor.

3. When at last they reached the royal city, a great feast was made for them in the khan's palace. The throne, which stood on a platform at the head of the long table, sparkled with gold and precious gems; and on this was seated the emperor of Cathay, as China was then called, with his four wives around him, and hosts of servants standing ready to do his bidding.

4. Everybody who was looked upon as belonging to good society in Cambalu was present at this feast of welcome to the travelers; and jewels and plumes, and gold and brilliant colors, and beautiful faces were mingled together in the most wonderful manner. After the company had left the table, jugglers and musicians came in to entertain and amuse them; and very likely the tired strangers were glad enough when it was all over, and they could retire to the splendid palace which had been made ready for them.

5. The next day they presented to the emperor the pope's letter, and a small bottle filled with the oil used

for the silver lamps in the church of the holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. The khan saw from the manner of the travelers that this oil was thought to have some strange virtues, and he received it with many thanks. He asked many questions about their journey and about people and things in Europe; and he was so well pleased with young Marco that he at once gave him an important place in his own household.

6. The young man began, without loss of time, to study the language, laws, and customs of this strange country, in order that he might be able to perform the duties of his office; and such was the regard which the khan felt for him, that he was soon sent on important business to many different places in the empire. It was in this way that Marco Polo learned so much about Cathay.

7. Khubla Khan was at war with some of the countries south of Cathay, and Marco Polo aided him in many ways. He showed him how to make and use those machines called catapults, common at that time in Europe for hurling heavy stones against the walls and towers of besieged cities. The banner of Khubla Khan was soon waving over the crushed walls of his enemies' cities, and Marco Polo and his father and uncle were rewarded with wealth and great honors.

8. After spending seventeen years in Cathay, the Polos longed to see their native city again; but the emperor, who was now an old man, did not like to part with them. Luckily, however, for the homesick strangers, the khan's granddaughter was to be given in marriage to the King of Persia, and had started on her journey to that country; but after traveling for eight months, she had been

obliged, on account of war in some of the countries through which she was to pass, to turn back to Cambalu. The Polos saw that now they might find an excuse for leaving the country. They promised to take the bridal party safely to Persia by way of the sea; and the khan agreed to let them go, on condition that they should return to him again after a short visit home.

9. It was eighteen months before they reached Ormuz, on the shore of the Persian Gulf. In the meanwhile, six hundred of the princess's attendants had perished; and, what was still worse, they found, on arriving there, that the bridegroom, the King of Persia, was no longer living; and they were overtaken by messengers from Cathay, who brought news of the death of Khubla Khan, the emperor.

10. The Polos, feeling now that they were no longer bound by their promise to return, started, after some delay, on their long journey to Venice. They reached that city in safety, after having been absent twenty-four years. At first, no one would believe that these strange-looking travelers were the Polos who had once been so well known there; but they soon proved their identity, and became known far and wide as the most wonderful travelers of that time.

11. Some years after this there was war between Venice and Genoa, and Marco Polo was taken prisoner by the Genoese. During a long and dreary imprisonment he amused himself by writing an account of his travels and of his life at Cambalu. This book was one of very great interest to the readers of that day; but it is now valuable rather as a kind of ancient relic.

12. Some of the pictures which it contains are very amusing, because of the rudeness of their design. One,

which is intended to represent an elephant hunt, makes the elephants appear shorter than the horses, while the trees seem to be growing out of their backs. Another shows us the khan seated in a large room which is carried by four elephants. These animals are shaped very much like pigs, and have big rosettes, supposed to be intended for saddles, on their backs. A crowd of people gaze with awe upon their emperor as he is borne along in this strange manner.

Altogether, there are few books more curious than this old book of travels written by Marco Polo.

NEW WORDS.

pope	bridal	identity	attendants
khan	absent	mingled	sepulcher
relic	virtues	jugglers	musicians
royal	rosettes	brilliant	bridegroom
finally	bidding	catapult	encountered

LESSON XXXIX.

WHAT THE WAVES WERE ALWAYS SAYING.

1. Paul lay in his little bed listening to the noises in the street quite tranquilly; not caring much how time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and

that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

3. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and, leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

4. When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured? he saw—the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came one by one into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked softly how he was. Paul always answered

for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you. Tell papa so."

5. By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and then he would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river.

"Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

6. But Floy would always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

7. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now."

They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually fade away; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

8. How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never counted, never tried to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind and he more grateful every day; but whether there were many days or few appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

9. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train

of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face like mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

10. He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh, yes, dear."

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul.

11. Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please."

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy."

12. Paul closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro. Then he said:

"Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

13. Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his

bed. He saw them now about him. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

14. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul.

15. Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it is very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

16. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

17. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by her face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

18. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death.

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW WORDS.

print	recline	resistless	reflection
quest	decline	unchanged	estranged
choke	colorless	tendency	tranquilly
scroll	deepen	firmament	suggested
fondle	lulling	reassure	immortality
divine	reviving	presently	incredulously

LESSON XL.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

1. You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.
2. Yet birds' sweetest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And the bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

3. "Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone,
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.
4. Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.
5. The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children long to grow.
6. I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.
7. I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head:
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."
8. I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be!

JEAN INGELOW.

NEW WORDS.

bide
aster
carol

yearn
aught
musing

steeple
wearily
conveys

matted
heather
foxglove

LESSON XLI.

CROCODILES AND ALLIGATORS.

1. Crocodiles and alligators are similar in shape and in their modes of life, yet they are not alike in every respect. The chief difference is in the structure of their jaws. In the crocodiles there is a notch on the sides of the upper jaw, into which the teeth of the lower jaw are received; but in the alligators there is a kind of hollow or pit instead of a notch. Crocodiles are found in Africa and Asia; alligators live in the warmer regions of America.

2. Crocodiles and alligators are to reptiles what lions and tigers are to the cat tribe. They are savage creatures, feeding on living prey, and catching that prey by stealth. Although they live almost entirely in the water, they pass some of their time on land. Their bodies are clothed with a tough skin, covered with hard, horny plates strong enough to resist almost any weapon except the best fire-arms.

3. Their jaws are very long, and are armed with rows of sharply pointed teeth. As fast as one set of teeth is worn out or broken, another takes its place. The mode of attack by these reptiles is rather a curious one. Lurking under the shadow of a bank, they watch for any animal that may come to the riverside. When it is near enough, they sweep it into the water by a blow of the tail, seize it in their jaws and devour it.

4. The form and color of the body enable the creature to conceal itself in a wonderfully perfect manner. Just as the tawny skin of the lion resembles the sand on which

it crouches, as the striped fur of the tiger mimics the blades of grass through which it creeps, or as the spots of the leopard are like the irregular light and shade of the foliage in which it hides—so do the bodies of crocodiles and alligators resemble tree trunks and logs floating in the water.

5. One might imagine that the reptile would itself be drowned while destroying its prey, as its mouth would necessarily be kept open underneath the water. The jaws and mouth, however, are so constructed that the creature can hold its prey under the surface, and yet no water can run down its throat. In the first place, the nostrils are set at the very end of the snout; and, in the next, there is a curious valve in the throat which opens and closes only for the passage of air. So when a crocodile seizes its prey, it sinks its body and the whole of its jaws into the water, allowing only its nostrils to remain above the surface. Thus it can breathe through the nostrils, and though the open jaws are beneath the surface, no water can flow down the throat into the lungs.

6. Crocodiles sometimes attain a very great size. Sixteen or seventeen feet is the average length. But many of them reach twenty-five feet, and there is in the British Museum a skull which shows that its owner must have measured fully thirty feet in length. On land they are awkward creatures, but in the water they are very active, moving themselves here and there by means of their tails, and using their legs more for balancing themselves than to aid in swimming.

7. One effect of the great length of the crocodile is, that on land the creature cannot quickly turn itself. In the water, however, the case is entirely different. The long

tail then becomes a powerful rudder, and the large animal can dash hither and thither like a fish.

8. The egg of a crocodile is not quite as large as that of a goose. The mother buries her eggs in the sand, but does not, like the turtle, leave them to their fate. She watches the spot where they are hidden, and the native hunter, knowing this habit, hides himself near the spot, waits until the animal falls asleep, and then drives a harpoon into her side.

9. The wounded animal tries hard to bite in two the rope which is fastened to the harpoon, but as it is made of loose strings knotted together here and there, her teeth only pass between the strings without cutting them. When she becomes so exhausted that she can struggle no longer, the hunter easily kills her by driving an iron spike into her brain.

10. The number of eggs laid at a time is so great that if all were to be hatched the reptiles would soon overrun the entire country. They have, however, many enemies, one of them being the ichneumon. This little animal causes great destruction among the eggs of the crocodile, and has always been held in great honor, in Egypt, on that account.

NEW WORDS.

jaws	stealth	attain	mode
fate	leopard	resemble	alike
snout	nostrils	structure	overrun
tawny	average	mimics	necessarily
fully	alligator	harpoon	ichneumon
knotted	resist	irregular	constructed

LESSON XLII.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

1. Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies ;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies.
2. Midnight is there : and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town :
3. For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.
4. Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved one night
Three hundred years ago.
5. Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;
6. And every year that fled
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

7. She spoke no more of Bregenz
 With longing and with tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
 In a deep mist of years ;
8. Yet, when her master's children
 Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
 Of her own native land ;
9. And when at morn and evening
 She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
 Rose to her lips alone.
10. And so she dwelt : the valley
 More peaceful year by year ;
When suddenly strange portents
 Of some great deed seemed near.
11. One day, out in the meadow,
 With strangers from the town
Some secret plan discussing,
 The men walked up and down.
12. At eve they all assembled ;
 Then care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
 The board was nobly spread.
13. The elder of the village
 Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
 Of an accursed land !

14. "The night is growing darker ;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own !"
15. The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.
16. Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain ;
17. Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth ! save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die !"
18. With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
19. She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand ;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.
20. Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast ;—
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is passed ;

21. She looks up ; clouds are heavy ;
 Why is her steed so slow ?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
 Can pass them as they go.
22. “Faster !” she cries, “oh, faster !”
 Eleven the church bells chime ;
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
 And bring me there in time !”
23. But louder than bells’ ringing,
 Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
 The rushing of the Rhine.
24. She strives to pierce the blackness,
 And looser throws the rein ;
Her steed must breast the waters
 That dash above his mane.
25. How gallantly, how nobly,
 He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
 Shine out the lights of home !
26. Up the steep bank he bears her,
 And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz
 That tower above the plain.
27. They reach the gates of Bregenz
 Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
 To meet the news she brings.

28. Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
29. Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
30. And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The charger and the maid.
31. And when, to guard old Bregenz
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
32. "Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (Oh, crown of fame!),
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

NEW WORDS.

ere	chime	foeman	gallantly
girt	throne	charger	downfall
serf	legend	manned	enthroned
kine	lowing	portents	assembled
morn	ballads	accursed	breathless
jovial	warder	gateway	battlements

LESSON XLIII.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

I.

1. In a little valley in the mountain-land of Styria there once lived three brothers, Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, so that you couldn't see into *them* although you always fancied that they saw very far, into *you*. They lived by farming—and very good farmers they were, in their way.

2. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating: they shot the robins because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and they smothered the cicadas which used to sing all summer long in the poplar trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

3. It would be very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally managed to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were, indeed, of so selfish and grinding a temper that they were known throughout all that country as the "Black Brothers."

4. The youngest brother, Gluck, was as different as could

be imagined. He was a fair, blue-eyed boy of twelve years of age—kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. Hence he was obliged to do most of the work about the farmhouse—to attend to the kitchen, to clean the shoes and floors—and for his pay he usually got a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

5. But, by and by, a change came over the valley, and the hard selfishness of the two elder brothers received its due reward. No rain fell on their fields from one year's end to another. Though everything was still green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers were obliged to leave the valley and seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains.

6. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Let us turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans. "It is a good trade; and we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one finding it out."

So they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But the people did not like the coppered gold, nor the drunken habits of the two elder brothers; and so all the gold plate was melted without bringing in enough money to buy more.

7. At last there was left only one large drinking mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and of which he was very fond. When it came to this mug's

turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse for a drink; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

8. But, strange to say, no sooner had the mug been melted ready for pouring out, than there stepped out of the melting pot a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the rainbow colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into the air.

9. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River, that mountain stream which pours its waters into the valley above us yonder. I have been imprisoned in your drinking mug because of the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have set me free. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, makes me feel willing to serve you; therefore, listen to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which the Golden River flows, and shall cast into the stream three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

10. So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and walked into the center of the hottest flame of

the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—then rose, trembled, and disappeared.

NEW WORDS.

ill-gotten	charity	doublet	smothered
knave	texture	unholy	inheritance
dwarf	system	selfishness	particularly
cicadas	shifting	livelihood	flourishing
malice	dazzling	drunken	goldsmith
poplar	slashed	wholesome	mother-of-pearl

LESSON XLIV.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

II.

1. The King of the Golden River had hardly made his strange exit, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, savagely drunk. The discovery of the entire loss of their last piece of plate sobered them just enough to enable them to give Gluck a most terrible beating. When they had become altogether exhausted, they stopped and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story ; but, pretending not to believe a word of it, they beat him again till their arms were tired, and then staggered to bed.

2. In the morning the two brothers began to dispute regarding the question as to which one of them should try his fortune first by making a journey to the Golden River. The quarrel became so furious that an officer, hearing them, came in and arrested Schwartz and carried him before a

magistrate, who sent him to prison until he could pay his fine for disturbing the peace. Hans, who had adroitly escaped, resolved to set out at once for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest would not give any holy water to so bad a man as he. So Hans went to church in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

3. Next morning, before the sun rose, he put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains. It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains. The lower cliffs were like pale, gray shadows, hardly to be distinguished from the floating vapor; but higher up they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the sharp crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine.

4. The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above a golden waterfall, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

5. On reaching the top of the first range of green and low hills, Hans saw to his surprise that a large glacier lay between him and the Golden River. This he crossed with the greatest difficulty. The ice crashed and yawned into chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him,

and fell thundering across his path ; and it was with a feeling of panic and terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself exhausted on the firm turf of the mountain.

6. After an hour's rest he again began his journey. His way lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or an angle in which he could find an inch of shade from the burning sun. He had been obliged to leave his basket on the glacier ; and now intense thirst was added to his fatigue ; glance after glance he cast on the flask of holy water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," he said at last ; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

7. He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. It was a small dog which seemed to be in the last agony of death from thirst. Its eyes looked wistfully at the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. The path became steeper now ; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears ; they were all far away, and his thirst became greater every moment.

8. Another hour passed, and he again looked down at the flask ; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to drink, and as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning with thirst. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up the mountain-sides.

9. Hans struggled on, and soon he saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, not five hundred feet above him. At that instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his face was deadly pale. "Water!" he cried, feebly. "Water! I am dying!"

10. "I have none," said Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the body, and went on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the heaven, and left it dark.

11. Hans stood at the brink of the chasm through which the Golden River ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the rolling thunder. He drew the flask from his belt, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over A BLACK STONE.

12. When days passed and Hans did not return, poor little Gluck was in great trouble. There was no bread in the house, nor any money. So he went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so well that he soon had money enough to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

13. Schwartz thought that he would manage better than Hans, and so he took what was left of Gluck's money and bought some holy water of a bad priest who was willing to sell anything that would bring him gain. And he got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and set off for the mountains. Like Hans, he crossed the terrible glacier; he saw the poor dog, and spurned it; he refused to help the fair child, lying upon the rocks; and to the old man, begging for water, he said, "I have not half enough for myself."

14. Just before reaching the brink of the river, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying in the path before him, stretching out his arms, and asking for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz, "do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure, and passed on.

15. A sudden horror came over Schwartz. The waves of the Golden River were black like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

NEW WORDS.

exit	spires	horror	mockery
turf	alpine	snowless	wistfully
flask	crag	adroitly	elevation
giddy	fine	pretense	magistrate
panic	chasms	savagely	uppermost
massy	gushed	spurned	cupful

LESSON XLV.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

III.

1. When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith. But after a month or two he grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

2. If the glacier had been a source of trouble to his brothers, it was twenty times worse to him who was so much younger and weaker. After he had passed it, he lay a long time to rest on the grass, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. Becoming dreadfully thirsty, he was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water." Then when Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck.

3. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle half empty. And as Gluck went on

again, the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

4. Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask, he saw a little child by the roadside crying piteously for water. Gluck put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, and pure white lilies; and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

5. Again his thirst became unbearable, but when he looked at his flask there were only five or six drops left, and he would not venture to drink. At that moment he saw the little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans and Schwartz had seen it; and Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards away. "Poor beastie," said the boy, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Its eye turned towards him so mournfully that he could not resist; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

6. A great change at once took place. The dog vanished, but in the spot where it had been stood the King of the Golden River; and he stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. "The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying," said he, "is unholy, though it may have been blessed by every saint in heaven;

but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it may have been defiled with corpses."

7. On the white leaves of the lily there hung three drops of clear dew, and these the king shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and then go down the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley." As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf began to vanish. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. Then the colors grew faint, and the mist rose in the air.

8. And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical sound. Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river did not turn into gold. Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and went down the other side of the mountain towards the valley in which he had once lived, and which was called Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came again in sight of Treasure Valley, behold a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing, in thousands of little streams, among the dry heaps of sand.

9. And as the boy gazed, fresh grass sprung beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistened soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river banks, as stars leap out when twilight is deepen-



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

ing, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

10. And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had indeed become a river of gold. And to this day the people of that valley point out the place where the three drops of dew were cast into the stream; and at the top of the cataract are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley the BLACK BROTHERS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

NEW WORDS.

cleft	defiled	whirlpool	inheritance
stooped	corpses	plucked	lengthening
beastie	circular	musical	unbearable
dying	prismatic	thirst	moistened

LESSON XLVI.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

1. From shore to shore the bonny boat
 Goes and returns each day,
 O'erloaded with its human freight,
 The old, young, sad, and gay.
 The boat is strong, the waters clear,
 The journey is not long,
 The skies o'erhead are soft and blue,
 And the boatman's arm is strong.

2. Would that adown the stream of life
 All barks might safely glide;
 But the other shore is far away,
 And the river between is wide.
 Some days the skies are overcast,
 Some days they are glad and blue,
 Some boats are wrecked on the cruel shoals
 Ere the journey is halfway through.
3. And others weather the sudden storms
 And steer from the rocks away,
 And out of the darkness of their fears
 Sail into the perfect day.
 But need we fear when we think of it?
 For whether the way be long,
 Or whether the waves be rough or smooth,
 The arm of our Lord is strong.
4. And trusting him, we may surely hope
 That all in his own good way,
 He will take us over the waters deep,
 And at life's soft twilight gray
 Still bear us on through the darksome hour
 Of night, and its shadows drear,
 Till we step at last on the other shore
 Where there's naught of care or fear.

NEW WORDS.



o'erloaded
 freight



drear
 shoals



boatman
 darksome

LESSON XLVII.

THE CHIEFTAINNESS AND THE VOLCANO.

1. Few regions in the world are more beautiful than those islands lying far away in the Pacific Ocean, which we have been used to call the Sandwich Isles. They are in most part formed by corals, but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic. In sailing up to the islands the first objects that become visible are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark—dark with lava and cinders, on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle.

2. The first of these has been tranquil for many years, the other is the largest and most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named Kilauea. The great crater is a lake of liquid fire from two to three miles across. Over it there is always a vapor which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing, and at night is as a forest of flames. The edge of this huge basin of burning matter is a ledge of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of scoria or cinders, in one place forming a precipice four thousand feet high, but in others sloping so gradually that adventurous persons may descend almost to the brink of the burning lake.

3. The scene here is tremendous at all times, but during an eruption it is simply and grandly terrific: the rivers of boiling lava rush down the mountain-side, forming cascades of living fire, and spreading destruction over the

plains. Heathen nations living among such wonderful appearances of nature always think of them as being caused by divine beings. In the Sandwich Islands, the mighty Kilauea was thought to be the home of the goddess Pelé. Fierce goddess, indeed, was she; and she permitted no woman to touch the verge of her mountain, but threatened that in case any one should do so, she would, in her wrath, destroy the entire island.

4. Such was the belief of the islanders; but they were at length set free from their bondage of terror. • Missionaries came among them, and little by little they grew ashamed of their heathen fancies. At last they worshiped no longer their savage deities, but began to love and adore the one true Maker of heaven and earth. Yet they could not altogether lay aside their old-time belief regarding Kilauea. There, they imagined, the fiery goddess still abode; there the terrible sights and sounds, and the desolating streams of lava which might at any moment burst from her basin of flame, were still signs of the wrath and mighty power of one whom they had been taught to fear.

5. Then it was that a brave Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, stepped forth to defy the goddess, and to break the spell that bound the people to her worship. Her name was Kapiolani, and her husband was the public orator of Hawaii. No common courage was needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was the climbing of the mountain toilsome, but it was very dangerous. Wild crags, and slippery sheets of lava, or slopes of crumbling cinders, were strangers to the tender feet of the coast-bred woman; and the heated soil, the glowing mist, the vapor oozing from the crevices, must

have filled any mind with feelings of awe and terror. A short time before, a number of men had been suffocated on the mountain-side by the gases of the volcano—struck dead, it seemed to some of those who remembered the old faith, by the breath of the offended goddess.

6. But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that He in whose name she came would guard her from every danger, climbed bravely up the mountain-side bearing in her hand the sacred berries which women, under the heathen law, were forbidden to touch. She made her way to the summit, and gazed into the fiery gulf below; then clambered down the side of the crater, even to the edge of the boiling sea of fire, and, hurling into it the sacred berries, she cried out:

7. "If I perish by the anger of Pelé, then fear her. But behold, I defy her wrath. I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames; his is the hand that holds back their fury! O all ye people of Hawaii, behold how vain are your gods, and turn and serve the Lord!"

Then the woman turned, and went safely down the mountain-side to her own home. She had won her cause, the cause of faith.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

NEW WORDS.

defy	dusk	terrific	perpetual
verge	fury	volcanic	desolating
scoria	adore	heathen	suffocated
orator	cascade	tranquil	adventurous
offend	islanders	bondage	tremendous
deities	old-time	toilsome	coast-bred

LESSON XLVIII.

THE THREE HUNDRED SPARTANS.

I.

1. Many hundreds of years ago there ruled over Persia, then the most powerful nation in the world, an ambitious king named Xerxes. He had long desired to conquer Greece and to add that country to his already broad empire, and for that purpose he collected a great army from all parts of his dominions. There were to be seen gathered together men of many nations: Medes and Persians, woolly-haired negroes, and the swarthy natives of India—nearly two millions of fighting men—each one armed with his own kind of weapons.

2. This was the largest army that had ever been brought together; and, in his pride, the king believed that he could easily overcome the few thousand warriors which Greece would be able to muster. But the Greek warriors were all free men, fighting for liberty and their families, while the Persian army was mostly made up of men who had been forced to leave their homes to fight for an Eastern tyrant.

3. Four years had been spent by Xerxes in making ready for the war. He caused a bridge of boats to be made over the Hellespont, but the waves dashed it in pieces. He then made a stronger one of ships, and his men began to march across into Europe. The number of soldiers was so great that it was seven days and nights before the entire army could pass over the bridge.

4. Now there was only one way of entering Greece

from the northeast coast, and that was by a narrow pass through the mountains. This pass was called Thermopylæ, because there were some hot springs there; it was about five miles long, but very narrow at each end. Within the pass, and only a little way from the entrance, there was a wall which had been built a long time before, and here the Greeks resolved that they would make a stand and bar the way of the invaders. So they sent a force of about four thousand men, under the command of Leonidas, to hold the pass.

5. Leonidas was the king of Sparta, one of the most southern of the Greek states, and he had with him three hundred chosen warriors, all of them ready to die for their country. Two of these Spartans, however, Eurytus and Aristodemus, were troubled with a disease in their eyes which nearly destroyed their sight, and they were obliged to leave their posts and retire to Alpenus, a town at the southern end of the pass. The rest of the little army was made up of soldiers from Thebes, Thespia, and other states of Greece.

6. When Xerxes marched upon Thermopylæ with his great host, he supposed that the Greeks would fly in terror at the sight of him. He sent forward a single horseman to see what they were doing. Now the Spartans wore long hair, which they always kept smooth and carefully parted; and the horseman peering into the pass, saw them behind the wall, some of them quietly combing their hair, while others were exercising themselves in feats of strength.

7. There was with Xerxes one Demaratus, a former king of Sparta who had taken refuge at his court; and when the horseman had returned and told the Persians what

he had seen, Xerxes asked if it were possible that this handful of men expected to make a stand against his great army. "They certainly mean to fight," answered Demaratus, "for it is the custom among my countrymen always to arrange their hair before going into battle."

8. But the king would not believe him, and waited four days, hoping that the Spartans would come out of the pass and give themselves up. At length, as they showed no signs of doing so, he sent out a body of troops with orders to capture them and bring them in chains to his feet. But the Spartans, firmly standing at the narrow entrance, and wielding their long spears, drove them back with dreadful slaughter. Xerxes was seated upon a lofty throne whence he could see the battle; and he now ordered his own bodyguard to go forward to the attack. But they also had to give way before the steady courage of the Spartans. The battle lasted all day long, and such was the destruction and slaughter of his finest troops that the king, filled with rage, came down from his throne and returned disappointed to his camp.

9. Now there was a narrow path over the mountains, known to but a few of the Greeks themselves; and when Leonidas heard of it he posted some troops on the hills to guard it. A treacherous Greek named Ephialtes made the secret known to Xerxes, who at once sent Hydarnes, the captain of his bodyguard, to follow the guidance of the traitor, and enter the pass at the southern end, so that the Greeks would be hemmed in.

NEW WORDS.

wield
traitor

tyrant
muster

swarthy
invaders

dominions
disease

LESSON XLIX.

THE THREE HUNDRED SPARTANS.

II.

1. The Persians set out at nightfall, marching as silently as they could ; but the night was very still, and the sound of their feet crunching over the dead leaves that strewed the path alarmed the Greeks posted there. Hydarnes paused, for he feared that they might be Spartans ; but when the traitor Ephialtes assured him that they were not, he forced his way past them and soon reached in safety the southern side of the mountain.

2. At daybreak the sentinels on the heights brought word to Leonidas that the secret path had been discovered by the enemy. There was still time for him to retreat, but no true Spartan would think of that ; so both he and his three hundred companions resolved to stay at their posts and resist to the last the invaders of their country. All the rest of the Greeks except the Thebans, who were supposed to favor the enemy, were allowed to retreat. But the Thespians preferred to remain and share the fate and the glory of the Spartans.

3. Early in the morning Xerxes once more ordered his troops to advance upon the pass. But Leonidas, now knowing that death was certain, rushed on his foes, overthrowing them as they advanced. Many of the Persians, crowded together, were trampled under foot ; yet still more were driven up to the combat by the lashes of their officers. The brave Leonidas was killed, and a desperate fight took place over his body ; and there were but

very few of the three hundred left alive. The spears of these were broken, and their swords blunted; and yet they fought as bravely as if they had felt confident of victory.

4. Suddenly the Greeks perceived that Hydarnes, with the king's bodyguard, had entered the pass behind them. The Thebans threw down their arms, and begged for their lives; but the Spartans, retiring behind the wall, drew up on a little hillock, where they were soon surrounded by their enemies and overwhelmed with showers of javelins, arrows, and stones, till the last of them lay dead.

5. Meanwhile Eurytus and Aristodemus, lying ill at Alpenus, had heard that the Persians were about to enter the pass, and that Leonidas and his brave band would be surrounded by their foes. Calling for his arms, and grasping his shield and spear, Eurytus told his servant to lead him into the battle. The man obeyed, and the half-blind hero, rushing upon the Persians, fell beneath their javelins.

6. Aristodemus, thinking it useless to go into the pass where he was sure to be killed, returned to Sparta with tidings of the battle. But his countrymen said that he had been false to his duty, and had forsaken his leader and his comrades. No one would speak to him, and he lived in miserable solitude until the next year, when there was another battle with the Persians at Plataea. The unhappy man, wishing to regain the esteem of his countrymen, fought in the most daring and reckless manner, and was killed after having performed some of the bravest deeds. After the battle the Spartans declared that Aristodemus had excelled all others in daring; but believing that he had been moved by desperation rather than by true courage, they would award him no honors, although they no longer called him "The coward."

7. Shortly after this, the Persian fleet having been overcome and nearly destroyed at Salamis, Xerxes fled back to his own country, leaving his general, Mardonius, to carry on the war. But Mardonius was killed, his army was put to flight, and the Persians were all driven from Greece.

8. The memory of Leonidas and his three hundred brave men was long held dear by the Spartans. Festivals were had in their honor, hymns were sung in their praise, and a grand monument was built where they had fallen in the pass. The battle of Thermopylæ was fought four hundred and eighty years before the beginning of the Christian era. Some remains of the monument may still be seen, and the fame of the brave men who died for their country will live forever.

NEW WORDS.

hillock	combat	advance	crunching
blunted	solitude	confident	festivals
javelins	award	era	desperation

LESSON L.

THE BROOK.

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley;
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
4. I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles;
5. With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow;
6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
7. I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
8. And here and there a foamy flake,
 Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
9. And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers;
11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows;
12. I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;
13. And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NEW WORDS.

babble	netted	bicker	fallow	grayling
coot	lovers	loiter	shingly	brambly
hern	covers	thorps	mallow	foreland
lusty	sally	trebles	eddying	waterbreak

LESSON LI.

THE OASIS.

I.

1. Far out in the midst of the great desert of Arabia there is a small oasis, green and beautiful as an emerald in the vast ocean of sand. Around this oasis all is a lonely

barren waste. From the eastern horizon to the western, and northward, southward, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but sand, sand—yellow, burning sand. Except now and then some wandering Arab, or a caravan plodding its weary march, there is no sign of life. How, then, like a beautiful vision of rest is the sight of this garden-spot, with its grove of palms, to the tired traveler!

2. Here, upon this island of the sandy sea, grow flowers and trees like those in the river valleys of the tropics. For in its center there is a small but deep lake, the waters of which moisten the ground for many roods, and make the soil fertile beyond belief. Along the western shore of this lake, in a tangled thicket of reeds and rushes, are a number of broken columns—pieces of marble shafts roughly carved with the grim faces of some forgotten idols. Some lie in the shallows where the storks wade; and some lie high upon the shore where the lizards come in the middle of the day to bask in the sun.

3. Under the giant ferns animals of the southern clime sleep away the days, and the monkeys play in the tree-tops overhead. Birds flutter among the flowers; and at night the fireflies dance among the palms, the fox-fire glows by the water's edge, and the cicadas chirp from the branches of the trees. And on the hanging vines, where the fragrant blossoms lure clouds of brightly colored butterflies, huge spiders weave their webs, and poisonous serpents coil in many glittering folds.

4. But, strangest of all, the waters of the little lake, by which this wonderful variety of life is made possible, are as black as night, and they give off a peculiar perfume—a perfume sweeter, more intense than that of flowers, al-

most suffocating as it lingers among the reeds and overhanging branches. The Arabs tell many stories about this mysterious lake, and they regard the oasis with a kind of religious awe which prevents them from setting foot within its green walls. The legend which they relate concerning the origin of the coal-black waters has come down to them from the earliest ages. It tells of a time when these dwellers on the desert were worshipers of idols—images of men, women, beasts, and birds; when they wandered over the land, doing reverence to their gods in the oases of the desert and on the everlasting hills.

5. According to this legend, there was a time when the waters of the lake were not black, but clear as crystal; and the only perfume in the oasis was the perfume of flowers. On the western shore there were no broken columns, but a pure white temple stood with its slender pinnacles reaching up into the first purple light of the dawn. As the sun arose, the glow of the morning shone upon a mighty encampment whose tents whitened like frost the circling border of the oasis where the sand checked the growth of tree and flower. The hum of life rang in the camp; and the wondering birds called and questioned each other from the higher branches of the trees. Men moved restlessly among the tents; children were sitting in the shady nooks by the borders of green; women, carrying heavy burdens, hurried from place to place; and the camels fed quietly upon the scant herbage on the outmost edge of the oasis.

6. A caravan had come many weeks' journey from beyond the desert to worship the far-famed idol in the white temple by the lake. In its train were the sick, the blind,

and the lame, hoping to be healed, and for days they had sat on the sand, in the scorching heat, offering prayers. Rich and poor, old and young, were there. The emir himself had come, bringing camels all glittering with rich trappings and laden with offerings to the mysterious being whose shrine was within the snow-white temple.

7. At length the time arrived when the sacrifices were to be made. At earliest peep of dawn the weak, the lame, and the blind made their way as best they could to the temple. They crowded to the open space in front of the entrance and waited impatiently for the doors to be thrown open and the miracle of healing to be performed. A line of priests, clad in robes of scarlet and gold, came out through a side entrance, and, passing down to the lake, filled each a golden vessel with the sparkling, crystal water. Then a sound was heard from the temple like the blast of a mighty trumpet; it rang loud and long, and the echo of its music lingered among the lofty palms and the waving plumes of grass, and was carried out beyond the encampment and far over the waste of glaring sand.

8. Ere the sound of the trumpet had died away, groups of young women appeared, dancing in wild, fantastic figures around this white dwelling of their god. Then, while the music of other instruments was heard within the temple, all the people gathered round to worship the image. The emir sat on a raised seat under the palm trees, almost buried by waving banners and wreathes of roses and lilies. The dancers, with their arms raised over their heads, circled in never-tiring measures; but, when there came a second blast from the trumpet, they stopped suddenly, and all eyes were turned towards the temple. The heavy doors moved slowly on their hinges, they swung

back and laid open to view the great white shrine and the image which the people had come to worship.

NEW WORDS.

lure	roods	sacrifice	banners
idol	origin	religious	mysterious
heal	fantastic	columns	encampment
oasis	emerald	fox-fire	restlessly
emir	serpents	pinnacles	offering
belief	caravan	reverence	impatiently

LESSON LII.**THE OASIS.****II.**

1. Like some demon of darkness, a huge black stone figure was seen mounted upon a white car in the center of a snow-white room. The hideous black face was the image of savage cruelty; the heavy black arms which it held out were always ready for the sacrifice; garlands of tropical flowers bedecked the rough-cut head and shoulders; the clumsy black feet had been polished and worn by the kisses of thousands of ignorant worshipers. Blue, green, red, and purple lights shot from the precious stones with which the car of the idol was ornamented.

2. At sight of the dreadful image, all the people fell with their faces to the ground, and every sound was hushed save the voices of the birds calling to each other in the trees and the chirp of the crickets in the grass. Suddenly the far-off rumble of beating drums was heard

by the kneeling worshipers. A clap of thunder from the clear sky would not have startled them more. A cry of alarm rang through the multitude, a wild cry of terror, "The Turks! the Turks!" Every man sprang to his feet, and stood with his hands shielding his eyes, looking northward. There a glittering array of spears and lances sparkled in the light of the morning sun. Again the cry started, and again it was taken up by a hundred voices and echoed among the palms and even in the white halls of the temple, "The Turks! the Turks!"

3. The Turks it was. Down from the north they swept, horse and rider, a whole army at full gallop. The Arabs were almost helpless with terror. At first, they crowded closer round their idol, calling frantically upon it to save them. Would it hear their prayers? The stone figure made no answer, but its hideous features gazed as pitilessly as ever upon its worshipers. Then the Arabs, losing all hope save in their own strength, seized their weapons and rushed madly forth to battle with their foe.

4. Long raged the conflict. The despairing Arabs fought with the fury of tigers. They advanced, they fell back, they advanced again, they fell back again. Still calling vainly on their image, emir and priest joined in the conflict. But spear and lance were hurled against them by foes too many and too powerful for them to withstand, and those who were not slain were soon made captives and disarmed. When the Turks reached the white temple they saw the black stone god glaring upon them with its never-changing, cruel features; but it stood as motionless as when the young women were dancing in fantastic measures before its shrine. They attached their horses to the car, and slowly drew the idol out upon the blood-stained ground.

They dragged it to the edge of the lake, and, by the united strength of men and horses, pushed it in. It fell with a terrible splash into the clear, deep water.

5. Wild yells of delight arose as the victors saw the overthrown idol sink to the bottom of the crystal lake. A moment the image stared upward at them with hideous features, then a cloud began to rise about it in the water. The grim outlines of the black stone were lost in the dimness that grew darker and darker until all the lake was black as ebony. A strange odor, too, rose and grew stronger and stronger as the waters changed their color.

6. Before this mystery the astonished Turks turned and fled—fled far out over the desert, and paused not until, looking back, they could see no sign of the oasis, so great was the distance. Such was their haste, indeed, that they dropped whatever might hinder their flight, and left the captured Arabs to free themselves from the cords which bound them, and return to their own far-off place of abode.

7. Thus it was that the idol had delivered its worshipers. The peculiar stone of which it was made, when dissolved by the waters of the lake, turned them black and gave off that strange odor which grew sweeter than the perfume of the most fragrant flowers. And here, in the vast desert, lies still the emerald oasis, beautiful as in the days of old; and in the midst of its verdure and shade is the ink-black lake from whose surface an eternal perfume rises upon the still air of the morning.

NEW WORDS.

odor	eternal	stained	frantically
ebony	tropical	attached	worshipers
demon	ignorant	disarmed	multitude

LESSON LIII.

BOOKS.

1. All books may be divided into two classes—books of the hour, and books of all time. Yet it is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. There are good books for the hour and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go on.

2. The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as sensible friends' present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling—all these books of the hour are the peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

3. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or re-

lates such and such circumstances of interest, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

4. A book is not a talked thing, but a written thing. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of the voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is merely a way of carrying the voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and in a melodious manner if he may; clearly, at all events.

5. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has allowed him to seize. He would set it down forever; carve it on a rock, if he could, saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" that is a "book."

6. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot

read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow?

7. Will you go and gossip with the housemaid, or the stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to them, they cannot stoop to you.

8. Very ready we are to say of a book, “How good this is—that is just what I think!” But the right feeling is, “How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.” But whether you feel thus or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; nay, that at his whole meaning you may not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all, and, what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way in order that he may be sure you want it.

9. When, therefore, you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, “Am I ready to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?” For your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author’s meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest carving, and the most

careful melting, before you can gather one grain of the precious gold. * * *

10. I cannot, of course, tell you what to choose for your library, for every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need, and which if you read as much as you ought, you will not need to have your shelves enlarged to right and left for purposes of study.

11. If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of. A common book will often give you amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends. * * *

12. Avoid that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. It may become necessary for you, as you advance in life, to set your hand to things that need to be altered in the world; but for a young person the safest temper is one of reverence, and the safest place one of obscurity. Certainly at present, and perhaps through all your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue; and that literature and art are best for you which point out in common life and familiar things, the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love.

JOHN RUSKIN.

NEW WORDS.

novel	author	multiply	discussions
witty	gossip	pathetic	statesmen
helpfully	volume	smelting	possibilities
usurp	thinker	manifest	good-humored
define	strictly	thankful	multiplication
hopeful	enlarged	obscurity	literature

PIECES TO BE MEMORIZED.

I. TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:

“Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!”

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long:

“Oh, could I tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!”

II. DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, “O mists, make room for me!”
It hailed the ships, and cried, “Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!”

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake, it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hear the chiming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

III. THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze;

When I saw the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As constant he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped far,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha ha ! ha ha ! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length ;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh then you saw a wondrous change
On earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
The world, the world is mine !
The rivers the sun has earliest blessed,
And those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play ;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below ;
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade ;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made ;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint ;
I carry, I spin, I weave ;
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no frame to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf ;
And soon I intend you shall go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

G. W. CUTTER.

IV. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed ;
And, lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

V. THE OAK.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak :
He has stood for a thousand years ;
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers ;
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle;
 He has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm had roused his might)
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

GEO. HILL.

VI. ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here

to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VII. CHOICE EXTRACTS.

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries :
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves.
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

NOBLE DEEDS.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step towards God—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND.

DUTY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

EMERSON.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

FOR REFERENCE AND STUDY.

PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

TO TEACHERS: The fact is now very generally recognized that children learn to read by reading, and not by the memorizing or the observing of rules. It is also acknowledged that good oral reading is an accomplishment quite distinct from the art of the elocutionist, and hence is not to be acquired through precisely the same processes. In the preparation of Harper's Readers, it has therefore been deemed not only unnecessary, but unwise, to introduce a large number of rules, definitions, and exercises which, while they could be of no use to the learner, would only occupy space that should be given to matter of more practical value. The following brief general statement of rules and principles includes only what every pupil should know and can understand.

TO THE PUPIL: Good reading is the correct rendering of the thoughts and feelings expressed on the printed or written page. It requires that every word and every sentence should be spoken in a manner at once so clear and so forcible as to be easily and perfectly understood by those who listen. To become a good reader, patient and long-continued practice is necessary. Attention to the following rules and principles will assist in acquiring correct habits in reading and speaking.

1. Endeavor to understand clearly that which you read, and to enter into sympathy with the thoughts and feelings which are there intended to be expressed.

2. Refer to the Word List at the end of this book, or to the dictionary, for the meaning and pronunciation of every word not already understood.

3. Listen to the reading of your teacher and to the best readers in your class, and endeavor to imitate their better qualities while you avoid their errors.

4. Practice reading aloud to yourself or to the members of your family at home. Endeavor to see your own faults and to correct them as soon as discovered.

5. Sit or stand with the head erect and the chest expanded, and endeavor to acquire the habit of breathing easily, freely, and naturally while reading.

6. Should any word or combination of letters be difficult of articulation, practice pronouncing it until it can be spoken promptly, accurately, and without special effort.

ARTICULATION.

Correct articulation requires that each letter, syllable, and word should be clearly and properly pronounced. Incorrect articulation is the result either of careless habits or of natural defects. In either case, it may be largely overcome by persistent and careful drill in the pronunciation of those words in which the greatest difficulty is experienced. Conversation, declamation, calisthenics, singing, and similar exercises should be engaged in, in order to assist in overcoming habits of timidity or diffidence. Practice, carefully and systematically, the pronunciation of the words included in the list at the end of this book (pages 387-420), taking a few at a time in regular order.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is the upward or downward movement of the voice in speaking or reading. There are two inflections: the *rising inflection*, in which the voice slides upward; and the *falling inflection*, in which the voice slides downward. Sometimes there is a union of the two inflections upon a single sound or syllable, in order to

express surprise, scorn, irony, sorrow, or other strong or peculiar emotion. This union of inflections is called *circumflex*.

No rule for inflections can be given which is not subject to numerous exceptions. The movement of the voice, whether upward or downward, is in all cases determined by the thought in the sentence. That inflection should be used which will assist to convey, in the most natural and forcible manner, the meaning intended by the author.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of elevation of the voice. It may be *high*, *middle*, or *low*. The middle pitch is the natural tone as used in common conversation. Lively narration, joy, enthusiasm, require a high pitch. Dignity, sadness, meditation, require a low pitch.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is any change of pitch, or variation of the voice, which serves to call especial attention to an important word, syllable, or expression. The only rule that can be given for securing correctness of emphasis is: Be natural. Children, in ordinary conversation, never make mistakes in emphasis. If they are made to understand what they are reading, have not been permitted to imitate incorrect models, and are not hampered by unnecessary rules, they will read as well as they talk. Let reading be but conversation from the book, and not only emphasis, but pitch and inflection will require but little separate attention, and no special rules.

PAUSES.

There are two kinds of pauses to be observed in reading: 1st, grammatical pauses, or those indicated by the marks of punctuation; 2d, rhetorical pauses, or those indicated only by the meaning of the sentence. The length of a pause, whether grammatical or rhetorical, depends chiefly on the character of the piece to be read. When the general movement or rate is slow, the pauses are relatively long; when it is fast, the pauses are short. Rhetorical

pauses are the natural rests of the voice, dividing the sentence into groups of phrases or clauses, and aiding in the emphasizing of important words. No rules can be given as to the length of pauses. It is sufficient to say that only a slight pause should be made at a comma or a semicolon, a longer pause at a colon, and a still longer at a period.

PUNCTUATION MARKS.

The *comma* (,), the *semicolon* (;), the *colon* (:), and the *period* (.) denote grammatical divisions. The period, besides being placed at the end of a declarative sentence, is used after every abbreviation.

The *interrogation point* (?) is used after a question.

The *exclamation point* (!) is used after expressions of surprise or of strong emotion.

The *apostrophe* (') shows that a letter or letters have been left out; it also indicates the possessive case of nouns.

The *hyphen* (-) is used between the parts of a compound word, or at the end of a line where a word has been divided; it is also sometimes used to separate the syllables of a word.

The *dash* (—) denotes a change of thought in the sentence, and usually requires a pause somewhat longer than that at a comma.

Quotation marks (" ") are used to inclose the words of another than the author.

Parentheses () are used to inclose explanatory clauses which might be omitted without injury to the sense. The clause inclosed is called a *parenthesis*, and should generally be read in a lower tone or more rapidly than the rest of the sentence.

A *dieresis* (¨) is sometimes placed over the second of two vowels to show that they are to be pronounced separately.

NOTES

FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

PART FIRST.

LESSON I. This lesson should be read in a lively, conversational manner. Notice the trusting simplicity of the child, and the ready generosity of the baker's wife.

Observe that every new word is to be *spelled, defined, and used in sentences* of the pupil's own composing. This should be done not only with the words in this lesson, but with *those of every lesson* in the book. See Harper's Third Reader, page 294.

LESSON II. What is the most beautiful thought expressed in this little poem? Coleridge, an English poet, has said:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small."

How is this illustrated in the story of Little Bell?

LESSON III. This lesson is adapted from the Introduction to "Madame How and Lady Why," a charming little book on natural science, interesting and valuable to both young people and old. The old-fashioned storybook, "Evenings at Home," was written by Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, and is still sometimes found on the shelves of booksellers.

Charles Kingsley, an English author, was born at Holne, in Devonshire, in 1819. Besides the book mentioned above, he wrote "The Water Babies" and "The Heroes"—both delightful books for young readers—several volumes of fiction, and many essays.

LESSON IV. Is this lesson a fable? Why? Explain the meaning of the last paragraph.

LESSON V. Memorize the last stanza. What resemblance, if any, do you perceive between this story and that of the morning-glories?

LESSON VI. Can you mention any other difference between plants

and animals besides those mentioned here? Many curious and interesting facts in relation to plants may be found in Sophie B. Herrick's little book entitled "Chapters on Plant Life."

LESSON VII. "Grace Greenwood" is the pen name of Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott. Mrs. Lippincott was born in Onondaga County, N. Y.; she has written many sketches and stories, some of which were collected several years ago in a volume called "Greenwood Leaves." She was the author, also, of many other volumes.

LESSON VIII. What is meant by the first sentence in the fifth paragraph? Name some other pictures that may be seen in the great picture book which is here mentioned.

LESSON IX. "Barry Cornwall" is the pen name of Bryan Waller Procter, an English poet, born in London 1790, died 1874.

LESSON X. Colonel Thomas W. Knox, an American author, wrote several books of travel. Among these are the "Boy Travelers in the Far East," a series of beautifully illustrated volumes.

LESSON XI. The name "viking" is usually applied to the pirates who once infested the shores and inlets of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland. In a broader sense it includes all those early Northern adventurers who sailed the seas for the sake either of exploration and traffic or of pillage. The word "Ericsson" is equivalent to "son of Eric." The usual spelling of "Biarni" is *Bjarni*—the *j* being pronounced like very short *i*. Read aloud Longfellow's poem entitled "The Skeleton in Armor."

LESSON XII. Why is this called a fairy tale? How is it possible for old age to be as beautiful as youth?

LESSON XIII. What other familiar insects change their life in a manner similar to that here described? Children, especially in the country, may learn, by observation, many things concerning the nature of insects, their manner of life, transformations, etc. Valuable reading on these subjects may be found in Treat's "Home Studies in Nature," and in Cooper's "Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land," as well as in Wood's "Natural History."

LESSON XIV. Hannah F. Gould was born in 1789, at Lancaster, Massachusetts; died in 1865. She was the writer of many pleasant poems for children, among which the "Freaks of the Frost" and "The Winter King" have long been favorites.

LESSONS XV. and XVI. These lessons, and also lessons XXI., XXVI., and XXIX., have been abridged and adapted from "The Story of Liberty," by Charles Carleton Coffin, an American writer. The Moors were descendants of the Arabs who conquered the greater part of Spain in the eighth century. For the story of their expulsion by the Spaniards, read Irving's "Conquest of Granada."

LESSON XVIII. Let each pupil write all that he knows about the habits of birds. "Homes without Hands," by J. G. Wood, is a work from which much valuable information may be gathered.

LESSON XIX. John G. Saxe, an American poet, born in Vermont, in 1816, was the writer of many poems which like this are distinguished for their delicate touches of humor. Find the humorous passages in this poem, and tell wherein the humor consists.

LESSON XXI. Trace the course of Columbus on his first voyage across the Atlantic. The word "Hispaniola" means a land belonging to Spain. Why was the discovery of America by Columbus of more importance to the world than that by Leif Ericsson?

LESSON XXII. Ivan Krilof was a Russian writer who was born in Moscow in 1768, and died at St. Petersburg in 1844. His fables are very popular in Russia.

LESSON XXV. The story of Bishop Hatto, here narrated, is an old legend long known among the people of the Rhine country, and by them believed to be true. Longfellow refers to this story in his poem "The Children's Hour."

LESSON XXVI. "Jamaica" is an Indian word, meaning "land of wood and water." "Orinoco" means "coiling snake." The word "Trinidad" is from the Spanish, meaning "trinity," and was given to the island on account of the three mountain peaks which are first seen when approaching it from the sea.

LESSON XXVIII. Antonio Canova was one of the most famous sculptors of his time. He was born at Passagno in 1757, and died at Venice in 1822.

LESSON XXXI. Paul B. Du Chaillu (shäll'yu), an American explorer and traveler, has written "Stories of the Gorilla Country," "Wild Life under the Equator," and several other volumes of travel and adventure.

LESSON XXXII. Samuel Woodworth was born in Massachusetts

in 1785; died in 1842. His fame rests chiefly, if not altogether, upon his authorship of this well-known poem.

LESSONS XXXIII. and XXXIV. John Esten Cooke was a Southern writer of some distinction; born at Winchester, Va., in 1830, he died in 1886. His "Tales of the Old Dominion" is a collection of sketches relating chiefly to the early history of Virginia. John Smith is known to have been a great boaster, and as the exploits here narrated were described at first only by himself, the story may not be in every respect a trustworthy one.

LESSON XXXV. The Peloponnesus is that part of Greece south of the Corinthian Gulf. Sir John Herschel was a famous astronomer, born in 1792, died in 1871.

LESSON XXXVI. Mary Howitt was born at Coleford, England, in 1804, died in 1888.

LESSON XXXVII. The word "Sultan" is a name applied to various Mohammedan princes and to many rulers in the far East. Where is Borneo? Kiota is an important city in Japan.

LESSONS XXXVIII. and XXXIX. Locate all the places mentioned in these lessons. The story of Pocahontas saving John Smith's life is now thought to have had but little foundation in fact.

LESSON XL. The only planets visible to the naked eye are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Read a fuller description of them in some astronomy. On a clear night look for them in the sky, and see if you can distinguish them among the stars.

LESSON XLI. Felicia Hemans, an English poet, was born in 1794, died in 1835. She was the author of many poems.

LESSONS XLII., XLIII., and XLIV. The incident related in these lessons is said to have actually occurred during the campaign of Lord Cornwallis in South Carolina in 1780. What is the Declaration of Independence? Consult some good history, and read a full account of the campaign of Cornwallis. Much valuable information on these subjects may be derived from "The Boys of '76," a story of the Revolutionary War by Charles Carleton Coffin.

LESSON XLV. Francis Marion, of South Carolina, was a famous general in the Revolution. With only a few men, poorly armed, and without pay, he did valiant service for the American cause, and was much feared by the British. He was born in 1732, and

died in 1795. William Cullen Bryant, the author of this stirring poem, was born in 1794, died in 1878. But few poets have equalled him in the description of nature and natural scenery.

LESSON XLIX. This is a selection from the Autobiography of Dr. Franklin. The incidents related occurred more than a century and a half ago. Notice the peculiarities in the style of Franklin's composition. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 1790. Learn as many other facts as possible regarding his life and character.

LESSON L. John James Audubon was one of the most noted of American ornithologists. He was born in Louisiana in 1780; died in New York in 1851.

LESSON LI. The word "low" is used in some parts of England to denote a round-topped hill. Hence Caldon Low means Caldon Hill.

LESSONS LII. and LIII. Many of the objects mentioned or described in this story are peculiar to Australia. What are they? Observe the beauty of the descriptive passages in the earlier paragraphs. Henry Kingsley was born at Holne, England, in 1830. He lived for some years in Australia, and is the author of several works of fiction. This story is adapted from the novel entitled "Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn." He died in 1876.

LESSONS LIV. and LV. James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was born in 1736, died in 1819. This little fanciful sketch is intended to describe the processes of thought by which the boy was led to experiment with the "white giant," and finally to produce his great invention. Why is steam called a white giant? Describe some of the work now done by this giant.

LESSONS LVI., LVII., and LVIII. Learn as many additional facts as possible regarding the Pilgrims and the first settlement of New England. Who was Miles Standish? Read Longfellow's poem called "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Point out any beauties you may discover in Mrs. Hemans's poem.

LESSON LIX. This story has been abridged and adapted from a similar sketch by Captain Mayne Reid. Captain Reid, the author of many interesting books for boys, was born in Ireland in 1818, lived for several years in America, and died in England in 1882.

PART SECOND.

LESSONS I. and II. Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, Denmark, in 1805. He wrote, besides several other works of fiction, a great number of delightful stories for children.

LESSON IV. The invasion of Europe by Attila, the Hun, occurred about the year 450.

LESSON VI. Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820; died in New York in 1871. She was the author of many poems and sketches distinguished for their simplicity and purity. Many of her best stories for young people are included in a volume entitled "Clovernook Children."

LESSONS VII. and VIII. George Washington was born in 1732, died in 1799. He was commander in chief of the American forces during the war of the Revolution. He was the first president of the United States, serving two terms, from 1789 to 1797. Refer to your maps, and find all the places mentioned in this sketch.

LESSON IX. Worthington Hooker wrote much valuable scientific information for young people. His book entitled "The Child's Book of Nature" has long been regarded as a standard work of its kind, and may be referred to with profit. Compare what is said about steam in this lesson with some of the statements in Lessons LIV. and LV., Part I. Turn also to the poem on page 366, and read it carefully.

LESSONS X. and XI. Charles Dickens, a noted English novelist, was born in 1812, died in 1870. This story is selected from one of his most popular novels, "The Old Curiosity Shop." "David Copperfield" is generally regarded as his best work.

LESSON XII. This poem is founded upon an incident which is said to have actually occurred some years ago. Write the story, as you conceive it to be, in good plain prose.

LESSON XIII. Adapted from "Old Times in the Colonies." Find the location of all the places named. What war between the English and French was in progress at the time this incident occurred?

LESSON XV. Pliny, commonly called Pliny the Elder, was a Roman naval officer and naturalist, born about the year 23; died,

as here related, A.D. 79. The story of this eruption of Vesuvius was first related by his nephew, Pliny the Younger, who was a witness of what he described. The narrative here given is abridged and adapted from Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why." (See Note on Lesson III., Part First.)

LESSONS XVI. and XVII. In these lessons the reader will find a brief statement of the causes of what is known in American history as the French and Indian War, and a relation of some of the incidents which preceded the breaking out of hostilities. Consult some standard work on the subject, and learn something about the leading events of that war; for example, Braddock's defeat, the transportation of the Acadians, and the capture of Quebec. In connection with the story of the Acadians, read Longfellow's "Evangeline."

LESSONS XVIII., XXII., and XXVII. This story is an adaptation of an old legend or myth which has come down to us from the ancient people of northern Europe. Thor was the personification of thunder and the summer storm. His wife, Sif, represented the growing, ripening grain in the fields and meadows; the maiden Roska symbolized the same idea. The word Thialfe means delver or digger. The connection of these persons with the hero of the story indicates that Thor was the friend of the farmer and the promoter of agriculture. The word Jotunheim (Yō'tun hīme) means Giants' Home. Midgard is the mid-earth, or our own world; Asgard is the abode of the gods, or the upper world; Utgard is the outer earth, or far-distant land.

LESSON XX. War was carried on very differently in 1432 from the manner in which it is conducted now. The Hussites were followers of John Huss of Bohemia, and leaders in a civil war with Sigismund, Emperor of Germany. Andrew Procopius, called the Great, a monk who for a time led the Hussite forces, died in 1434.

LESSON XXIII. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died in 1882. The best known of his poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," together with several shorter pieces familiar to all American readers. Among the latter, "The Reaper and the Flowers" is one of the most popular.

LESSON XXV. Name the thirteen colonies referred to in the first

paragraph. Why did the colonists object to the landing of the tea? Read "Old Times in the Colonies."

LESSON XXVI. This lesson should be studied with the map before you. Find the location of all the places mentioned. Learn, if possible, some additional facts regarding the subject here discussed, and especially the period of ice described in the 2nd paragraph. Winchell's "Sketches of Creation" is a work in which much interesting information may be found.

LESSON XXX. What war was in progress in 1777? For other sketches of a similar character read Cooke's "Stories of the Old Dominion."

LESSON XXXIII. This pathetic poem is based upon a story by Hans Christian Andersen entitled "The Little Match Girl." Procure this story if possible and read it in connection with the poem.

LESSONS XXXIV. and XXXV. The word "adobe" is from a Spanish word meaning sunburnt brick. The Gauchos are the inhabitants of the pampas of South America; they are a peculiar, half civilized people, whose chief business is the herding of cattle.

LESSON XXXVI. Peter the Great was born in Moscow in 1672, and died at St. Petersburg in 1725. The progress of Russia during the last two centuries has been largely due to his wisdom and enterprise. Read Abbott's "History of Peter the Great."

LESSON XXXVII. William Dimond was born in England in 1800, died in 1837.

LESSON XXXVIII. Marco Polo was born in Venice about 1254, died in 1324. "Khan" (pronounced Kän) was a name at that time generally applied to the independent rulers of Tartary and China.

LESSON XXXIX. This story is an abridgment and adaptation from "Dombey and Son," one of the most interesting of Dickens's novels. See Note on Lessons X. and XI.

LESSON XL. This poem is the second of a series of seven pieces, entitled "Songs of Seven." The first, on page 189 of this volume, should be read in connection with this. The boy referred to in the 3rd paragraph was Richard Whittington, first Lord Mayor of London, who lived in the 14th century. Jean Ingelow was born at Boston, in England, in 1830. She was the author of many beautiful poems and sketches of real life. She died in 1897.

LESSONS XLIII., XLIV., and XLV. This story has been much abridged from the original by John Ruskin, one of the most famous of living authors. It was written in 1841 for the amusement of a child. Ruskin was born in London, in 1819. He has written many volumes of essays and lectures, chiefly on matters connected with art and art criticism.

LESSON XLVII. The natives of the Sandwich Islands were converted to Christianity about sixty years ago. Charlotte M. Yonge, the author of many interesting books on a variety of subjects, was born in Hampshire, England, in 1823. Several sketches of a character similar to this are included in her work entitled "A Book of Golden Deeds."

LESSON L. Alfred Tennyson, the late poet-laureate of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809, and died in 1892.

LESSONS LI. and LII. This sketch is a fine example of the richness and beauty of Oriental description. Point out some of the most striking passages.

LESSON LIII. The greater part of this lesson is from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." Notice the peculiarities of style.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

Every word should be carefully and thoroughly studied at the time of its first occurrence in the reading lessons. The pupil should be required:

- 1st. To ascertain its correct pronunciation.
- 2nd. To speak it properly, paying due attention to distinctness of articulation.
- 3rd. To give its more common meaning, and also the special meaning which it may have in the lesson where first used.
- 4th. To write the word correctly at dictation.
- 5th. To use it in sentences of his own composition.
- 6th. If a derivative, to give its root form.
- 7th. To spell the word orally.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

Mark.	Name of Mark.	a	e	i	o	u	y	oo
-	Macron . . .	fāte	mēte	fīne	nōte	tūbe	flȳ	mōon
˘	Breve	făt	mět	fĭn	nőt	tüb	hÿmn	gōöd
^	Circumflex	fâre	thêre		bôrn	bûrn		
¨	Dots above	ärm		polĭce				
..	Dots below	all			do	rude		
˙	Dot above.	gräss			sôn			
˘	Dot below.	whàt			wolf	push		
~	Wave		hēr	dĭrt				
-	Bar		they					

c (unmarked) or ċ, as in can.

ç like s, as in çent.

ch (unmarked) as in child.

çh like sh, as in maçhine.

eh like k, as in ehorus.

g (unmarked) or ġ, as in go.

s (unmarked), except when used at end of plural nouns

or of verbs in the 3rd per. sing., *sharp* as in so.

ş like z, as in roşe.

th (unmarked) as in thin.

th as in this.

ñ like ng, as in ĩnk.

ş like gz, as in exăct.

ph (unmarked) like f, as in photograph.

qu (unmarked) like kw, as in quit.

wh (unmarked) like hw, as in white.

Silent letters printed in italics.

WORDS USED FOR THE FIRST TIME

IN THE FOURTH READER,

WITH THEIR MORE COMMON MEANINGS.

Aback

a **băck'**. By surprise.
a **băshed'**. Ashamed. [body.
ă'ble-böd'ied. Having strength of
a **bōde'**. Dwelling; habitation.
ăb'sençe. State of being absent.
ăb'sent. Not present.
ab sŭrd'. Foolish; without reason.
a **bŭn'dançe**. Great plenty.
a **bŭn'dant ly**. Plentifully.
a **că ția**. A genus of plants includ-
ing the locust tree, gum arabic
tree, etc.

ăc'cent. Manner of speaking; stress
of voice on a syllable.

ac țept'. To receive; to take up with.

ăc'çi dent. Something unexpected;
chance. [sequently.

ac cōrd'ing ly. Agreeably; con-

ac cŭrsed'. Doomed to misery. [ing.

ăc cu sŭ' tion. Charge of wrongdo-
ăche (ăk). Continued pain; to be
in pain. [knowledge.

ac quăint'ançe. One well-known;

ac quăint'ed. Well-known; fa-
miliar. [sq. rods.

ă'rere. A piece of land containing 160

Ale

ăc'tive. Brisk; quick.

ăct'u al ly. Truly; really; in fact.

ăd'mi ral. Commander of a fleet.

ăd mi ră'tion. Wonder mingled
with pleasure; esteem. [sun.

a **dō'be**. Unburnt brick dried in the

a **dō're'**. To honor; to worship.

a **down'**. Down.

a **droit'ly**. Skillfully.

ad vânce'. To go forward.

ad vën'tur er. One who undertakes
a dangerous enterprise.

ad vën'tur oŭs. Daring; bold.

a **făr'**. Far away; at a distance.

af **făir'**. Business.

a **frësh'**. Again; anew.

ăg'o ny. Great pain of body or mind.

a **grēe'a ble**. Pleasing; suitable.

a **grēe'ment**. Act of agreeing; a
bargain. [towards.

ăim. Purpose; intention; to point

ăir'y. Belonging to the air; gay;
sprightly. [a walk.

ăisle (il). A passage in a church;

ăl'co hōl. Spirits of wine.

ăle. Fermented malt liquor.

Alligator

ăl'li gā tor. A large reptile. [Deity.

Al mīght'y. A name applied to the

ăl'mond (ä'mund). Fruit or nut
of the almond tree. [Alps.

ăl'pīne. Mountain; pertaining to the
ăl'ter. To change.

a māze'ment. Great wonder.

ăm'e thŷst. A purple or violet-blue
quartz crystal. [ty; eager.

am bŷtious. Desirous of superiority.

ăm mu nŷ'tion. Materials for charging
firearms. [equal to.

a mount'. The entire sum; to be

a mŷse'ment. That which amuses.

ăn ehor. An instrument for holding
a vessel at rest; to cast anchor.

ăn'cient (ăn'shent). Old; of former

ăn'gle. A corner. [mer times.

ăn'gri ly. In an angry manner.

ăn'kle. The joint between the foot and
the knee. [notice of.

an nounce'. To make known; give

ăn'them. A divine song or hymn.

anx'ie ty. Trouble of mind.

ăn'xious. Uneasy.

a pärt'. Separately; aside; off; away.

ăp'pe tŷte. Desire for food; hunger.

ap point'. To set apart; name; order.
[setting apart.

ap point'ment. Direction; act of

ap prōach'. To draw near to.

ap prōv'al. Liking; support.

ărch bŷsh'op. Chief bishop.

ăr'dent. Hot; eager. [fense.

ăr'mor. Arms or covering for de-

Average

a rouse'. To excite; to awaken.

ar rānge'. To set in order. [ity of law.

ar rēst'. To stop; to seize by author-

ar rŷve'. To come; to reach.

ărt. Skill; a trade; cunning. [stance.

ăr'ti cle. A particular object; a sub-

as sēm'ble. To bring or meet together.

as sēm'bly. A company met together.

as sŷst'. To help.

as sŷre'. To make sure; to promise.

ăs' ter. A plant having flowers like
little stars.

ăs' ter oid. A small planet.

a stŷr'. Stirring; in motion. [prise.

as tŷn'ish ment. Amazement; sur-

as trŷn'o mer. One skilled in as-
tronomy.

as trŷn'o my. The science which
treats of the stars and other
heavenly bodies.

a sŷn'der. Apart; into parts.

at tăch'. To fasten; to gain over.

at tăin'. To arrive at; obtain.

at tēmt'. A trial; to try. [ent.

at tēnd'. To wait upon; to be pres-

at tēnd'ant. One who attends.

at tēn'tion. Waiting upon; heed.

at trăct'. To draw; to win.

ău'di ençe. A hearing; an assembly.

ău'ght. Anything. [a writer.

ău'thor. One who produces anything;

ău thŷr'i ty. Power; rule.

a vēnge'. To take satisfaction for.

ăv'er age. Medium; a mean propor-
tion.

Award

a ward'. A judgment; to adjudge.
 awe. Reverential fear.
 aw'ful. Terrible; filling with awe.
 āx'is. The line on which a thing turns.
 āy (āī). Yes.
 āye. Always; ever.
 bāb'ble. Idle talk; to prattle. [baby.
 bā'by hōōd. The state of being a
 bāck wōōd's'. A new settlement in
 the forest.
 bā'con. Hog's flesh pickled and dried.
 bāde. Commanded; ordered. [bread.
 bāke'house. A place for baking
 bā'ker. One who bakes bread.
 bāl'lad. A simple song of the nar-
 rative kind.
 bal lōōn'. A vessel for sailing in the
 air. [grows in warm countries.
 ba nā'nā. A tree and its fruit which
 bān'dit. A robber.
 bān'ner. A flag.
 bārb. A fleet-footed horse; a point di-
 rected backwards. [civilized.
 bar bā'ri an. A savage; a man un-
 bār'bar oūs. Savage; cruel.
 bār'ber. One whose business is to
 shave beards and dress hair.
 bāre'fōōt ed. Without shoes or
 stockings.
 bāre'ly. Only; merely; scarcely.
 bār'gain. To make a trade; to agree;
 an agreement.
 bār'ren. Unfruitful; a tract of land
 which is not fertile.
 bār'ter. To trade.

Billow

bā'sin. A small vessel.
 bāthe. To wash in water.
 bāt'ter. To beat down; a mixture
 of flour and water.
 bāt'tle-āx'es. Axes used in warfare.
 bāt'tle ment. A wall or parapet on
 a roof. [a recess.
 bay window. A window forming
 bēā'con. A signal light for seamen.
 bēads. Little balls strung on threads.
 bēard'ed. Having a beard.
 bēast'ie. Little beast. [done.
 bēat'en. Struck again and again; out-
 bēā'ver. A small fur-bearing animal.
 bēck'on. To make a sign to.
 bēech'wōōd. The beech tree.
 bēēf'-mār ket. A place where beef
 is sold. [broiling.
 bēēf'steāk. A slice of beef for
 bēēr'house. A place where beer is
 be fall'. To happen. [sold.
 be frēnd'. To help; to favor.
 be hōld'. To see; to look at.
 bēlt. A sash; a band; a girdle. [in.
 bērth. A place in a ship or car to sleep
 be siēge'. To hem in; surround.
 be siēg'er. One who besieges.
 be take'. To resort; to deliver.
 bēv'y. A flock; a company.
 be wāre'. To have a care.
 bēck'er. To scold; to quiver.
 bīd'ding. An invitation; a command.
 bīde. To endure; to remain; to dwell.
 bīl'lōw. A large wave.
 bīl'lōw y. Swelling like a wave.

Bin

bīn. A room or chest for grain, wine,
 bīrd'ling. A little bird. [etc.
 bīsh'op. A high officer in the church.
 bīt'ter. Having an acrid, biting taste.
 bläck'ish. Somewhat black. [iron.
 bläck'smith. A smith who works in
 blást. A forcible stream of air; to
 cause to wither.
 blāz'ing. Giving a bright flame.
 blēnd. To mingle together.
 blēss'ing. Favor; benediction.
 blīss. Highest happiness; blessedness.
 blīthe. Gay; merry; happy. [dog.
 blōod'hound. A ferocious kind of
 blōod'less. Without blood.
 blōod'shēd. Slaughter.
 blood'thīrst y. Eager for blood.
 blū'ness. Quality of being blue.
 blūff. A steep bank; blustering; surly.
 blū'ish. Somewhat blue.
 blūnt'ed. Dulled.
 blūsh'ing. Turning red; modest.
 blūs'ter ing. Boasting; noisy; windy.
 bōard'ing plāce. A place where
 board is furnished.
 bōast. To brag; to exalt one's self.
 bōast'er. One who boasts or brags.
 bōat'man. One who manages a boat.
 boil'er. A vessel for boiling water.
 bōnd'age. Slavery; imprisonment.
 bōn'fire. A fire made for amusement
 or in token of triumph.
 bōn'ny. Handsome; merry; gay.
 bōon. A gift; a favor; merry. [time.
 bōr'rōw. To take the use of for a

Brownie

bound'less. Having no limit.
 boun'ty. Goodness; generosity in
 giving; a gift.
 bow'er. An arbor; a place of shelter
 in a garden.
 boy'ish. Belonging to, or like a boy.
 brāce. To strain up; to tighten; a
 piece of timber. [wrist.
 brāce'let. An ornament for the
 bräck'et. A support for shelves,
 lamps, etc.
 brāg. To boast; to swagger.
 brāin. The soft substance within the
 skull which is the seat of sen-
 sation.
 brām'bly. Full of prickly shrubs.
 bränd. To burn with a hot iron; a
 mark burned.
 bränd'er. One who brands. [to side.
 brēadth. Width; measure from side
 brēast'work. A low wall or mound
 brēath. Air respired. [for defense.
 brēath'less. Out of breath.
 brēeze. A gentle wind.
 brī'dal. A wedding; belonging to
 marriage.
 brīde'grōom. A man newly mar-
 ried or about to be married.
 brīl'iant. Shining; sparkling.
 brīm. The edge; the upper edge.
 brīm'ming. Full to the brim.
 brīne. Salt water.
 brīnk. The edge of a steep place.
 brīsk. Quick; full of life.
 brown'ie. A harmless little fairy.

Bruise

bruise. To hurt with blows; a hurt with something dull or heavy.
brūsh'wood. Low, close thickets; shrubs. [senseless.
brute. A beast; a savage; dull;
būb'ble. A round film of liquid full of air; to rise in bubbles.
būck'le. An instrument for fastening straps. [middle.
būlge. To jut out; to swell in the
būl'let. A ball for a gun; a shot.
būn'dle. Several things bound together; a package. [a funeral.
bur'ial (bēr'ī al). Act of burying;
būs'tle. A hurry; tumult; to be busy.
căb'in. A hut; a room in a ship.
căc'tus. A kind of prickly plant.
călk. To stop the seams of anything, as of a ship.
căn. A metallic vessel for liquids.
căne. A walking stick; a reed. [die.
ca noe'. A small boat driven by a paddle.
căp'ital. Chief city; stock in trade; a large letter; chief. [or ship.
căp'tain. Commander of a company
căp'tive. A prisoner. [captive.
cap tiv'i ty. Bondage; the being a
căp'ture. To seize; to take, as a prize. [ers or pilgrims.
căr'a van. A body of traveling traders.
căr'di nal. Chief; an officer in the Catholic church.
ca reer'. A course; to run rapidly.
ca rēss'. To fondle; to embrace.
căr'ol. A song of joy; to warble.

Chime

ca rouse'. To drink freely; to feast noisily. [pieces.
cărve. To cut; to cut into small
cas căde'. A waterfall.
căsh. Money; coin.
căsk. A vessel like a barrel. [stones.
căt'a pŭlt. A machine for throwing
căt'a răct. A waterfall. [cattle.
căt'tle drō'ver. One who drives
cau'tious ly. Prudently; carefully.
gē'dar. An evergreen tree.
gěl'e brā ted. Famous. [cavity.
gĕll. A small room; a small closed
gēr'e mo ny. A form of civility or religious observance. [a chain.
chăin. A line of links; to fasten with
chăl'lenge. A call to fight; to dare.
chăm'ber. A room; a hollow place.
chăp'ter. A division of a book.
chăr'ac ter. A distinctive quality; reputation.
chăr'ger. A spirited horse.
chăr'i ot. A carriage; a war car.
chăr'i ty. Love; liberality; alma.
chărm. An attraction; to enchant.
ehăsm. A deep gap; an opening.
chēap'ness. Lowness of price.
chēer'less. Sad; gloomy.
chēss. A game of skill.
chĕst. A large box. [man.
gĕhv a liēr'. A knight; a gallant
child'hōod. Time of being a child.
chil'ly. Somewhat cold.
chīme. A set of bells arranged to ring a tune; to sound in harmony.

Chin

chîn. Lower end of the face.
 chōke. To suffocate; to have the windpipe stopped.
 chōse. Selected; preferred.
 ehrist'en. To baptize and name.
 Chrîs'tian. A believer in Christ; pertaining to Christ.
 chŭck'le. To laugh to one's self.
 chŭrch'yārd. A burial ground near
 ċi cā'da. A locust. [a church.
 ċin'der. A small coal. [in arithmetic.
 ċī'pher. The figure 0; to use figures
 ċīr'cling. Moving round.
 ċīr'cu lar. Round; like a circle.
 ċīr'cum stanċe. Fact; event.
 ċiv'il ized. Cultivated; refined.
 clāim. To demand; to require; that to which one has a right. [feet.
 clām'ber. To climb with hands and
 clām'or oŭs. Noisy; loud. [noisy.
 clāsh'ing. Striking noisily together;
 clēan'li ness. Neatness; purity.
 clēar'anċe. A permit to sail.
 clēft. A crack or opening; split.
 clīff. A steep rock; a crag.
 clī'mate. Condition of a place as to temperature, moisture, etc.
 clīme. Climate; region.
 cloud'less. Without clouds.
 clŭtch'es. Hands; claws; grasp.
 cōach. A four-wheeled carriage.
 cōast'-brēd. Brought up near the coast.
 cōax. To persuade.
 cōld'ly. Without warmth.

Cone

cōl'lege. A school of high order.
 colonel (kŭr'nel). Commander of a regiment. [ony.
 cōl'o nîst. An inhabitant of a col-
 cōl'o ny. A settlement made in a foreign country by people still subject to the mother country; a body of colonists.
 cōl'or less. Without color.
 cōl'umn. A pillar; a perpendicular set of lines in a book.
 cōm'bat. A fight; a battle.
 cōm'er. One who comes.
 cōm'fort a ble. Easy; cheerful.
 cōm'fort less. Cheerless; miserable.
 com mând'. An order; to direct; to govern. [commands.
 cōm man dānt'. An officer who
 com mēnċe'. To begin. [thorize.
 com mîs'sion. Authority; to au-
 com mît'. To do; to intrust.
 cōm'mon wēalth. A state.
 com pār'a tîve ly. By way of lik-
 com pâre'. To liken. [ening.
 cōm'pass. A magnetic instrument used by seamen, surveyors, and others.
 com plāin'. To murmur. [gether.
 com pōse'. To make up; to put to-
 con clŭ'sion. End; close.
 con dēnse'. To thicken; to shorten.
 con dî'tion. State; quality.
 cōn'duct. Behavior.
 cōne. A solid body having a circular base and tapering to a point.

Confide

con fide'. To trust; to put faith in.
 cõn'fi dençe. Trust; firm belief.
 cõn'fi dent. Having firm belief.
 cõn'flict. A struggle; contest.
 con frõnt'. To face.
 con fũ'gion. Disorder; destruction.
 con nect'. To join together.
 cõn'quer (kõn'ker). To overcome.
 cõn'quer or. One who overcomes.
 cõn'quest. Victory; act of over-
 coming. [mission.
 con sент'. Agreement; to give per-
 con sist'. To be made up of.
 cõn'stant. Firm; faithful.
 cõn'stant ly. In a constant manner.
 cõn ster nã'tion. Terror; dismay.
 con strũct'. To make; to build.
 con sũlt'. To ask or take advice.
 cõn sul tã'tion. Act of consulting.
 con tãin'. To hold; to embrace.
 con tẽnd'. To strive; to struggle.
 cõn'ti nent. One of the larger di-
 visions of land.
 cõn tra dict'. To gainsay; to deny.
 cõn'trast. Difference in things.
 con trast'. To show the difference.
 con trõl'. Command; to govern.
 cõn'vent. A house where monks or
 nuns live; a monastery.
 cõn ver sã'tion. Talk; intercourse.
 cõn'vert. One who has changed his
 opinions. [state.
 con vẽrt'. To change to another
 con vey'. To carry; to transfer.
 cõol'ness. State of being cool.

Crater

cõot. A waterfowl.
 cõp'per. A valuable reddish metal.
 cõp'y. A pattern; to imitate.
 cõr'al. A hard substance of various
 shapes and colors; the skele-
 ton of certain sea animals.
 cõrpse. A dead body. [right.
 cor rẽct'. Right; exact; to make
 cor rẽct'ness. Exactness.
 costũme. Style of dress.
 couch. A place for rest; a bed.
 coun'cil. A meeting for consultation;
 a body of men whose duty it is
 to advise concerning public
 matters. [cil.
 coun'cil or. A member of a coun-
 cõup'le. Two of a kind.
 cõurt. Seat of justice; an inclosed
 place; residence of a king.
 cõurte'sy (kũrt'sỹ). An act of re-
 spect by women and girls.
 cõurt'ier (kõrt'yer). One who
 frequents the court of a king.
 cõurt'yãrd. An inclosed space next
 cõver. A shelter. [a house.
 cow'ard ãçe. Want of courage.
 cow'ard ly. Meanly timid. [plains.
 cow'boy. A cattle-herder on the
 cow'slip. A kind of primrose.
 cõy'õ te. A kind of prairie wolf.
 crãck. A sharp noise; a break; a
 crãg. A steep, rugged rock. [chink.
 crãsh. A loud noise as of something
 falling; to make such a noise.
 crã'ter. The mouth of a volcano.

Craving

crāv'ing. Longing for; desiring.
 cre āte'. To cause to exist. [owed.
 cred'it or. One to whom a debt is
 creeek. A small river or inlet.
 crīsp. Brittle; to curl. [finder.
 crīt'ic. A judge of merit; a fault-
 croc'o dīle. Described on page 322.
 croft. A small field.
 crop'ping. Cutting off; reaping.
 crouch. To stoop low.
 crown. A royal ornament for the
 head; to put on a crown.
 cru'el ty. Barbarity; inhumanity.
 cru'ise. To rove back and forth on
 the sea.
 crūm'ble. To break into small pieces.
 crunch. To crush.
 crust. A hard covering. [sides.
 cūbe. A body with six equal square
 cūd'dle. To lie close or snug.
 cūp'board (kūb'urd). A case with
 shelves for earthenware.
 cūp'ful. As much as a cup will hold.
 cūrb. To check; control. [to know.
 cū ri ōs'i ty. A rarity; eagerness
 cūrl'eth. Bends; twists.
 cūy'press. An evergreen tree. [is kept.
 dāi'ry-house. A house where milk
 dām'age. Harm; hurt; to injure.
 dān'ger ōus. Full of danger or peril.
 dān'gle. To hang loose and waving.
 dānk. Damp; moist.
 dārk'ened. Made dark.
 dārk'some. Gloomy; dim. [an event.
 dāte. The fruit of a palm tree; time of

Dent

dawn'ing. Beginning to grow light.
 dāy'breāk. Dawn; first light of day.
 dāy'time. During the day.
 dāz'zling. Overpowering with light.
 dēad'ly. Destructive; fatal.
 dēal'er. A trader; one who deals.
 dēbt. That which one owes another.
 de cāy'. To waste away; fail.
 de cēive'. To mislead; to cheat.
 dē'gen cy. Fitness; propriety.
 de cēp'tion. Act of deceiving; cheat.
 dēc la rā'tion. An open statement
 of facts; a proclamation. [cay.
 de clīne'. To bend over; to fail; de-
 dēc'o rāte. To adorn; to ornament.
 dēem. To think; to suppose. [en.
 dēep'en. To become deeper; to dark-
 dēep'ly. To a great depth.
 de fāce'. To injure; to destroy. [ing.
 de fi'ançe. A challenge; act of dar-
 de filed'. Made impure or dirty.
 de fīne'. To explain.
 dēft'ly. Skillfully; neatly.
 de fīy'. To dare; to challenge.
 dē'i ty. God; a divinity. [taste.
 dēl'i cate. Nice; pleasing to the
 de lī'cious (-shūs). Delightful;
 pleasing to the senses. [ing.
 de līght'ful. Very pleasant; charm-
 de līv'er er. One who sets free.
 dēll. A small valley.
 dē'mon. An evil spirit.
 de nōte'. To show; to mark.
 dēnse. Close; thick. [with the teeth.
 dēnt. A small hollow; to mark as

Descend

Drawer

de scēnd'. To go or come down.

de scēnd'ants. Offspring. [signs.

de scribe'. To show by words or

dēs'o lāte. To lay waste; comfort-
less; uninhabited. [of hope.

de spāir'. To be without hope; loss

dēs'per ate. Rash; without hope.

dēs per ā'tion. Despair; hopeless-

dēs'tined. Doomed; appointed. [ness.

de strūc'tion. Ruin; overthrow.

de tēr'mīne. To resolve; to decide.

de vour'. To eat up; to consume.

dī ām'e ter. A line passing through
the center of a circle dividing
it into two equal parts.

dīf'fer. To be unlike; to disagree.

dī gēst'. To dissolve in the stomach.

dīm'ly. Not clearly. [or chin.

dīm'ple. A little hollow in the cheek

dīn. Loud noise. [lunch.

dīn'ner bāg. A bag for carrying

dīre. Dreadful. [scription of a letter.

dī rēc'tion. Order; course; super-

dīs ad vān'tāge. A hinderance;

loss; injury. [fensive.

dīs a grēe'a ble. Unpleasant; of-

dīs ap pēar'. To vanish from sight.

dīs ap point'. To fail of expecta-
tion; to frustrate. [pectation.

dīs ap point'ment. Failure of ex-

dīs ārm'. To deprive of arms.

dīs cōm'fort. Want of comfort.

dīs cōur'āge ment. That which
disheartens.

dīs cōv'er y. A finding out.

dīs cūss'. To talk about; to debate.

dīs cūs'sion. A debate.

dīs ēase'. Sickness; malady. [hide.

dīs gūise'. A false appearance; to

dīs gūst'. Distaste; great dislike.

dīs heārt'ened. Dejected; discour-
aged. [greatly.

dīs māy'. Great terror; to frighten

dīs o bey'. To neglect or refuse to do
what is bidden.

dīs pērse'. To scatter. [range.

dīs pōse'. To place; to settle; to ar-

dīs sōlve'. To melt; to separate.

dīs tīnct'. Separate; clear. [ority.

dīs tīnct'ion. Difference; superi-

dīs tīn'guished. Separated from
others; known; celebrated.

dīs'trict. A region; tract of country.

dīs tūrb'. To trouble; perplex.

dī vīde'. To separate. [like.

dī vīne'. Heavenly; excellent; god-

dōck'yārd. A yard for ship stores.

dōdge. To start suddenly aside.

dōe'skīn. The skin of a deer.

dō mīn'ion. Territory governed.

dōūb'let. A waistcoat.

dōugh. Unbaked paste of bread.

down'fall. Overthrow; ruin.

down'heārt ed. Dejected; hopeless.

drāg'on. A fabled serpent with wings.

drāg'on flȳ. An insect with long,
slender body.

draught (drāft). Quantity drank
at once; act of drawing.

draw'er. A sliding box.

Drawl

drawl. To speak in a slow, lengthened
drēad. Great fear; to fear. [tone.
drēad'ful. Terrible; frightful.
drēar. Gloomy; dismal.
drēnched. Wet through; soaked.
drow'sy. Sleepy; heavy.
drūd'ge. To labor; to slave.
drūnk'en. Intoxicated with liquor.
duc'at. A coin used in the country of
 a duke.

duck'-billed. With a bill like a duck.
dūe. Owing; proper; a debt. [ground.
dūg'out. A room partly under
dū'ty. A tax on imported goods.
dwarf. A very small person; to hin-
 der from growing.

dwēll'ing. A house; a place to live.
dwīn'dle. To become less.

dȳ'ing. Expiring; losing life.

ēar'ring. A jewel for the ear. [of clay.

ēarth'en wāre. Pottery; ware made

ēarth'quāke. A shaking of the
 earth. [of earth.

ēarth'works. Embankments made

ēast'ern. In or from the east.

ēbb. To flow back.

ēb'on y. A hard, heavy wood.

ēeh'o. A sound reflected.

e clipse'. The darkening of one heav-
 enly body by the passage of
 another, or its shadow, be-
 tween it and the observer.

ēc'sta sy. Great joy or delight.

ēd'dy. Circular motion of water; to
 move in a circle.

Energy

ēd u cā'tion. Instruction; forma-
 tion of manners.

ēē'rie. Wild; ghastly.

e lās'tic. Springy; springing back.

ēl'bōw. The bend of the arm.

ēl'der trēe. A shrub having white
 flowers and purple berries.

ēld'est. Oldest.

ēl e vā'tion. A high place; act of
 raising.

ēlves. Fairies; small imaginary be-
 ings.

em bār'k'. To go on board.

ēm'blem. A sign or type of some-
 thing.

em brā'ce'. To clasp in the arms.

em broid'ered. Ornamented with
 needlework.

ēm'er ald. A precious green stone;
 green.

ē'mir. An Arab chief.

ēm'per or. The ruler of an empire.

ēm'pha sis. Force of voice given
 to particular words.

ēm'pīre. A large country or several
 distinct countries under one
 ruler called an emperor.

em ployed'. Used; engaged.

en cāmp'ment. A camp; tents
 pitched in order.

en chānt'ment. Fascination; de-
 light; use of the magic arts.

en coun'ter. A sudden meeting; to
 meet.

ēn'er gy. Strength; spirit.

Engaged

en gāged'. Occupied; promised.
 ǝn'gīne. A machine, usually of many parts.
 ǝn ġi nēer'ing. Art of managing engines or of constructing roads, machines, etc.
 en lārgē'. To increase.
 en rāgē'. To make very angry.
 en rōlled'. Registered; recorded.
 ǝn'sīgn. A flag; the officer that carries the flag. [amuse.
 ǝn ter tāin'. To lodge; to feed; to
 en thrōned'. Placed on a throne.
 en tīre'ly. Wholly; altogether.
 ǝn'tranġe. A going or coming in; a passage for going or coming in.
 ē'qual. Having the same value or extent. [tween the poles.
 e quā'tor. A great circle midway be-
 e quīpped'. Dressed; armed.
 ē'rā. A point of time from which years are reckoned.
 êre. Before; sooner than.
 e rēct'. Upright; to build.
 ǝr'rand. A message; something to be done by a messenger.
 e rūp'tion. A breaking forth.
 es cāpe'. Flight; to flee; to avoid.
 es pē'ġial ly (-shal ly). Particu-
 es tāb'lish. To fix; to found. [larly.
 es trāngēd'. Kept at a distance.
 e tēr'nal. Everlasting.
 ēve. Evening.
 e vēnt'. That which happens.
 ex āct'ly. Precisely; carefully.

Extra

ex ām'īne. To look into carefully; inquire about.
 ex ġēl'. To surpass. [else.
 ex chāngē'. To give for something
 ex ġīte'. To stir; to rouse.
 ex ġīt'ing. Tending to stir up.
 ex clāim'. To cry out.
 ǝx'e cūte. To put to death by law; to perform.
 ex ērt'. To use strength; to strive.
 ex ġaust'ed. Used up; fatigued.
 ǝx'īle. Banishment; one who is ban-
 ǝx'īt. A going out. [ished; to banish.
 ex pānd'. To open; to spread.
 ex pān'sīve. Spreading.
 ǝx pe dīt'ion. A voyage; an enter-prise; haste.
 ex pēnse'. Cost; charge.
 ex pē'ri enġe. Knowledge gained by trial; practice; to try.
 ex pē'ri enġed. Tried; practiced.
 ex plōde'. To burst suddenly.
 ex plo rā'tion. Act of exploring.
 ex plōre'. To examine thoroughly; to try to find out.
 ex plō'sion. A sudden bursting.
 ex pōse'. To lay open; to put in danger.
 ex pō'sūre. State of being exposed.
 ex prēss'. A special conveyance; plain; to declare.
 ǝx'qui sīte. Very fine; excellent.
 ex tēnd'. To stretch out; to reach.
 ex tēnd'ed. Drawn or spread out.
 ǝx'tra. Additional; out of.

Factory

făc'to ry. A mill; a manufactory.
făde'less. That which will not lose
color or strength.

făint'ly. Feebly.

făith'ful ly. With honor; truly.

făl'lōw. Land left untilled.

fălse. Not true.

făme. Honor; good or bad report.

fă mil'iar. Well-known; common.

fă'moūs. Noted; much talked of.

făne. A temple; a church.

făn tăs'tic. Fanciful.

făre. To get on; to feed; to happen;
price paid for conveyance.

făte. Necessity; doom; fortune.

făth'om. A measure of six feet.

fă tīgued'. Tired; weary.

fă'vor a ble. Kind; friendly.

fă'vor ing. Helping along.

fă'vor ĩte. Preferred; beloved; a
particular friend.

făar'ful ly. In a fearful manner.

făar'less. Free from fear.

făar'less ly. Boldly; with courage.

făat'. A trick; a daring act.

făath'er y. Covered with or resem-
bling feathers.

făe'bly. Weakly; faintly.

făr'tile. Rich; fruitful. [joyful.

făs'ti val. A feast; a celebration;

făs tōon'. A kind of wreath.

fă'er y. Like fire; fierce; passionate.

făght'er. One who fights.

fă'nal. Ending; last.

fă'nal ly. At last; in conclusion.

Foretelling

fĭne. A sum of money paid as a pun-
ishment.

fĭre'fly. An insect which emits a
bright light at night.

fĭr'ma ment. The sky.

fĭrm'ly. Strongly; steadily.

fĭst. The clinched hand.

fĭăg. A cloth borne on a staff as an
ensign.

fĭăme. Light of a fire; flash; glare.

fĭăsk. A narrow-necked bottle. [ner.

fĭăt'ly. Horizontally; in a flat man-

fĭax. A plant from which linen is

fĭăx'en. Like flax. [made.

fĭick'er. To flutter; to waver.

fĭou'r'ish ing. Thriving.

fĭow'er et. A little flower.

fĭush. Fresh; to redden suddenly.

fĭy'căch er. An insect-eating bird.

fĭod'der. Food for cattle.

fĭoe'man. An enemy.

fĭog. A thick vapor.

fĭō'li age. Leaves of trees.

fĭl'lōw er. One who follows.

fĭl'ly. Want of sense; foolishness.

fĭn'dle. To caress. [passengers.

fĭoot'păth. A narrow road for foot-

fĭord. To cross by wading. [forehand.

fĭore bōd'ing. Something known be-

fĭore'hăad. Upper part of the face.

fĭore'land. A headland; a cape.

fĭore'mōst. First in order.

fĭore sĕe'. To see beforehand.

fĭore tĕll'ing. A foreshowing; a
prophecy.

Forever

for ĕv'er. Through all time.
 fôrm. A long bench.
 fôr'mer. First of two; previous.
 for sāk'en. Deserted; given up.
 fôrt. A castle; a place of defense.
 fôrt'nīght. The space of two weeks.
 fôr'tress. A fort; a stronghold.
 fôrt'u nate. Lucky; successful.
 foun dā'tion. Bottom; base; establishment. [er.
 found'er. One who founds; a builder.
 foun'dry. A place for casting metals.
 fount. A spring; a small fountain.
 foun'tain. A jet of water; a well; origin.
 fôx'-fire. A phosphorescent light.
 fôx'glove. A plant with flowers resembling the fingers of a glove.
 frā'grant. Sweet-smelling.
 frāil. Weak.
 frānk'ly. Truly; openly.
 frān'ti cal ly. Madly; furiously.
 frēak. A whim; a strange notion.
 freight. Load, as of a ship; to load.
 frē'quent. Often done; common.
 fre quent'. To visit often. [ness.
 friēnd'ship. Mutual esteem; kindness.
 frīght'ful. Causing terror.
 frôl'ic some. Playful; sportive.
 frôn'tis piēce. A picture facing the title-page of a book.
 ful'ly. Completely; to the full.
 fūme. Smoke; vapor.
 fū'ri ous ly. Madly; with fury.

Glisten

fūr'ni tūre. Movable goods.
 fūr'ry. Covered with fur.
 fū'ry. Madness; rage.
 fūrze. A thorny evergreen shrub.
 gā'ble. The triangular end of a house above the eaves.
 gāin. Profit; benefit; to obtain.
 gāit. Manner of walking.
 gāle. A strong wind; a breeze.
 gāl'lant ly. Bravely.
 gār'ment. An article of clothing.
 gār'ri son. A body of troops in a fort.
 gāsp. A painful catching of the breath.
 gāte'wāy. A way through a gate.
 gēn'er ous. Liberal; free.
 gēn'ius (jēn'yus). Mental power; nature; talent; a man with superior faculties.
 gēn'tle ness. Mildness; kindness.
 ġe ôl'o ġy. The science of the interior structure of the earth.
 ġe ôm'e try. The science of quantity.
 ġe rā'nī ūm. A plant with showy flowers.
 ġid'dy. Light-headed; dizzy; wild.
 ġirt. Surrounded; bound.
 glā'cier (glā'shēr). A great mass of ice moving slowly down mountain slopes.
 glāre. A bright dazzling light; a fierce look; to look fiercely.
 glēam. A beam or ray of light; to glitter; to shine. [light.
 glīs'ten. To sparkle with a mild

Glitter

glit'ter. A bright light; to glisten.
glōat. To gaze with eagerness or de-
glōom'y. Dark; dim; dejected. [sire.
glō'ri ous. Splendid; grand. [boast.
glō'ry. Honor; fame; brightness; to
glōw. Brightness of color; to shine
 as with heat.

glōw'ing. Brilliant; animated; fiery.
gnärled. Full of knots.

gnaw. To bite; to eat into.

göb'let. A kind of drinking vessel.

göld'smith. One who works in gold.

gōod-hū'mored. Cheerful; pleasant.

gōod'y-gōod'y. Over good.

gōod'ly. Beautiful; fine. [niture.

gōods. Merchandise; household fur-

gōre. Thick or clotted blood.

gōrge. To swallow greedily.

go ril'lā. A large, ferocious monkey.

gös'sip. Idle talk; to tattle.

gòv'ern or. One who rules or directs.

gown. A loose robe; a woman's dress.

grāce'less. Coarse; rude; wicked.

grād'u al ly. Little by little.

grän'a ry. A storehouse for grain.

grāpe. The fruit of the vine.

gräss'plöt. A small level spot cov-
 ered with grass.

grät'i fȳ. To delight; to please.

grät'i tūde. Thankfulness; a wish
 to return a kindness received.

grāve. A pit for the dead; solemn;

gräv'el. Small pebbles. [serious.

gräv'el ly. Full of gravel.

grāve'ly. Seriously.

Haze

grāy'ling. A fish related to the

grēed. Avarice; greediness. [trout.

grīm. Fierce; stern and surly.

grīm'ly. Sternly; hideously.

grīp. A grasp; to hold fast.

grīst. Grain for grinding.

grōan. A deep, mournful sound; to
 utter such a sound.

group. A cluster; a crowd; to form
 into a cluster. [of another.

guärd'i an. One who has the care

guīd'ance. Leading; direction.

gui tär'. A stringed instrument of

gūlf. An arm of the sea. [music.

gūll. A sea fowl.

gūm' tree. A tree with wood close-
 grained and hard to split.

gūsh. A sudden flow; to break forth
 with a rush. [appearance.

häg'gard. Gaunt; lean; rough in

hāil. Frozen raindrops; to salute. [ing.

hām'mer. An instrument for strik-

hām'mock. A hanging bed.

händ'ker chief. A cloth for wip-
 ing the face, etc. [to touch.

hän'dle. Part by which a thing is held;

hāp'less. Unhappy; unfortunate.

hārd'ship. Toil; severe trial.

härp'er. One who plays on a harp.

här pōon'. A fishing spear.

härsh. Rough; severe; jarring.

häs'ti ly. With haste.

hätch'et. A small ax.

hāz'ard. Risk; to risk.

hāze. A thin mist.

Headquarters

hēad quar'ters. House of the officer in command; chief place.

hēal. To cure; to become well.

hēap. A pile; a mass. [age.

heärt'less. Unfeeling; without cour-

hēath. An open waste tract of land; heather. [gods.

hēa'then. A worshiper of false

hēath'er. A narrow leaved shrub.

hēel. Hind part of the foot.

hēl'met. Armor for the head.

hēl'ter-skēl'ter. In hurry and confusion.

hēmmed. Surrounded; bordered.

hēmp'en. Made of hemp.

hērb. A plant with soft stalk.

hērd'ing. Taking care of cattle.

hērn. A heron; a large wading bird.

he rō'ic. Bold; brave.

hēr'o īne. A female hero. [ting.

hewn (hūn). Made smooth by cut-

hīd'e ous. Frightful; horrible.

hīe. To hasten.

hīgh'wāy. A public road.

hīl'lock. A small hill.

hīn'der. To keep back; to stop.

hīp. The joint of the thigh.

hīre. To engage for pay; wages.

hōard. A treasure; to lay up.

hōar'y. White or gray.

hoist. To raise; to lift up. [labor.

hōl'i dāy. A day of freedom from

hō'ly. Perfectly pure; sacred.

hōme'sick. Pining for one's home.

hōme'spun. Made at home; coarse.

Ill-gotten

hōōf. The horny part of a beast's foot.

hōpe'ful. Full of hope or promise.

hōrde. A wandering tribe.

ho ri'zon. The place where earth and sky seem to meet.

hōrn'y. Made of, or like, horn.

hōr'ror. Shuddering fear. [back.

hōrse'man. One who rides on horse-

hōs'pī ta ble. Kind to strangers.

hōs'pi tal. A building for the care of the unfortunate.

hōs'tile. Unfriendly. [horses.

hōs'tler. One who has the care of

house'keep er. One who has the chief care of a house.

hōv'el. A shed; a cottage.

hūe. Color; great noise.

hūg. To embrace; to hold tightly.

hūm'bly. Without pride; meekly.

hūn'dred weight. A hundred pounds. [food.

hūn'ger. Wanting food; to crave

hūrl. To throw with violence.

hūr'ri cāne. A great storm.

hūt. A poor cottage.

ieh neū'mon. A small animal.

ī'gi cle. A hanging mass of ice.

ī'gy. Covered with, or like, ice.

ī dē'ā. A thought; the image of something in the mind.

ī dēn'ti ty. Sameness.

ī'dle ness. Inaction.

ī'dol. An image worshiped.

īg'no rant. Without knowledge.

ill-gōt'ten. Obtained wrongfully.

Imaginable

im äg'i na ble. Conceivable.
 im äg'i nã'tion. An idea; fancy.
 ìm'i tãte. To follow as a model.
 ìm i tã'tion. Act of copying; a likeness. [ly.
 im mē'di ate ly. At once; instantly.
 im mēnse'. Vast; monstrous.
 im môr'tal. Never dying.
 ìm mor tãl'i ty. Undying life.
 im pã'tient. Uneasy; hasty.
 im pã'tient ly. With uneasiness.
 ìm pēarl'. To decorate as with pearls.
 im pôr'tant. Of great consequence.
 im prēss'. To stamp; to affect.
 ìm'press. A mark; a stamp.
 im prìs'on. To confine, as in a prison.
 im prìs'on ment. Bondage; confinement. [ing better.
 im prôve'ment. Progress; a growing.
 in clined'. Turned; bent; sloped.
 in clōse'. To shut in. [inclosing.
 in clō'sure. A space shut in; act of
 in clūd'ing. Taking in; inclosing.
 in crēd'u lous ly. As if doubting.
 ìn de pēnd'ençe. Freedom from control. [free.
 ìn de pēnd'ent. Not controlled;
 ìn'di cãte. To show; to point out.
 ìn'di go. A blue coloring matter.
 in dūs'tri ous. Diligent; not idle.
 ìn'fan cy. The first part of life.
 in flict'. To lay on as a punishment;
 to impose. [ity.
 ìn'flu ençe. Moving power; author-
 in fôrm'. To tell.

Inventor

in gēn'ious (in jēn'yus). Skillful.
 in hãb'it ant. A dweller.
 in hēr it'ançe. Possessions which
 are received by an heir.
 ìn'jure. To harm; to hurt.
 in lãid'. Ornamented by the insertion
 of other substances or bodies.
 ìn'land. Far from the sea.
 ìn or gãn'ic. Without organs.
 in quĩr'ing. Asking.
 ìn'rōad. A sudden invasion; attack.
 in sēt'. Set in.
 in sist'. To urge.
 ìn'stançe. Example.
 ìn'stant. A moment.
 ìn'stant ly. At once; immediately.
 ìn'stinct. Natural impulse.
 in strūct'. To teach; to direct.
 ìn'stru ment. A tool; machine.
 ìn'sult. Outrage; affront.
 in sũlt'. To treat with abuse.
 in tēnse'. Strained; violent.
 in tēn'tion. Design; aim. [to concern.
 ìn'ter est. Share; concern; to affect;
 in tē'ri or. Inside; the inner part.
 in tēr'pret er. One who explains.
 ìn ter rūp'tion. Stop; hindrance.
 ìn'ti mate. Near; familiar.
 in vãde'. To enter with hostile in-
 tentions; to attack.
 in vãd'er. One who attacks, or en-
 ters in a hostile manner.
 ìn'va lid. One who is sick; feeble.
 in vēnt'or. One who finds out, or con-
 trives.

Invisible

in vīs'i ble. Not to be seen.
ir rēg'u lar. Not according to rule;
 disorderly. [and.
is'land er. An inhabitant of an isl-
jäck'knife. A large pocketknife.
jäun'ti ness. Airiness; showiness.
jäve'lin. A kind of spear. [fixed.
jaw. The bone in which the teeth are
jēal'ous. Suspicious; fearful; care-
jēs'sa mīne. A flowering plant. [ful.
jēst. A joke; to make sport.
jöl'ly. Merry; gay; lively.
jō'vi al. Merry; jolly.
jūdge. One who has skill to decide;
 the chief officer in courts of
 law; to decide. [ing.
jūdg'ment. Opinion; act of decid-
jūg'gler. One who plays tricks by
 sleight of hand. [Australia.
kān ga rōō'. An animal found in
kēt'tle. A metal vessel used for heat-
 ing water.
kēy'hōle. A hole in the door or lock
 for admitting the key.
khän. A governor or high officer.
kīn'dle. To set on fire. [other.
kīn'dred. People related to each
kīne. Cattle; cows. [king or queen.
kīng'dōm. A country ruled by a
kīng'ly. Like, or relating to a king.
knäp'sack. A soldier's sack.
knāve. A rascal.
knēll. The sound of a funeral bell.
knīght. A title; a young man admitted
 to military rank.

Leisure

knīt. To join closely. [anything.
knōb. A ball or lump at the end of
knōt'ty. Full of knots.
läck. To need; to want.
lād'der. A frame with round steps.
lād'en. Loaded; burdened.
lā'dy ship. Title of a lady.
lānce. A long spear.
lān'tern. A transparent case for a
 light; upper part of a light-
 house. [knees; to lick.
lāp. Part of the dress that covers the
lārch. A cone-bearing tree.
lās'so. A rope with a noose.
lāth. A catch for a door. [mans.
Lāt'in. Language of the ancient Ro-
lāt'ter. The last of two.
lāt'tīge. A network of crossbars.
lā'vā. Melted matter flowing from a
law'less. Not subject to law. [volcano.
lāy'er. A stratum; a bed.
lā'zi ness. Idleness; sloth.
lēad'er. One who leads.
lēak. A crack or hole which lets a
 fluid in or out; to let a fluid
 pass through a leak. [study.
lēarn'ing. Knowledge obtained by
lēath'er. Hide of an animal, dressed
 and prepared for use.
lēath'ern. Made of leather.
lēav'en. Sour dough for making oth-
 er dough light.
lēdge. A shelf; a ridge of rocks.
lēg'end. A remarkable story.
lēi'sūre. Freedom from occupation.

Lengthening

lěngth'en ing. Growing or making longer.
 lěop'ard. A spotted wild beast.
 lěv'ee. An assembly of people on a morning or evening visit to a great personage.
 lěv'el. Even; flat; plain.
 līb'er ty. Freedom. [captain.
 lieu těn'ant. An officer next below
 life'less. Without life; dead.
 life'lǒng. Continuing through life.
 light'en. To make light.
 light'house. A tower with a light for directing seamen.
 light'ning. An electric flash.
 like'ness. Resemblance; a portrait.
 like'wīse. In like manner; also.
 līmb. Branch of a tree; extremity of
 līnk. One of the parts of a chain. [body.
 līnt'seed. Seed of flax or hemp.
 līq'uor (līk'ur). A liquid; strong drink.
 līsp. To speak imperfectly as a child.
 līst'eth. Prefers; pleases.
 līt. Lighted.
 līt'er a tūre. Written compositions; acquaintance with books.
 līve'li hōōd. Means of living.
 līz'ard. A kind of reptile.
 lōaf. A mass of bread.
 lōan. Act of lending; to lend.
 lo cā'tion. Position; place.
 lō'cust. A tree; an insect like a grasshopper.
 lōdġe. To rest at night; to settle.

Major

lōdġ'ing. A place of rest at night.
 lōf'ty. High; lifted up.
 loi'ter. To linger; to delay.
 lōne. Single; solitary.
 lōng'ing. Desiring greatly.
 lōok'out. View; a watching. [man.
 lōrd'ship. A title given to a noble.
 lōt. Chance; abundance; fortune.
 lōv'er. One who loves.
 lōw'er mōst. Lowest.
 lōw'ing. Bellowing, as cattle.
 lōw'li est. Humblest; meekest.
 lūll. To put to rest.
 lūre. To attract.
 lūrġk. To lie in wait or out of sight.
 lūst'y. Able of body; hearty.
 lux ū'ri oūs. Given to luxury.
 mǎ'am. Madam; a form of address to a lady.
 mǎd'ness. State of being mad.
 mǎġ a zīne'. A storehouse; a pamphlet published periodically.
 mǎġ'ic. Witchcraft; enchantment.
 mǎġ'ic al. Belonging to, or produced by magic.
 mǎġ'is trāte. A public officer.
 mǎġ'ni fȳ. To make great.
 mǎil. Armor; postal matter, as letters and newspapers.
 mǎin. Chief; principal; the sea.
 mǎin'lānd. A continent or other large body of land.
 mǎj'es ty. Grandeur; title of a king or queen. [captain.
 mǎ'jor. Greater; an officer above a

Malice

măl'ice. Enmity; hatred.
măl'lōw. A wild plant. [ductor.
măn'a ġer. One who controls; a con-
măn'ġer. An eating trough for horses
or cattle. [ly.
măn'gle. To cut roughly or coarse-
măn'ĭ fest. Clear; plain; to show.
man kĭnd'. The human race.
măn'ly. Brave; noble.
mănned. Furnished with men.
măr. To injure.
măr'ble. A kind of limestone.
măr'ġin. An edge; border.
mărks'man. One who shoots well.
măr'riage. State of being married;
wedlock.
măr'ried. Joined in wedlock.
măr'rōw. A soft substance in bones.
măr'tyr. One who suffers death for
his belief.
măss. A body or lump; a collective
body; quantity; to assemble.
măss'y. Bulky; heavy.
ma tē'ri al. The substance of which
anything is made; bodily; of
consequence.
mă'tron. An elderly woman.
măt'ted. Twisted together. [time.
mēan'while. In the intervening
mēd'ĭ ġine. Anything that cures; a
remedy. [brance.
mēm'o'ry. Recollection; remem-
mēr'cy. Tenderness toward a wrong-
doer; kindness.
mēre. This only; pure; bare.

Moisten

mēre'ly. Wholly; only; simply.
mēr'ri ment. Gayety; noisy sport.
mēs'sage. Notice sent. [message.
mēs'sen ġer. One who carries a
me thĭnks'. It seems to me. [tem.
mēth'od. Way of doing things; sys-
mĭd'ship man. A young naval of-
ficer. [powerful.
mĭght'y. Having great strength;
mĭld. Gentle; calm; meek.
mĭl'dew (-dū). Blight; spots of
mold. [tates.
mĭm'ic. To imitate; one who imi-
mĭn'er al. A rock or stone; a metallic
mĭnd'ful. Attentive; careful. [ore.
mĭn'gle. To mix; to blend.
mĭ rāġe' (mē rāzh'). An optical
mĭrth. Gayety; merriment. [illusion.
mĭs'er a ble. Wretched; unhappy.
mĭs cōn'duct. Bad behavior.
mĭst. Rain in very fine drops.
mĭs tāk'en. Misunderstood; wrong.
mĭs'tle tōe. A plant that grows on
trees.
mĭs'tress. A woman that governs;
a female teacher.
mĭx'tūre. A mass formed by mixing
several things. [without soles.
mōc'ca sins. Shoes of soft leather,
mōck. To ridicule; to sneer at; false.
mōck'er y. Scorn; ridicule.
mōde. Manner; method; fashion.
mōd'el. A pattern; to plan; to fashion.
mōd'ern. Of the present time.
mois'ten. To dampen, or make moist.

Moisture

mois'tūre. Dampness. [to shape.
 mōld. Soft, rich earth; a pattern;
 mōle. A small burrowing animal.
 mōn'u ment. A memorial.
 mōor. A heathy tract of land; a
 marsh; to secure a vessel as
 by cables and anchors.
 mōod. Temper; disposition.
 mōose. A large animal of the deer
 kind.
 mo răss'. A marsh; a fen.
 mōrn. The first part of the day.
 mōss'y. Overgrown with moss.
 mōth'er-of-pēarl. The hard silvery
 layer of several kinds of shells.
 mound. A raised bank.
 mount. A mountain; to rise.
 mōurn'fūly. Sorrowfully.
 mōve'ment. Change of place.
 mūl'ti pli cā'tion. Act of multi-
 plying. [bers.
 mūl'ti plý. To increase in num-
 mūl'ti tūde. A great number.
 mūr'der. The act of killing a person
 with malice aforethought; to
 kill purposely and with evil
 intent. [ties.
 mu gē'um. A repository of curiosi-
 mū'sic. Melody; harmonious sounds.
 mū'sic al. Melodious; harmonious.
 mu sĩ'cian. One skilled in music.
 mūs'ing. Thinking deeply.
 mūs'ket. A kind of firearm.
 mūs'tard. A plant, and the condi-
 ment made from its seeds.

Notable

mūs'ter. To bring together.
 mūt'ton chōp. A rib of mutton;
 a peculiar style of wearing the
 beard.
 mūz'zle. The mouth or nose of any-
 thing; to fasten the mouth or
 nose of an animal.
 myr'tle (mēr'tl). A kind of shrub.
 mys tē'ri oūs. Full of mystery.
 mýs'ter y. A strange secret; some-
 thing unknown.
 nāme'ly. That is to say. [ernment.
 nā'tion. People living under one gov-
 naught. Nothing.
 nāv'i gāte. To sail. [sailing.
 nāv'i gā'tion. Art of navigating;
 nā'vy. A fleet of ships. [sity.
 nēc'es sa ri ly. By fate; by neces-
 nēc'ker chīef. A cloth for the neck.
 nēc'tar. A very sweet or pleasant
 drink.
 nēg'a tīve. A word of denial, as *not*.
 neg lēct'. To omit; to disregard.
 nē'gro. A black person.
 nēph'ew. Son of a brother or sister.
 nēt'ted. Made into network or some-
 thing like it.
 nēv'er the lēss'. However; yet.
 news'pā per. A paper to circulate
 the news. [ter.
 niēče. Daughter of a brother or sis-
 nīght'fall. Close of day
 nō'ble man. A man of high rank.
 nōs'tril. A passage through the nose.
 nōt'a ble. Remarkable; well-known.

Noticeable

nō'tīce a ble. Worthy of notice.
nō'tion. Opinion; a trifle.
nour'ish ment. Food.
nōv'el. New; unusual; a tale.
nûrse'māid. A maidservant who has the care of young children.
nûrs'er y. A room for young children; a plantation of young trees.
ō'a sis. A fertile spot in a desert.
o bē'di ent. Willing to obey.
ōb'ject. A thing seen; that on which the mind is fixed; end; aim.
ob ject'. To oppose in words or argument. [raised; doubt.
ob jec'tion. Fault found; difficulty
ōb'long. Being longer than broad.
ob scū'ri ty. Darkness.
ōb ser vā'tion. Act of observing.
ōb'sta cle. That which hinders.
ōb'sti nate. Stubborn; stiff.
ōc'cu pŷ. To hold for use; to employ.
ō'dor. Scent; smell; perfume.
ō'er lōad'ed. Loaded too heavily.
ō'er swūng'. Swung above or over.
of fēnd'. To make angry; to displease. [rifice.
ōf'fer ing. Anything offered; a sacrifice.
ōff'hānd. Without preparation.
ōf'ten times. Many times.
ōld'en. Old; ancient.
ōld-time'. Former time; old.
ōld'en. A sign.
o pin'ion. Notion; judgment. [time.
ōp por tū'ni ty. Fit or convenient

Palsied

op pōse'. To resist.
ōp'po site. Contrary; facing.
op press'. To crush by hardship.
ōr'a tor. An eloquent speaker.
ōr'i gin. Beginning; source.
ōr'na ment. Decoration; to adorn.
ōth'er wīse. In a different manner.
out'law. One deprived of the benefit
out'let. A passage outward. [of law.
out'line. A sketch; to mark out.
out'right. At once.
out spōke'. Spoke; said.
out strēch'. To extend far.
ōv'en. A cavity of brick or stone work for baking bread.
ō ver cāst'. Overspread; clouded.
ō ver cōme'. To get the better of.
ō'ver cōat. A coat worn over the other clothing.
ō ver hāng'. To jut over.
ō ver hēad'. Above.
ō ver joyed'. Very greatly pleased.
ō ver rāte'. To estimate too highly.
ō ver rŭn'. To spread over; to run over. [work from.
ō ver tāsk'. To require too much
ō ver whēlm'. To spread over; to bear down.
pāçe. A step; to measure by steps.
pād'dle. A kind of short oar; to use a short oar; to play in the
pāin'ful. Full of pain. [water.
pāl'ing. A kind of fence-work.
pal'sied. Having lost the power of motion or feeling.

Pane

- pāne. A square of glass.
 pān'el. A piece of boarding in a frame thicker than itself.
 pān'ic. Sudden fright.
 pa rāde'. A display; to show off.
 pār'a dīse. A place of bliss.
 pār'a söl. A sun umbrella.
 pärched. Scorched; burned.
 pär'don. Forgiveness; excuse.
 pār'ents. Father and mother.
 pär'son. A clergyman. [an atom.
 pār'ti cle. A small portion of matter;
 par tic'u lar. Exact; peculiar. [ly.
 par tic'u lar ly. Distinctly; especial-
 pās'sen ġer. A traveler by some public conveyance.
 pās's'er-by'. One who passes by.
 pās'time. Amusement; sport.
 pās'tor. A minister of a church.
 pās'tūr aġe. Grass for cattle.
 pa thēt'ic. Causing sorrow or pity.
 päth'less. Having no path.
 pä'tient ly. Without complaint.
 pä tri öt'ic. Having patriotism.
 pä'tri öt'ism. Love of one's country.
 pä'ttern. A model; a copy.
 päve'ment. A floor of stone or brick.
 päy'ment. Act of paying; what is paid.
 pēak. The top of a hill; a point.
 pēaked. Having pale, sharp features.
 pēarl. A beautiful white substance.
 pēas'ant. A country laborer.
 pēb'ble. A small, roundish stone.
 pēb'bled. Abounding with pebbles.

Playday

- pe cūl'iar. One's own; unusual;
 pēġ. A small wooden pin. [strange.
 pen in'su lā. Land nearly surrounded by water.
 pēnt. Closely confined; shut up.
 pēr'fect ly. Completely.
 per fōm'. To do.
 pēr'fūme. Fragrance.
 per fūme'. To scent.
 pēr'ish. To decay; to die.
 per mīt'. To give leave.
 per pēt'u al. Everlasting.
 pēt'al. A flower leaf.
 pēt'ty. Small; trifling.
 pēr. A landing place; a wharf.
 pig'eon. A well-known bird.
 pil'grim. A wanderer.
 pil'lāġe. Plunder; spoil; to rob.
 pī'lot. A guide; one who steers a vessel.
 pīne. An evergreen tree; to languish.
 pīn'ion. A quill; a wing.
 pīn'na cle. A high point.
 pīs'tol. A small firearm.
 pītch. A black substance obtained
 pīx'ies. Fairies. [from tar; to toss.
 plāit. To braid.
 plān'et. A heavenly body revolving about another.
 plānt'er. The owner of a plantation.
 plās'ter ing. Plasterwork; covering with mortar. [floor.
 plāt'fōrm. A level scaffold or raised
 plāt'y pus. A flatfooted quadruped.
 plāy'dāy. A day for play.

Playfellow

Profitable

- plāy'fēl lōw. A companion in play.
 plāy'ground. A yard or plot of ground for playing in. [given.
 plēd'gē. Security; a promise solemnly
 plēn'ti fūl. Abundant.
 plōd. To travel steadily; to toil.
 plūck. Courage; to pull; to snatch.
 plūg. Stopper of a hole in a vessel; to stop with a plug.
 plūme. A feather; to pride.
 plūn'der. To take by force; pillage.
 plȳ. To work; to run regularly.
 poi'se. Weight; to balance.
 po lite'ness. Good breeding.
 pōl'i tics. The science of government.
 pōll. The head.
 pōm'pōus ly. With parade or great show. [olic church.
 pōpe. The head of the Roman Cath-
 pōp'lar. A kind of tree.
 pōr'cu pīne. An animal armed with sharp quills.
 pōres. Small holes or openings.
 pōr'poise (pōr'pus). An animal of
 pōrt. A harbor. [the whale kind.
 por tēnt'. An omen of ill.
 pōr'tion. A part; a share; to divide.
 pōr'trait. A picture of a person drawn from life.
 po ſi'tion. Place; situation. [tion.
 pos sēs'sion. Ownership; occupa-
 pōs si bīl'i ty. That which is possi- ble. [being done.
 pōs'si ble. Capable of being, or of
 pōv'er ty. State of being poor.
- pow'er fūl. Strong. [conduct.
 prač'ti'ce. Customary use; habit;
 prač'ti'ced. Skilled by practice; ex-
 prān'ce. To leap; to bound. [ercised.
 pre ċēd'ing. Going before.
 prē'ċious. Costly; of great price.
 prē'ċi pċe. A steep descent of land or rock.
 pre fēr'. To choose before others.
 pre pâ're'. To make ready.
 prēs'ent ly. Shortly; soon.
 pre ſerve'. To keep safe.
 prēs'sure. Weight; force.
 pre tēse'. Show; appearance; claim.
 pre vēnt'. To hinder; to stop.
 priēst. A clergyman.
 prim. Formal; precise.
 prim'rōse. An early flowering plant.
 prin'ċess. A king's daughter.
 print. A picture; a mark made by pressure; to mark by pressure.
 pri'or. Chief officer of a monastery.
 pris māt'ic. Like a prism; reflect- ing the colors of the rainbow.
 prith'ee. I pray thee.
 prize' mōn'ey. The money paid to the captors of a prize.
 prōb'a bly. Likely.
 pro ċēd'. To go forward.
 proċ'ess. Operation; order.
 proċ la mā'tion. A public notice; a decree.
 proſ'it. Gain; benefit; to gain.
 proſ'it a ble. Useful; bringing gain.

Project

proj'ect. A plan; a scheme.
 prompt'ly. With readiness; immedi-
 proōf. Trial; test; evidence. [ately.
 prop'erty. Ownership; goods.
 pros'pect. A view; reason to hope.
 prove. To try; to test.
 prov'i dence. Foresight; the care of
 God for his creatures.
 pro vi'sion. Something made ready;
 food.
 puff'y. Swelled; puffed out.
 pulse. A beating of arteries.
 pum'ice stōne. A porous substance
 thrown from volcanoes.
 pū'ny. Little and weak.
 pū'pil. A scholar.
 pūr'pose. Intention; aim; to intend.
 pūrse. A small money bag.
 pur sūe'. To follow after.
 pur sūit'. Act of following; chase.
 quan'ti ty. Bulk; amount. [mal.
 quēak. Noise made by a small ani-
 quēst. Search.
 quick'ened. Made alive; made rapid.
 quick'ness. Speed; haste.
 quick'-wit ted. Having ready wit.
 quill. A large, strong feather.
 quiz'zing. Puzzling; deceiving.
 quōth. Said.
 rack'et. A clattering noise.
 rā'di ant. Sparkling; shining.
 raft. A float of timber or boards.
 rāf'ters. The roof timbers of a house.
 rage. Fury; to go on furiously.
 rail. A bar of wood or iron.

Reel

rāil'ing. A series of rails. [lence.
 rāmmēd. Pounded or thrust with vio-
 rānch. Described on page 300.
 rānch'man. A worker on a ranch.
 rānge. Extent; row; rank; to rove.
 rānk. Class; order; to place in a
 rāp'id ly. Swiftly. [line.
 rās'cal. A dishonest man; a rogue.
 rāte. Price; degree; to value.
 rāv'age. To lay waste; ruin. [hills.
 ra vine'. A long, deep hollow between
 rāy. A line or beam of light.
 rēar. The hind part; to lift up; to
 rise up on the hind legs.
 rē as sūre'. To make doubly sure;
 to free from fear. [thority.
 rēb'el. One who opposes lawful au-
 re bēl'. To oppose lawful authority.
 re bel'liōūs. Engaged in rebellion.
 re cēipt'. A writing to show that
 something has been received;
 to make such a writing. [cept.
 re cēive'. To take; to obtain; to ac-
 re cēp'tion. Act of receiving; admis-
 rēck'less. Careless; heedless. [sion.
 rēck'on. To number; to estimate.
 re clīne'. To lean back; to rest.
 rēc ol lēc'tion. A calling to memory.
 rē crōss'. To cross again.
 rēd'cōat. A British soldier.
 rēed'y. Full of reeds.
 rēef. A line of rocks near the surface
 of water; to draw in and fold
 up. [stagger.
 rēel. A frame to wind yarn on; to

Reflect

re flēct'. To bend or throw back ; to consider.

re flēc'tion. Act of reflecting.

re frēsh'. To revive ; to cool.

rēf'uge. A shelter from danger.

re fūse'. To deny ; to reject. [cover.

rē gāin'. To obtain again ; to re-

rēg'i ment. A body of troops under a colonel.

rē'gion. A country ; a tract of land.

rēg'u lar. Orderly ; according to rule.

rēin'deer. An animal of the deer kind.

re joice'. To be or make very glad.

re lēase'. To set free.

rēl'ic. Remains. [worship.

re li'gion. A system of faith and

re li'giouſ. Pious ; godly.

re māin'. To continue ; to be left.

re mēm'brance. Recollection ; a keeping in mind.

re new'. To make new again.

re pāir'. To restore ; to mend ; to go ; the act of mending.

rē pāy'. To pay back.

re plāce'. To exchange for.

rēp re ſēnt'. To show ; to personate.

re prōach'. To blame ; censure.

rēp'tile. A creeping animal.

re quēst'. A petition ; to ask.

re quīre'. To need ; to demand.

re gēm'ble. To be like.

re ſide'. To dwell ; to live.

re ſiſt'. To oppose ; withstand.

re ſiſt'leſſ. Not to be withstood.

Rove

rēs'o lūte. Firm ; determined.

re ſōlve'. To determine ; to separate

re ſound'. To sound back. [into parts.

rēſ'tleſſ ly. Unquietly.

re ſtōre'. To give back ; to heal.

re tīre'. To fall back ; to withdraw.

re tōrt'. A chemical vessel ; a sharp reply.

re trēat'. A retiring ; to fall back.

re vēnge'. Return for an injury ; to inflict pain for injury received.

rēv'e nūe. Income. [worship.

rēv'er ence. Very great respect ;

re viſ'it. To visit again.

re vīve'. To renew ; to recover life and strength. [ner.

rīch'ly. Abundantly ; in a rich man-

rīd. To set free. [or rocks.

rīdge. An elevated line, as of earth

rī dīc'u loūſ. Laughable ; absurd.

rīft. A crack ; a cleft.

rīght'ly. Justly ; properly.

rīg'id. Stiff ; severe.

rōck'et. A kind of firework.

rōe'buck. A hart ; a deer.

rōgue. A dishonest person.

rōod. The fourth part of an acre.

rōof'ing. A roof, or the material for one. [a rope maker.

rōp'er. One skilled with the lasso ;

ro ſette'. An ornament in the form

rōt'ted. Decayed. [of a rose.

rouſe. To wake from rest.

rouſe. A course or way.

rōve. To ramble ; to wander.

Royal

roy'al. Kingly.
 ru'by. A precious stone of a red color.
 rūd'der. The instrument by which
 a ship is steered.

rūg'ged. Rough; harsh; uneven.

rūm'ble. A low, heavy noise.

rūst'y. Covered with rust.

rye. A kind of grain. [rest.

sāb' bath. Sunday; day of religious

sāck'ful. As much as a sack will

sā'cred. Holy. [hold.

sāc'ri fice (-fize). An offering in
 worship any loss incurred;
 to offer in worship; to give up
 something highly valued.

sād'dle. A seat for the back of a horse.

sāf'e ty vālvē. A valve by which the
 pressure of steam in a boiler
 is regulated.

sāg'e brūsh. A kind of plant or herb.

sāint. A holy person.

sāint'like. Resembling a saint.

sāl'ly. To leap or rush out.

sa lūte'. To greet; to honor; act of

sānd'-bār. A bank of sand. [saluting.

sāv'age ly. Barbarously; cruelly.

sā'vor. Taste; odor; to have a taste
 or smell. [take off the scalp.

scalp. Skin of the top of the head; to

scānt. Barely enough; to limit.

scānt'y. Scant; sparing.

scānt'i ly. Not fully. [a school.

sehōol'mās ter. A male teacher of

sci'ençe. Knowledge systematically
 presented.

Service

sci'en tīf'ic. According to science.

scōld'ing. A reproof; a chiding.

scōpe. Space; room; free course.

scōrch. To burn on the surface.

scōre. Twenty; a notch; to mark.

scō'ri ā. Dross; slag. [with contempt.

scōrn. Great contempt; to look upon

scoûrge. A whip; to whip severely.

scrōll. A writing rolled up. [dishes.

scūl'ion. A washer of pots and

scūlp'tor. An artist who carves im-
 ages or statues.

sēaled. Closed; fastened with a seal
 of wax or other substance.

sēa'man. A sailor. [seacoast.

sēa'pōrt. A port or harbor on the

sēa'-rānge. Part of the sea roamed
 over.

se crête'. To separate; to conceal.

sē'cret ly. In a secret manner.

se cūre'. Safe; to make safe.

sēek. To look for. [self.

sēlf'ish ness. Undue love for one's

sēlf-poised'. Having a well-balanced
 character. [partly civilized.

sēm'i bar bā'ri an. A person only

sēn'si ble. Wise; reasonable.

sēn'ti nel. A soldier on guard.

sēp'a rāte. To divide; to withdraw.

sēp'ul eher. A grave; a tomb.

se rēne'. Calm; peaceful.

se rēne'ly. Clearly; quietly.

sērf. A slave attached to the soil

sēr'pent. A snake. [benefit.

sērv'ice. Duty of a servant; use;

Serving man

sěrv'ing man. A male servant.
sět'tle ment. A colony; place settled.
sět'tler. One who settles; a pioneer.
se vēre'ly. Sternly; cruelly.
shăd'ow y. Full of shade.
shāve. To cut closely.
shēath. A case; scabbard.
shěd'ding. Casting off; scattering.
shēēn. Brightness; splendor.
sheep'skin. The skin of a sheep.
shiēld. Armor for defense; to protect.
shil'ling. A silver coin; a sum equal to about 25 cents.
shin'gly. Covered with pebbles.
shift'ing. Changing about.
ship'ping. Vessels in general.
shirt. An under-garment.
shōal. A sand-bank or bar. [gust.
shōcked. Struck with surprise or dis-
shriēk. A scream; to utter a loud, shrill cry.
shrill. Sharp; piercing.
shrine. A sacred place; an altar.
shrink. To become less; to withdraw.
shūn. To keep away from; avoid.
šic'kle. A reaping hook.
sick'ness. Illness; disease.
side'wīse. On or toward one side.
sift. To separate; to part.
sig'nal. A sign; a token.
sim'ilar. Like.
sim'ple-heärt'ed. Open; frank.
sire. Father.
sīte. Situation; position.
sīt u ā'tion. Location; position.

Society

skěl'e ton. The bones of an animal in their natural position.
skill. Readiness and ability; art; dexterity. [skill.
skill'ful. Experienced; able; having
skīm'ming. Touching lightly.
skir'mish. A slight fight in war.
skīp. To leap lightly. [the brain.
skūll. The bony case that incloses
slāin. Killed.
slānt'ing. Sloping.
slāshed. Cut in slits; cut.
slaugh'ter. Butchery; destruction.
slāve. A person held as the property of another. [bondage.
slā'ver y. The condition of a slave;
slēdġe'hām mer. A large hammer.
slēēve. That part of a garment which covers the arms.
slīm. Slender; weak.
slīng. An instrument for throwing stones; to cast; to throw.
slōpe. Direction downward; to slant.
slūgs. Pieces of metal for the charge
slūng. Cast; threw. [of a gun.
smāsh. To dash to pieces.
smēlt'ing. Melting, as an ore.
smōth'er. To stifle.
snāp. To break short; to seize suddenly with the teeth.
snāre. A trap; a noose.
snēak. To creep slyly.
snout. The long nose of a beast.
snōw'less. Without snow. [sociation.
so ġī'e ty. Companionship; an as-

Sojourn

sō'journ. To dwell for a time.
 sōl'dier y. A body of soldiers.
 sōl'emn. Grave; formal. [ence.
 sōl'emn ly. Gravely; with rever-
 sōl'id. Firm; hard.
 sōl'i tūde. Loneliness; a lonely place.
 sōm'er set. A leap in which a person
 throws the heels over the head
 and lights on the feet.
 sōothe. To calm; to quiet.
 sōught. Looked for.
 sound'ed. Measured the depth of.
 sound'ly. Heartily; justly.
 sōurce. Spring; origin.
 souse. To plunge; to dip.
 spār'ing ly. In a saving manner.
 spār'rōw. A small bird.
 spār'ry. Like a spar.
 spēar. A long, pointed weapon.
 spēck. A stain; a small spot.
 spēc'ta cles. Glasses to aid the sight.
 spēd. Hastened.
 spēed. To hasten; haste.
 spēed'i ly. Quickly; hastily.
 spēll'bound. Bound as if by magic.
 spēhēre. A globe; province.
 spēce. A vegetable substance for
 seasoning food. [to waste.
 spēll. To fall out or allow to fall out;
 spēn'dle. A thin rod used in spinning.
 spēre. A steeple; a shoot.
 spēite. Ill-will. "In spite" = notwith-
 standing.
 spēln'ter. A thin, sharp piece of wood
 or other substance.

Strictly

spōnge. Described on page 148.
 sprīng'i ness. Elasticity; power of
 springing.
 sprīn'kle. To scatter in small drops.
 spēūr. To goad forward.
 spēurn. To kick; to reject.
 spēy'glāss. A small telescope. [ably.
 squāre'ly. In a square form; suit-
 squeeze. To press close.
 stāff. A stick for support.
 stāin. A blot; to discolor.
 stānch. Firm; sound; to stop the
 flowing of blood.
 stār'lit. Lighted by the stars.
 stār'ry. Full of, or like stars.
 stār vā'tion. Act of starving.
 stātes'man. One skilled in the art of
 government.
 stā'tion. A fixed place; to locate.
 stāve. A thin, narrow piece of wood
 for casks; to burst.
 stēad'y. Firm; constant.
 stēalth. A secret act.
 stēalth'i ly. By stealth.
 stēed. A spirited horse.
 stēe'ple. Spire of church.
 stīff. Unbending; stubborn.
 stōol. A seat without a back.
 stōrk. A large wading bird.
 strāit. A narrow pass; narrow.
 strānd. Shore or beach.
 strēak. A line of color; to stripe
 strēngth'en. To make stronger.
 strew (stru). To scatter.
 strīct'ly. Severely; exactly.

Stride

Terrified

strīde. A long step; to take long steps. [to take off.

striġp. A long, narrow piece; to peel;

strōde. Walked with long steps.

strōng'hōld. A fortified place.

strūc'tūre. Form; frame; building.

stū'dent. One who studies.

stū'di ous. Given to study.

stūff. Material; to crowd; to cram.

stūnt'ed. Hindered in growth.

stūr'di ly. Stoutly; hardily. ✓

stȳle. Manner; title; to name.

sub mīs'sion. Act of yielding; giving up.

sūb'ject. One who lives under the power of another; the matter under discussion.

sūf'fer ing. Pain or distress endured.

suf fi'cient. Enough.

sūf'fo cāte. To choke; to stifle.

suġ ġest'. To hint.

sūl'len ly. Gloomily.

sūl'phur. A yellow mineral.

sūl'tan. Title of the chief ruler in some Asiatic countries.

sūm'mit. The top.

sup ply'. To provide; store. [favor.

sup pōrt'. A prop; to uphold; to

sūr'geōn. One who practices surgery.

sūr'ġer y. Art of healing external injuries of the body.

sur rēn'der. To give up; to yield.

sur vey'. To measure; to lay off.

sur vey'or. One who measures land.

sus pect'. To mistrust; to doubt.

sus pī'ciōus. Liable to doubt.

swān. A swimming bird.

swārm. A multitude, as of bees.

swārth'y. Of a dark hue.

swāy. Rule; to move; to govern.

sweet'heart. A lover.

sȳm'pa thīze. To feel for another.

sȳs'tem. Regular order; a connected scheme.

tāl'on. The claw of a bird of prey.

tānned. Become brown; made into leather.

ta rān'tu lā. A kind of spider.

tās'sel. A kind of ornament ending in

tāt'tered. Ragged; torn. [a fringe.

taŵ'ny. A dull, yellowish brown.

tāx. A rate assessed on a person for some public use.

tchīck. A sound made by the breaking of glass. [for making tea.

tēa'kēt tle. A kettle to boil water in

tēar'ful. Shedding tears.

tēl'e scōpe. An instrument for viewing distant objects.

tēm'pest. A great storm.

tēm'ple. A place of worship; that part of the head between the forehead and the ear.

tēn'den cy. Inclination; aim.

tēn'dril. The twining shoot of a climbing vine. [call.

tērm. Condition; limited time; to

tēr'ri bly. Frightfully.

ter rif'ic. Dreadful.

tēr'ri fied. Greatly frightened.

Terror

těr'ror. Great fear.

těst. Trial; to prove by trial.

těx'tũre. Fabric; manner of weaving.

thănk'ful. Full of gratitude. [thanks.

thănks'gĩv ing. Act of giving

thăttched. Covered with straw, reeds,
or the like. [lation.

thē'o ry. A scheme or plan; specu-

think'er. One who thinks.

thĩrst. Desire of drink.

thōrn'y. Full of thorns; sharp.

thōr'ough ly. Completely.

thōrp. A small village.

threāt'en. To terrify by the promise
of punishment or injury.

three'pen ny (thřĩp'en nỹ).

Worth only three pence.

thřěsh'ōld. The doorsill; gate.

thřĩce. Three times.

thřĩll'ing. Penetrating; piercing.

thřĩve. To prosper.

thřōne. A royal seat. [gether.

thřōng. A multitude; to crowd to-

thřũst. To urge; push.

tĩ'dings. News.

tĩght'ly. Closely.

tĩlt. To lean to one side.

tĩm'ber. Wood for building; trees.

tĩnk'ling. A small, sharp metallic

tĩp'pling. Drinking. [sound.

tĩre'less. Never tiring.

tōad. A small, well-known reptile.

to băc'co. A plant used for chewing
and smoking.

toil'sōme. Wearisome; laborious.

Treble

tōll. A miller's portion of grain for
grinding; a tax for a priv-
ilege.

tōm'a hăwk. An Indian hatchet.

tōn. A weight of 2000 or 2240 pounds.

tōrch. A light made of some burning

tōp'mōst. Uppermost. [substance.

tōr'rent. A swift-running stream.

tōr'toise A turtle.

tōt'ter. To shake; to stagger.

tōw. The coarse part of flax or hemp;
to draw through the water.

tow'er. A high building; to be lofty.

tow'er ing. Very high; soaring.

towns'men. Men of the same town.

trăce. A track; to follow.

trăct. A region; a short treatise.

trăĩl. Anything drawn along; a track;
to draw along the ground.

trăĩ'tor. One who violates a trust.

trăm'ple. To tread under foot.

trăn'quil. Quiet; peaceful.

trăn'quil ly. Peacefully.

trans pâr'ent. Clear; that can be
seen through. [place.

trans plănt'. To plant in another

trăns'pōrt. A ship for carrying
goods; extreme joy.

trăv'erse. To cross; to wander over.

trăy. A waiter; a small trough.

trěach'er ous. False; faithless.

trěa'son. Treachery; a breach of
fidelity.

trěat'ment. Usage. [fold.

trě'ble. Highest part in music; three-

Tremendous

tre mĕn'doŭs. Immense; awful.
 tre mĕn'doŭs ly. Terribly.
 trĕm'u loŭs. Trembling; shaking.
 trĭ'al. Act of trying.
 tribĕ. A family, or division.
 trĭc'kle. To flow in drops.
 trĭ'fle. A thing of little value.
 trĭll. A shake of the voice in singing;
 to quaver.
 tri'umph. Victory; to prevail.
 troŭps. Soldiers.
 trŏp'i cal. Pertaining to the tropics.
 trŏp'ics. The regions which lie in or
 near the torrid zone.
 trŏugh. A long hollow vessel.
 trou'sers. Loose pantaloons.
 trŭdge. To jog along heavily.
 trŭst'wor thy. Faithful; true.
 truth'ful. Trustworthy.
 try'ing. Difficult; painful.
 tŭft. A bunch, as of grass.
 tŭm'bler. A kind of drinking vessel.
 tŭn'nel. An underground passage;
 to form such a passage.
 tŭr'ban. A kind of headdress.
 tŭrf. Sod; greensward.
 tŭr'tle. A well-known reptile.
 tŭr'tle dŏve. A wild dove.
 twāin. Two.
 twĭrl. To move around rapidly.
 tŷ'mor. A Turkish officer. [or.
 tŷ'rant. A cruel master; an oppress-
 un beâr'a ble. That cannot be borne.
 un blĕssed'. Unhappy; not blessed.
 un cĕn'ny. Not neat; not safe.

Valuable

un chānged'. Still the same.
 un cŭl'ti vāt ed. Wild; unim-
 proved. [of the ground.
 ŭn'der ground. Below the surface
 un ēas'y. Restless; disturbed.
 un fās'ten. To loose; to untie.
 un feēl'ing. Cruel; hard-hearted.
 un fŏld'. To spread out; to make
 known.
 un hĕard'. Not heard; unknown.
 un hŏ'ly. Not holy; wicked.
 un hŏn'ored. Not regarded. [form.
 ŭ'ni fŏrm. Alike; having the same
 u nĭte'. To join. [created things.
 ŭ'ni verse. The whole system of
 un mĕn'age a ble. Cannot be con-
 un mĕr'ci ful. Cruel. [trolled.
 un nĕt'u ral. Contrary to nature.
 un plĕas'ant. Disagreeable.
 un rĕst'. Want of rest.
 un rŭ'ly. Disorderly; ungovernable.
 un sĕen'. Not seen.
 un stĕined'. Pure; not dishonored.
 ŭn sus pĕct'ing. Not thinking of.
 un ŭsed'. Not used.
 un ŭ'su al. Uncommon; rare.
 up bŏrne'. Raised aloft.
 ŭp'land. High land. [power.
 ŭp'per mŏst. Highest in place or
 ŭrge. To press; to solicit. [fully.
 u ŭrp'. To seize upon and hold wrong-
 ŭt'ter. To speak; outer.
 vĕ'cant. Empty.
 vĕl'ley. A low place between hills.
 vĕl'u a ble. Having worth; precious.

Value

vál'ŭe. Worth; price. [ilar nature.
 vā'por. Steam, or something of sim-
 va ri'e ty. Change; assortment.
 vā'ry ing. Being different; changing.
 vāst. Immense; very great.
 vēg e tā'tion. Plants in general.
 vēn'era ble. Worthy of great esteem.
 vēn'i son. Flesh of deer.
 vēnt. Utterance; to let out.
 vēr'dūre. Greenness.
 vērgē. Edge; brink.
 vex ā'tion. Annoyance; trouble.
 vī'ciōus (vīsh'us). Wicked; un-
 vīc'tor. A conqueror. [ruly.
 vīc'to ry. Conquest; success.
 vīct'uāls. Food for the table.
 view (vū). Sight; to see.
 vī'king. See page 35.
 vī'o lent ly. With force; impetuous-
 ly. [viol of four strings.
 vī'o lon cēl'lo (-chēllo). A bass-
 vīr'gin. A maiden; the mother of
 Christ.
 vīr'tūe. Moral excellence; strength.
 vīš'i ble. That can be seen.
 vī'sion. Sense of sight; a phantom.
 vol cān'ic. Pertaining to a volcano.
 vol cā'no. A mountain throwing out
 fire, lava, etc.
 vōl'ūme. A book; dimensions.
 vōl un tēer'. One who enters any
 service of his own free will;
 to offer one's service.
 vouch. To bear witness; to warrant.
 voy'a ġer. One who travels by water.

Wholesome

wāg. A merry, droll fellow.
 wā'ġer. A bet; to offer to bet. [ribs.
 wā'ist. Part of the body just below the
 wand. A long rod or staff.
 wār clūb. A club used in battle.
 wār'd'er. A keeper; a guard.
 wār'd'rōbe. A closet for clothes.
 wāres. Goods.
 wār'fāre. The carrying on of war.
 wār'like. Relating to war.
 wār'm'ly. With warmth.
 wār'mth. Moderate heat.
 wār'n. To caution.
 wār'rīor (wār'yēr). A soldier.
 wār'whōōp. A shout uttered by the
 Indians in war. [ing.
 watch'wōrn. Wearied with watch-
 watch'ful. Careful. [ment.
 wā'ter-breāk. A dam, or embank-
 wā'ter mōle. The duck-billed plat-
 wāxed. Increased. [ypus.
 wāy'lāy. To lie in wait for.
 wēak'en. To make weak.
 wēalth'y. Rich. [or defense.
 wēap'on. An instrument of offense
 wēa ri ly. As if tired.
 wēa'ri ness. Fatigue.
 wēav'er. One who weaves.
 wēll-nīgh. Nearly; almost.
 wharf. A pier or landing for goods.
 whēt. To sharpen.
 whīm. A notion, or caprice.
 whīp'-pōōr-wīll. A night bird.
 whīrl'pōōl. An eddy in the water.
 whōlē'sōme. Healthful; useful.

Wholly

Yonder

whōl'ly. Altogether; entirely.
whoōp. A shout; to shout. [lamp.
wick. The cotton cord of a candle or
wick'ed. Sinful; evil.
wiēld. To control; to handle; to use.
wild bōar. A wild animal of the hog
kind. [tract.
wil'der ness. A wild, uncultivated
wild gōōse'. A water fowl.
wild'wood. A forest.
wiles. Tricks; stratagems.
wīn'sōme. Attractive; pleasant.
wīn'ter green. A small evergreen
plant.
wīsp. A small bundle of hay or straw.
wīst'ful ly. Eagerly; longingly.
witch. A woman supposed to have
supernatural power.
with stānd'. To resist. [to see.
wit'ness. Evidence; one who sees;
wit'ty. Humorous; droll; smart.
wiz'ard. A magician. [holes in trees.
wood'pēck er. A bird that pecks

wor'ship (wûr-). Religious hom-
age; to adore. [worships.
wor'ship er (wûr-). One who
wound. A hurt; to hurt; to bruise.
wrān'gle. A dispute; to dispute.
wrāth. Fury; rage. [destroy.
wreck. Ruin; destruction by sea; to
wrench. To twist.
wrēs'tle. To grapple; to strive.
wretch. A miserable person.
wrīn'kled. Marked with creases or
furrows. [and arm.
wrist. The joint connecting the hand
wrist'let. A band to be worn on the
writ. A writing; written. [wrist.
wrūng. Twisted; strained. [root.
yām. A tropical plant and its edible
yawn. To gape.
yēarn. To desire; to long. [dough.
yēast. A preparation for raising
yēll. A loud outcry; to make such
an outcry.
yōn'der. At a distance but in view.

PROPER NAMES.

Āl'le ghā ny.	Aṣ'gard.	Biār'nī.	Cām ba lū'.
Al pe'nus.	Āt'ti lā.	Bo ba dīl'lā.	Cār o lī'na.
An tō'ni o.	Aus trā'lī a.	Bor'ne o.	Cāpe Vērde.
A pōl'da.	A vēr'nus.	Brēg'enz	Ca thāy'.
A ris to dē'-	A zōres'.	(-ents).	Çēç'il.
mus.	Bāl bō'ā.	Çal'don Lōw.	Chārleṣ'ton.
Ar i zō'na.	Bērke'ly.	Cā nō'vā.	Chēs'a pēake.

Chick a hǒm'-	Иāi'tǐ	[um. Mō'haw̄k.	[la. Sāl'a mis.
i ny.	Hēr cu la'ne-	Mo nǒn ga hē'-	Sān Sāl vā dōr'.
Con nēct'i cut.	Hēr'julf	Mōs'cōw.	Sāntā Mā ri'ā.
Cōn'stançe.	(-yulf).	Nē'vā.	Sāt'urn.
Con stan tǐ-	Hēr'schel.	New Guǐn'ea.	Schwartz.
nō'ple.	Hez e kī'ah.	Nǐf'l hēim.	Shēn an dō'ah.
Cōr'do vā.	Hy dār'neș.	Nor wē'gi an.	Skrȳ'mer.
Cōrn wāl'lis.	In ver kāl'dy.	Nō'va Scō'tia	Sōm'ma.
Çyn'thi ā.	Iș a bēl'la.	(-sha).	Stā'bi æa.
Dā ri ěn'.	Ja māi'cā.	Nī'ña.	Stān'dish.
Dārt'mouth.	Jō'tun hēim	O ri nō'co.	St. Pi ěrre'.
Dem a rā'tus.	(yō-).	Pām'pas.	Stȳr'i a.
Dī ē'gō.	Jū'pi ter.	Pā'los.	Thēbes.
Dīn wid'die.	Kāp i o lā'nī.	Pā vī'ā.	The ōd'o ric.
Du Çhāil lū'.	Kēn'neth.	Pe lē'. [sus.	Ther mōp'y læ.
Duquesne	Khū'bla Khan.	Pel o pon nē'-	Thī āl'fe.
(kāne).	Kīl au'eā.	Pē'rez (-reth).	Thēs'pi a.
Eb e nē'zer.	Kī ō'tā.	Pi gā'no.	Thōr.
Eph i āl'teș.	Law'rençe.	Pla tæ'a.	Trīn'i dād.
Eū'ry tus.	Lēif.	Plīn'y.	Tȳr'ol.
Fal i ě'ro.	Le ōn'i das.	Plȳm'outh.	Ut'gard-Lō'ke.
Ga rōōp'nā.	Leȳ'den.	Poc a hōn'tas.	Vāl lā do līd'.
Gau'chō.	Līș'bon.	Pom pe'ii.	Ve nān'gō.
Gēn'o a.	Mar dō'ni us.	Pōrt'u gal.	Ve nē'tian
Gīb ral'tar.	Mār'i on.	Po tō'mac.	(-shan).
Gīst.	Mārne.	Pow ha tǎn'.	Vēn'ige.
Gra nā'dā.	May'nard.	Pro cō'pi us.	Ve sū'vī us.
Grēтч'en.	Mēr'cū ry.	Rāp pa hǎn'-	Win ni pi seo
Hām'burg.	Mēr'ri mǎc.	nock.	gee (-sā'kē).
Hā'ver hīll.	Mīs sis sīp'pī.	Rhōde Is'land.	Wīn'ches ter.
Hā wāi'i.	Mis sōu'ri.	Sāar'dam.	Xērx'ēs.



